This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

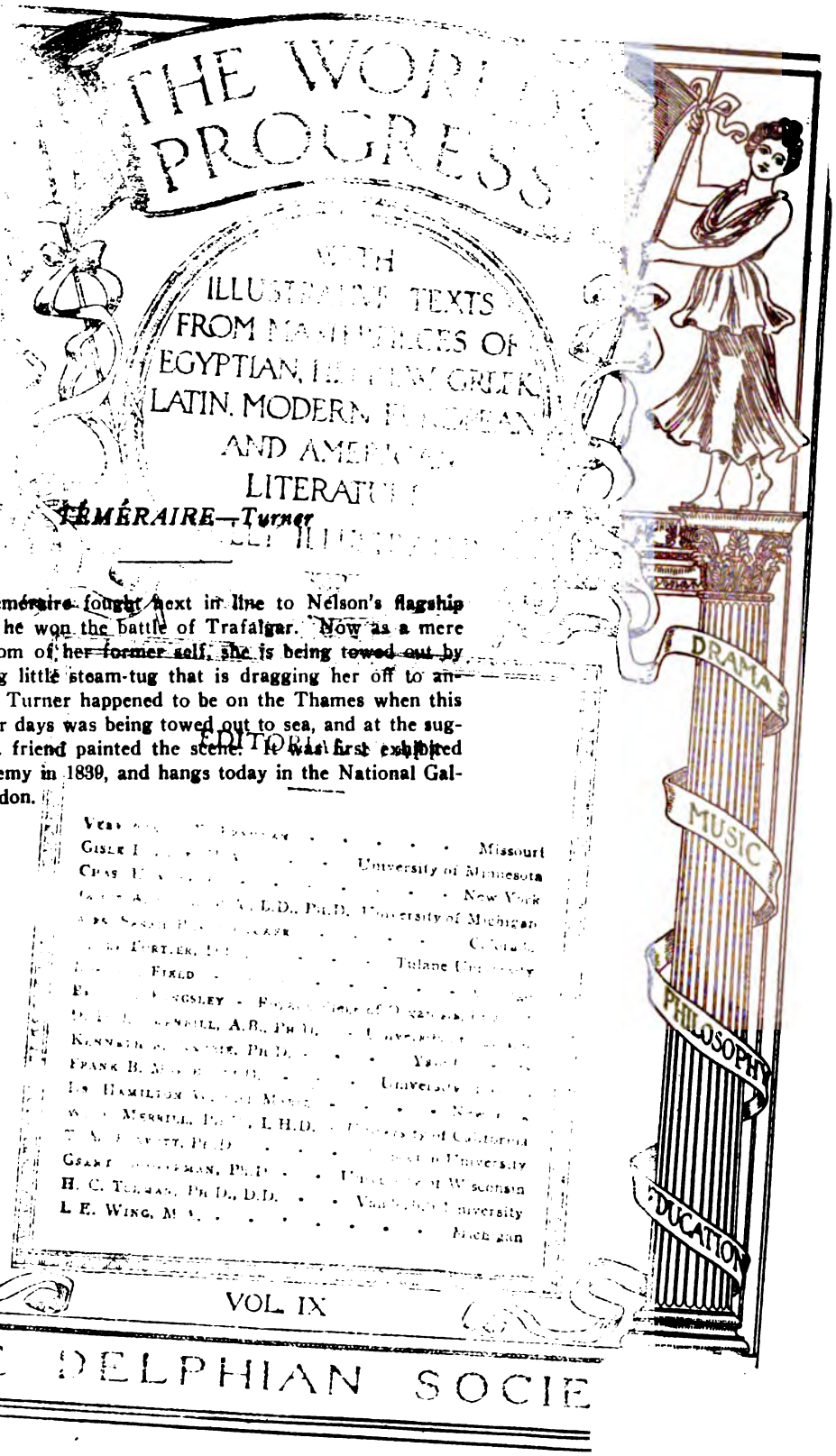
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HN 4YVS 8

KF 2232



TÉMÉRAIRE—Turner

THE Téméraire fought next in line to Nelson's flagship when he won the battle of Trafalgar. Now as a mere phantom of her former self, she is being towed out by a "sputtering little steam-tug that is dragging her off to annihilation." Turner happened to be on the Thames when this relic of other days was being towed out to sea, and at the suggestion of a friend painted the scene. It was first exhibited at the Academy in 1839, and hangs today in the National Gallery in London.

EDITORIAL

[illegible]	Missouri
Gisle [illegible]	University of Minnesota
Chas [illegible]	New York
[illegible] L.D., Ph.D.	University of Michigan
[illegible]	Colorado
[illegible] Fortier, [illegible]	Tulane University
[illegible] Field	[illegible]
[illegible] Kingsley	[illegible]
[illegible] Kennell, A.B., Ph.D.	University [illegible]
Kenneth [illegible], Ph.D.	Yale [illegible]
Frank B. [illegible]	University [illegible]
[illegible] Hamilton [illegible]	New [illegible]
[illegible] Merrill, Ph.D., L.H.D.	University of California
[illegible] Ph.D.	[illegible] University
Grant [illegible], Ph.D.	University of Wisconsin
H. C. Tolman, Ph.D., D.D.	Vanderbilt University
L. E. Wing, M.A.	Michigan

TÉMÉRAIRE—Turner

THE Téméraire tought next in line to Nelson's flagship when he won the battle of Trafalgar. Now as a mere phantom of her former self, she is being towed out by a "sputtering little steam-tug that is dragging her off to annihilation." Turner happened to be on the Thames when this relic of other days was being towed out to sea, and at the suggestion of a friend painted the scene. It was first exhibited at the Academy in 1839, and hangs today in the National Gallery in London.

THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

WITH
ILLUSTRATIVE TEXTS
FROM MASTERPIECES OF
EGYPTIAN, HEBREW, GREEK,
LATIN, MODERN EUROPEAN
AND AMERICAN
LITERATURE
FULLY ILLUSTRATED

ART
LITERATURE
ARCHITECTURE
HISTORY
DRAMA
MUSIC
PHILOSOPHY
EDUCATION

EDITORIAL STAFF

VERY REV. J. K. BRENNAN . . . . . Missouri
GISLE BOTHNE, M.A. . . . . University of Minnesota
CHAS. H. CAFFIN . . . . . New York
JAMES A. CRAIG, M.A., B.D., PH.D., University of Michigan
MRS. SARAH PLATT DECKER . . . . . Colorado
ALCÉE FORTIER, D.LT. . . . . Tulane University
ROSWELL FIELD . . . . . Chicago
BRUCE G. KINGSLEY . Royal College of Organists, England
D. D. LUCKENBILL, A.B., PH.D. . University of Chicago
KENNETH MCKENZIE, PH.D. . . . Yale University
FRANK B. MARSH, PH.D. . . . . University of Texas
DR. HAMILTON WRIGHT MABIE . . . . . New York
W. A. MERRILL, PH.D., L.H.D. . University of California
T. M. PARROTT, PH.D. . . . . Princeton University
GRANT SHOWERMAN, Ph.D . . University of Wisconsin
H. C. TOLMAN, PH.D., D.D. . . Vanderbilt University
L. E. WING, M.A. . . . . Michigan

VOL. IX

THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY

KF 2232

COPYRIGHT 1912
BY
THE DELPHIAN SOCIETY
CHICAGO

COMPOSITION, ELECTROTYPING, PRINTING
AND BINDING BY THE
W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
HAMMOND, INDIANA

TABLE OF CONTENTS
PART IX

HISTORY OF ART.

PAGE

Prefatory Chapter: Pleasure and Benefit of Art Study..... 1

CHAPTER I.
Early Christian Art..... 9

CHAPTER II.
Byzantine Art; Mosaics..... 15

CHAPTER III.
Early Italian Painters..... 22

CHAPTER IV.
The Realistic School..... 29

CHAPTER V.
Michael Angelo 33

CHAPTER VI.
Correggio 39

CHAPTER VII.
Flemish Art 46

CHAPTER VIII.
Art in Holland..... 53

CHAPTER IX.
Painting in Germany..... 64

CHAPTER X.
Painting in Spain..... 70

CHAPTER XI.
Development of French Art..... 79

CHAPTER XII.
Nineteenth Century Artists; The Barbizon School..... 85

CHAPTER XIII.
English Art and Artists..... 94

CHAPTER XIV.
Art of Illumination..... 101

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS.

CHAPTER XV.
Art Galleries of Florence..... 110

PAGE

CHAPTER XVI.
Art of the Vatican..... 120

CHAPTER XVII.
Art Galleries of Northern Italy..... 129

CHAPTER XVIII.
Belgium Galleries 137

CHAPTER XIX.
Galleries of Holland..... 142

CHAPTER XX.
The Prado 147

CHAPTER XXI.
German Art Galleries..... 151

CHAPTER XXII.
Art in the Louvre..... 158

CHAPTER XXIII.
London Galleries 169

CHAPTER XXIV.
The British Museum..... 179

MODERN FICTION.

CHAPTER I.
Rise of Modern Fiction..... 186

CHAPTER II.
Richardson, Fielding and Smollett..... 196

CHAPTER III.
Jane Austen, Scott and the Historical Novel..... 225

NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION.

CHAPTER IV.
Dickens 249

CHAPTER V.
Thackeray 269

CHAPTER VI.
Eliot 283

CHAPTER VII.
Fiction and Social Problems..... 308

CHAPTER VIII.
Bulwer 318

RECENT NOVELISTS AND STORY WRITERS.

CHAPTER IX.
George Meredith 334

PAGE

CHAPTER X.

Hardy 345

CHAPTER XI.

Stevenson; Kipling; Le Gallienne 363

FRENCH FICTION.

CHAPTER XII.

Beginning of French Fiction 375

CHAPTER XIII.

French Novelists of the Eighteenth Century 382

CHAPTER XIV.

Victor Hugo; Dumas 409

CHAPTER XV.

Balzac; Zola 443

CHAPTER XVI.

Polish Fiction 461

CHAPTER XVII.

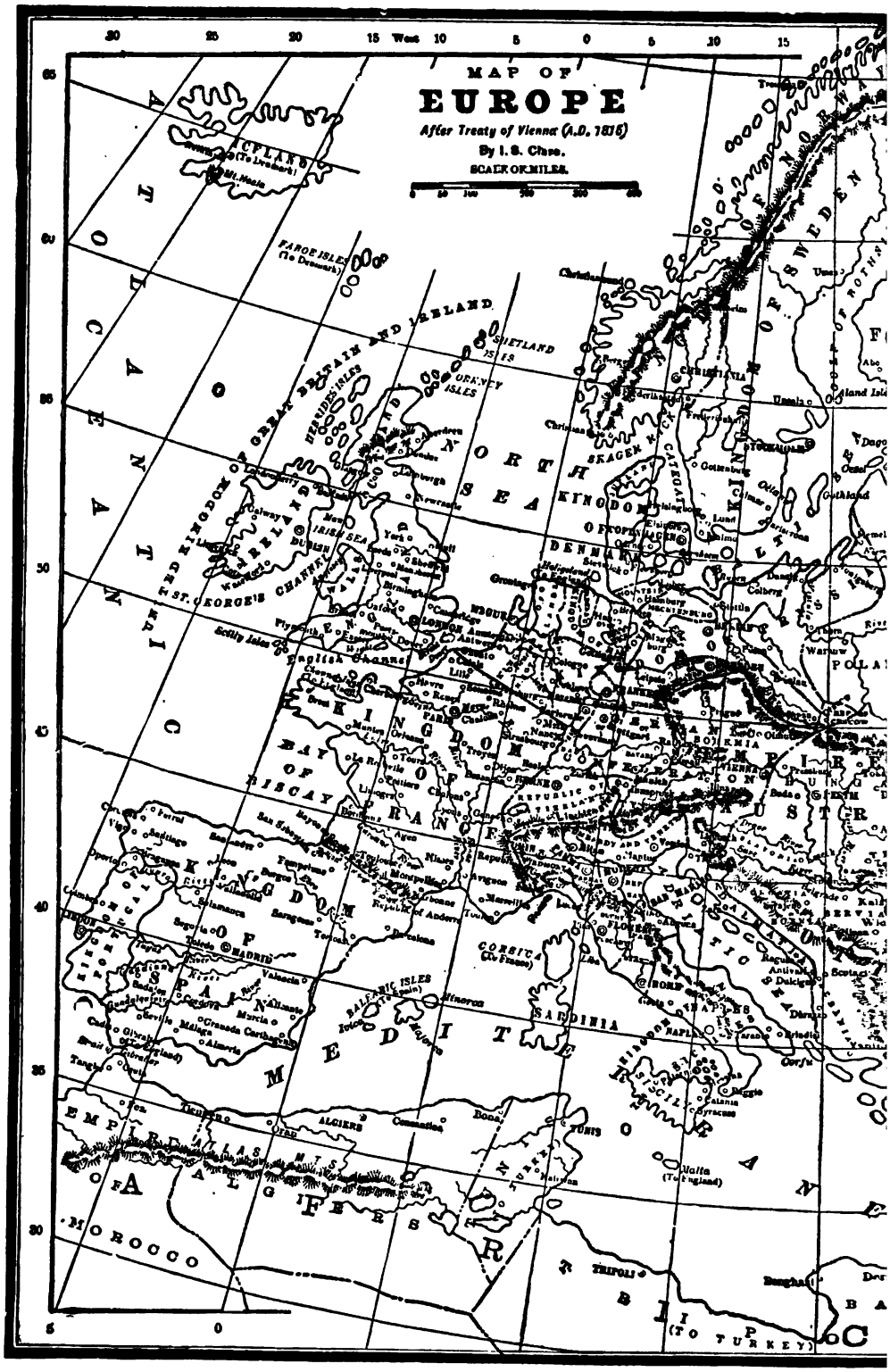
Russian Fiction 477

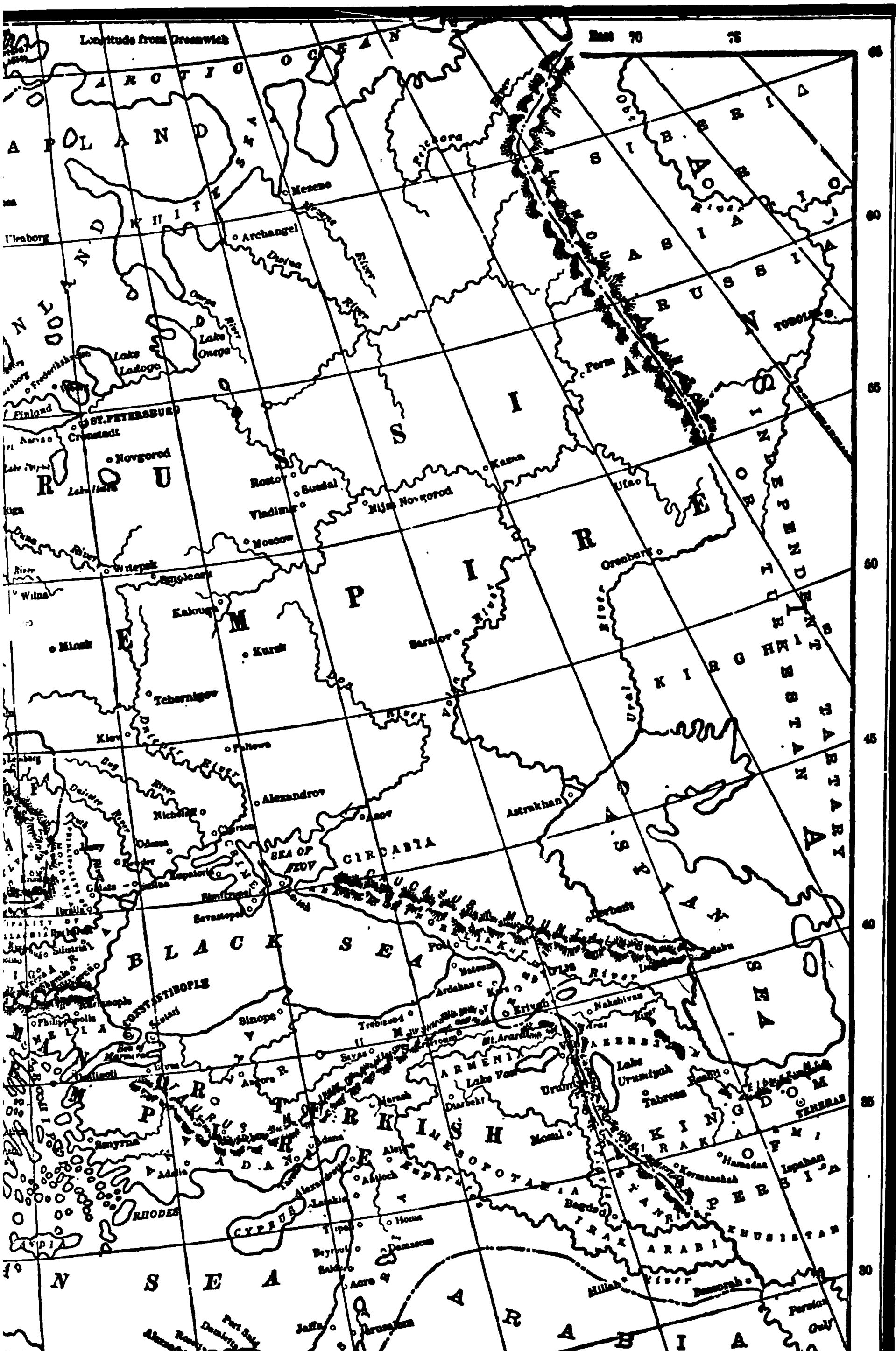
Description of Illustrations 522

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

PART IX

	Page
Temeraire (Water Color)	Frontispiece
Allegory of Spring	32
The Last Supper	64
Holy Night	96
Sistine Chapel	128
Dordrecht Road (Photogravure)	137
Prince Charles	160
The Artist Dürer	185
Jolly Toper	224
Portrait of His Mother	240
A Man Hoeing	272
Helen Fourment and Son	304
Retreat from Russia	336
Battle of Austerlitz	368
Coronation of Josephine	400
Marie Antoinette and Children	432
The Tomb of Napoleon	452
Madame LeBrun and Daughter	481
Map of Europe After Treaty of Vienna	x


MAP OF
EUROPE
After Treaty of Vienna (A.D. 1815)
By I. S. Chas.
SCALE OF MILES.
0 50 100 200 300 400
30 25 20 15 West 10 5 0 5 10 15
65
60
55
50
45
40
35
30
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH SEA
BALTIC SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
BAY OF BISCAY
ENGLISH CHANNEL
IRISH SEA
ST. GEORGE'S CHANNEL
IRELAND
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
SHETLAND ISLES
ORKNEY ISLES
HEBRIDES
FARO ISLES (To Denmark)
ICELAND (To Denmark)
Mt. Hecla
KINGDOM OF SWEDEN
KINGDOM OF NORWAY
SKAGEN
CATTEGAT
KINGDOM OF DENMARK
KINGDOM OF FRANCE
KINGDOM OF SPAIN
EMPIRE OF AUSTRIA
KINGDOM OF PRUSSIA
KINGDOM OF POLAND
KINGDOM OF NAPLES
KINGDOM OF SARDINIA
CORSICA (To France)
BALEARIC ISLES (To Spain)
MALTA (To England)
EMPIRE OF MOROCCO
ATLAS MTS.
ALGIERS
TUNIS
TRIPOLI
REGENCY OF BARBARY
(TO TURKEY)
MADRID
PARIS
LONDON
VIENNA
BERLIN
ROME
NAPLES
CONSTANTINOPLE
Christiania
Stockholm
Copenhagen
Petersburgh
Moscow
Warsaw
Dresden
Munich
Amsterdam
Brussels
Lisbon
Gibraltar
Algiers
Tunis
Tripoli
Malta
Corfu
Messina
Palermo
Marseilles
Lyons
Bordeaux
Toulouse
Barcelona
Valencia
Seville
Cadiz
Granada
Malaga
Gibraltar
Tangier
Fez
Mequinez
Morocco
Oran
Constantina
Bona
Bizerta
Algiers
Tunis
Tripoli
Benghazi
Alexandria
Cairo
Suez
Red Sea
Nile
Rhine
Danube
Elbe
Oder
Vistula
Po
Tiber
Rhone
Seine
Loire
Ebro
Tagus
Guadalquivir
Dnieper
Don
Volga
Ural Mts.
Caucasus Mts.
Carpathian Mts.
Alps
Pyrenees
Apennines
Black Sea
Caspian Sea
Sea of Azof
Archipelago
Adriatic Sea
Gulf of Lyons
Gulf of Genoa
Gulf of Venice
Gulf of Bothnia
Gulf of Finland
Gulf of Riga
Gulf of Lepanto
Gulf of Corinth
Gulf of Patras
Gulf of Salonica
Gulf of Smyrna
Gulf of Satalia
Gulf of Cyprus
Gulf of Sidra
Gulf of Gabes
Gulf of Tunis
Gulf of Bona
Gulf of Algiers
Gulf of Oran
Gulf of Tetuan
Gulf of Cadiz
Gulf of Lisbon
Gulf of Biscay
Gulf of Gascony
Gulf of Lyons
Gulf of Genoa
Gulf of Venice
Gulf of Bothnia
Gulf of Finland
Gulf of Riga
Gulf of Lepanto
Gulf of Corinth
Gulf of Patras
Gulf of Salonica
Gulf of Smyrna
Gulf of Satalia
Gulf of Cyprus
Gulf of Sidra
Gulf of Gabes
Gulf of Tunis
Gulf of Bona
Gulf of Algiers
Gulf of Oran
Gulf of Tetuan
Gulf of Cadiz
Gulf of Lisbon
Gulf of Biscay
Gulf of Gascony



Longitude from Greenwich
East 70
ARCTIC OCEAN
LAPLAND
WHITE SEA
Mesene
Archangel
Dwina River
Mesene River
Onega River
Lake Onega
Lake Ladoga
Petchora
Uleaborg
FINLAND
Finland
ST. PETERSBURG
Cronstadt
Narva
Novgorod
Lake Ilmen
Riga
Duna River
Witepsk
Smolensk
Wilna
Minsk
Kalouga
Moscow
Vladimir
Rostov
Suzdal
Nijni Novgorod
Kazan
Perm
Ufa
Orenburg
Saratov
Volga River
Don River
Kursk
Tchernigov
Kiev
Dnieper River
Poltowa
Alexandrov
Bug River
Dniester River
Nicholaiev
Cherson
Odessa
Lemberg
Azov
SEA OF AZOV
CIRCASSIA
Astrakhan
Ural River
Obi River
TOBOLSK
RUSSIA IN EUROPE
SIBERIA
ASIATIC RUSSIA
INDEPENDENT TARTARY
KIRGHEEZ
CASPIAN SEA
Derbent
Baku
Simferopol
Sevastopol
BLACK SEA
Poti
Batoum
Ardahan
Kars
Erivan
Nakhitvan
Mt. Ararat
Trebizond
Sinope
Scutari
CONSTANTINOPLE
Adrianople
Philippopolis
Silistria
Sea of Marmora
Angora
Sivas
Marash
ARMENIA
Lake Van
Diarbekr
Mosul
Urumiyah
Lake Urumiyah
Tabreez
Teheran
KINGDOM OF PERSIA
Hamadan
Ispahan
Kermanshah
PERSIA
KHUZISTAN
IRAK ARABI
Bagdad
Hillah
Bassorah
Persian Gulf
MESOPOTAMIA
TURKISH EMPIRE
Smyrna
Adalia
Adana
Aleppo
Antioch
Alexandretta
Latakia
Homs
CYPRUS
RHODES
Tripoli
Beyrut
Damascus
Saida
Acre
Jaffa
Jerusalem
Port Said
Damietta
Rosetta
Alexandria
CAIRO
Suez
Akaba
ARABIA
EGYPT
SEA
40
45
55
60
65
30
35
50

HISTORY OF ART

PREFATORY CHAPTER.

Pleasure and Benefit of Art Study.

N our ordinary phraseology the terms "art" and "artists" have come to be regarded as implying painting and painters. It is, therefore, worth while in the preface to such a work as the present, which is devoted mainly to the study of Paintings of Great Artists, to remind the reader that this field is only one of many in the inexhaustible domain of art. Nor need the suggestion of this limitation lessen one's love of paintings, any more than recognition of the Union detracts from our loyalty to the State. Each, indeed, is kindled to further lustre in the reflection of the aggregate dignity and importance of which it is a part. It is, therefore, not beside the question to preface a study of painting with a realization of what art means or should mean in life.

Many people think of art as a perquisite of wealth, a hobby of leisure, as a mere trimming on the good, necessary homespun of life. Hence, according to their temperament, they ignore it or despise it. They are occupied, they will tell you, with the "real" concerns of life and have no time or taste for fal-lals. For this attitude of mind artists themselves have been largely responsible. They, too, have divorced art from life, segregating themselves in a little garden of their own, walled about from the world, cultivating their several patches of flowers; and flinging gibes over the wall at the men and women who are building up the material, intellectual and sociological resources of the country and calling them Philistines. Meanwhile, they have dissensions in their own garden; the painter, for instance, grudging the title of artist to the maker of a pot, and both of them slow to recognize the claims to art of literature, drama and so forth. Indeed the first step in a proper appreciation of art is to recog-

nize the essential unity of the arts with one another and of art with life.

Life is based upon necessity, the necessity of making a living; but that necessity breeds a need, the need of living; the making of a living being indeed not the end of life, but the necessary means to the true end which is heightening to its fullest expression our capacity of living. Up to a certain point the word "must" is inevitably supreme, but beyond that point "I will" is possible. It is so even in business. A man must lay the foundations of the latter in the needs of his trade and build in response to its conditions; but having thus satisfied the necessities of the case, he can exercise volition as to whether the business shall be run solely for his own sordid self-interest, or in a way that will better the circumstances of his employees and raise the standard of living in his community.

In a word, there is not a man or woman who has not his or her ideal; if you understand ideal in the sense which it is beginning to receive, namely, the idea which a man sets ahead of him as the goal to which he works. In the case of some it may be a wholly sordid one, in which it is difficult to discover anything but an exclusive preoccupation with making a living and with solely material aggrandizement. In the vast majority of cases, however, the idea is one involving to a greater or less degree a heightened sense of the value of life in the opportunities it offers of fuller and more effective living. And the moment a man begins to reach out to an ideal of this kind, he begins, even if for a while unconsciously, to recognize the value of art as a concrete expression of his belief in the beauty of life. It has always been so, it always will be so, for it is an instinct of mankind to seek an expression of its highest self in art.

The reason, when you analyze it, is this: The artist working in the liberty of his spirit can attain a degree of organized perfection to which other men, who are confronted with the exigencies and obstacles of necessity can only approximate. Art is thus the symbol of our striving, the oriflamme of our advance, the golden flame which at once expresses and leads forward our spirit to higher venture. Herein is again most beautifully displayed the unity of life, the fact that artists and laymen are workers in the same material—life; and that the methods they employ are practically identical. But at this point I must drop

for a moment the sequence of thought and suggest another consideration which must be grasped as a preliminary to the proper appreciation of art.

. . . . . .

The quality which marks a work of art is its form. This is as true of a symphony or a sonnet, of a ballet or drama, of a short or long story as of a residence or sky-scraper, of a picture or a piece of sculpture. All of these, if they amount to anything as art, are based upon a recognition of the necessities of existence, shaped and colored by the artist's experiences of life. But it is his ability so to shape his conceptions, founded upon nature, that qualifies him to be an artist. You and I may have just as vivid and beautiful an appreciation of nature as the artist, but, if we cannot give form to it, we cannot pass our appreciation on to others. On the other hand, in so far as we can and do, we may claim to share the artist's privilege.

Usually the first step in the appreciation of pictures is to be interested in the subjects which they represent. It repeats the child's way of being interested in a picture-book. I could mention the name of a financier, known all over the United States, who was first drawn to art by receiving for a Christmas present an engraved portrait of Colbert, the finance minister of Louis XVI. His interest in the personality of the subject of this particular print spread to a general interest in French eighteenth century engravings, whence he developed into a collector not only of etchings and engravings but of other works of art of widely different character. And, which is characteristic of the keenness and thoroughness of our American collectors, he brought the same quality of analytic and synthetic mind that had made him a master of finance, as it might have made him a great captain of industry, to the study of the works of art. He has become a connoisseur. He has passed beyond the mere interest in the subject to an appreciation of the way in which it is interpreted. It is no longer the subject only, but much more the form in which it is embodied, that exercises his imagination.

A good example of the power of a picture's form to affect the imagination is afforded by Rubens' "Descent from the Cross" in the Antwerp Cathedral. It is one of the world's popular pictures; justly so, and why? Because of its subject?

surely not; for the subject has been repeated many a time in pictures that have not fascinated the imagination of succeeding generations. It is the form in which this one is embodied, built up of contrasted lines and masses, particularly of contrasted light and shade, that so powerfully stimulates the imagination. This is what one may call an invented picture, not a representation of anything the artist has seen, but a creation of his imagination, affecting ours. Yet the principle is equally true, when applied to a Dutch genre picture of the seventeenth century, or a Velasquez of the same period, or a landscape of our own day. The value of any one of them as a work of art does not consist in its representation of certain aspects of nature, but in the heightened sense of the beauty of nature which it inspires. And this is due to the artistic form into which the natural aspects have been translated.

Nor does the form of composition of a picture appeal only to the eye. The latter is of course in the case of a picture the direct sense approach to the imagination; but even in a picture the sense of touch may be appealed to by suggestion. If you have watched a potter at his wheel, you have perhaps experienced the delight of seeing a vase grow into form by the touch of the artist's fingers, responding so sensitively to the conception of the shape which his mind has imagined. It is one of the most beautiful illustrations of the efficiency and sentiment of the sense of touch, which by the way, is the most rudimentary of the senses. The baby instinctively reaches out its hand to touch, before it shows any trace of sensing things with its eyes; and, when it has hold of the object, promptly tries to put it in its mouth, as if to satisfy the other rudimentary sense of taste. So rooted in instinct are these two senses, that in the natural growth which words of universal meaning undergo the word "taste" has come to be used of the higher appreciation of the cultivated mind. Likewise we speak of the "touch" of the musician and use the equivalent of touch, namely, feeling, to connote the quality of expression which an artist puts into the form of his work. But to return to the suggested touch-sense which the form or composition of a picture may involve.

The objects in a picture may be so represented that they stimulate in us a suggestion of the sense of touch. The fabrics, for example, may not only appeal to the eye as resembling satin

or velvet, but suggest to the sense of touch the joy that one has in handling fine qualities of such material. Similarly, the textures throughout the composition may be rendered with such regard to the character and quality and essential touch-charm of the surfaces that our appreciation of the eye is enormously enhanced. Moreover, which is still more important, the drawing of the figures, that is to say, the manner in which the forms and actions are represented, may be heightened by an appeal to a suggested sense of touch. A Bouguereau painting may be agreeable to the eye, yet suggest nothing of the reality of bulk, construction and vital action that Millet conveyed by a few strokes in an etching or lithograph. In fact, as we grow in our study of pictures, we cease to take them at their face or eye-value entirely, but test them by the standards of our sense experience. And since we have mentioned the word "grow," it is timely to recall that, just as the life of the individual should be a continual growth, so should it be with the composition of a picture. It should not present merely a calculated pattern, but one which bears the evidence of "having slowly grown to music" like the fabled creation of the walls of Troy. In only one particular does the parallel between the growth of life and the growth of a work of artistic composition fail. The growth of life is a continuing line without finality; that of an artistic composition should be a completed unity. And this brings us back to the point from which we digressed.

. . . . . .

The elemental principles underlying an artistic composition are essentially the same as those which determine success in the world of material necessity. They are Fitness, Order, Harmony and Rhythm. The form of a picture must be fitted to the subject and the purpose. The artist is transgressing the law of fitness if, for example, as Goya did, he decorated churches with designs more suitable to a banquet hall. Secondly, while art is inspired by nature, it does not reproduce what one may for the present purpose call the haphazardness and lack of finality of nature. From the multiplicity of effects it selects a few and arranges them in an orderly scheme, which shall involve the third element, of harmony; that is to say, a perfectly balanced relation of all the parts to one another and to the whole, so that a completed unity results. Then, if the artist has in him

that higher feeling for relation of all the parts and the whole such as man's imagination has ascribed to the relation of the planets in space, as moving to the music of the spheres, he gives to the harmony of his composition the final element of rhythm. Space will not permit me here to work out the analogy of this with the principles of material organizations. I can only suggest that the composition of each organization must be fitted to the purposes and conditions of its particular line of trade; that by selection and arrangement the artist of industry will successively introduce order and harmony of relation between the animate and inanimate component parts, and, if he too has a high feeling for relations, will weave his employees and himself into a mutuality of feeling and interest that corresponds to rhythm in a work of art.

There is thus a unity between art and life. May the time soon come when art will be so studied from the kindergarten up to the college; not merely in detached fragments for their own sake but as the symbol of life itself, and in its enforcement of fitness, order, harmony and rhythm the best foundation of character-building and of the fostering of a high sense of citizenship.

Meanwhile there is another way in which the study of art may be both a pleasure and a profit. Art being the expression of man's belief in the higher possibilities of life, the art of each period and each country reflects the Zeitgeist of each, and being also an expression of the self of the artist who created it, is a perpetual revelation of differing types of human nature. Thus the history of art opens up an immense storehouse of material for the study of successive cycles of civilization. For it is a fact that what has chiefly survived the havoc of time is the past's art. To a knowledge of extinct civilizations the remains of their works of art are almost the sole clue. To understand the past of nations which still continue the contemporary legends and histories of their past must be supplemented by what has almost alone survived—their art. It is through the remains of their architecture, sculpture and painting and through the innumerable examples of artistic crafts that we can reconstruct in imagination the kind of life those nations led, and more than that, recover the spirit of their lives and the character of their ideals. In fact, if you admit the truth of Pope's dictum: "The noblest

study of mankind is man," the pleasure and value of the study of art are self evident.

Art studied in relation to the times and conditions which produced it tends to breadth of vision and sympathy. One ceases to be interested only in one's individual preferences, but learns to appreciate, prize, that is to say, at their proper worth, the innumerably different manifestations of the human spirit, as it reveals itself at any given time in its literature, architecture, sculpture, painting, drama and music. For the thorough student of art cannot afford to view any one of these branches as a thing apart. While concentrating upon one, he will preserve his touch with the others, recognizing the unity of the arts, and the mutual illumination which they reflect upon one another.

The student pursuing this method of survey, at once panoramic and detailed, will come to realize that art, like life itself, is a growth. And growth involves decay as the prelude to a renewed growth. There should be a finality of completeness in any one example of a work of art, but there can be no finality in art. What the Greeks created was for themselves in response to their own conditions and ideals; with the passing away of the latter the need for such an art ceased. So with all the nations and the art that represented them. It served its turn, but, with the passing away of the nation or the establishing of new conditions, a new art was needed and created. In every case it has been an art which carried forward the principles of the past, the elemental fundamental residuum, but shaped them anew, with additions and alterations of its own, to meet the new requirements.

This is a truth that needs emphasizing in our own country, since our artists for a time were compelled by circumstances to seek instruction from abroad, and, not content with simply learning the technique of their art, brought back with them also the motives and the point of view of foreigners and the past. It is in our architecture that this borrowing and imitation have been most rampant. There is a school of architects, and a powerful one, whose recipe for every monumental building in modern America has been the classic style of Greece or Rome or the adaptation made of these by the Italians of the Renaissance. The craze for antiquity has culminated in the crowning folly of a heathen temple being adapted as the motive for the exterior of a railroad terminal in New York!

Fortunately, however, the necessities of our particular brand of present day civilization are gradually making such ineptitudes impossible. The architect has been compelled to face the problem of the modern skyscraper, which is the most signal instance to be found of logical growth rooted in necessity. At first he floundered in a vain effort to apply to a structure, distinguished by its vertical direction, the principles he had learned in the class room of ancient horizontal designs. Here and there, however, throughout the country are artists who have accepted the logic of circumstances, in consequence of which the skyscrapers, while fulfilling every demand of business necessity, are becoming monumentally artistic. These represent, in fact, the most important contribution that has been made to the so-called fine arts for three hundred years.

As a final word for this brief preface, the question may rise in the student's mind: "Will America ever reach to such a pitch of artistic greatness as, say, Italy of the Renaissance?" In our belief in the future we may return a ringing "yes;" but it will be a greatness of another kind. Quite possibly painting may never again reach so high a level of splendor; but painting is only one of the arts and only a symptom and symbol of the art of living. The genius of Italy was aristocratic, ours is democratic, striving to fuller and more perfect development of each for all. Which of the arts will soonest and most completely realize this new ideal is yet undetermined. May one hazard a guess that it will be the art of the novelist, the poet or the dramatist? At any rate it will be the one which most intimately reflects the needs and the aspirations of the new democracy.

CHAPTER I.

Early Christian Art.

After the fall of Rome, as has been repeatedly noted, Teutonic tribes overran the wide area of Europe that had long been subject to Roman rule. For centuries following, in place of order we find disorder, in place of settled conditions, unsettled conditions, and in place of an old civilization and culture, we find the beginnings of a new civilization and, comparatively speaking, no culture at all. Owing to the dense ignorance of the invaders, the destruction was appalling. Just as a little child may dash to the floor a vase or bowl of cherished worth nor appreciate in any measure the destruction he has wrought, so these grown children from Germanic forests destroyed on every side, nor stayed to witness the havoc they had caused. The action of a German chief who gazed in wonderment at a beautiful mosaic floor in a Roman court was typical of the age. Not certain whether or not the graceful swan floating upon the surface of a lake was alive, he hurled his heavy battleax upon it, ruining the picture that but a moment before had caught his fancy.

Roman art reached its highest expression during the first and second centuries of the principate. It was executed by Greek artists who worked under the influence of Roman thought and ideas. The art they produced was not comparable with the highest expression of Greek art, for Greek art was already declining when it crept into Rome. Nevertheless, excellent pictures were made and still finer statuary produced. After the second century art declined in Italy, and continued still to decline until it almost slept, to waken at the call of the Renaissance masters.

We have found that the Christians were persecuted by the Romans intermittently until Constantine proclaimed Christianity the state religion in the fourth century. Traces of the earliest Christian art are to be found in the catacombs, whither the worshippers of the despised faith gathered in times of dan-

They shrank from directly representing the object of their adoration but did so in the guise of symbols and scenes that were themselves symbolic. They drew a shepherd with a lamb upon his shoulder, indicative of Christ, the Shepherd, and his sheep; they painted the picture of Moses striking the rock and water gushing forth to suggest Christ giving living water. We find this aversion to the direct revealing of holy things surviving until after the fourth century in some instances. The Council of Eliberis, convening between the years 310 and 324, ruled that "what is worshipped should not be depicted on the walls," and—consequently—"pictures ought not to be in churches." This opinion was wholly reversed in later years, the Church Fathers strongly advocating the value of religious paintings in promulgating the faith.

Not until the tenth century was the symbol of the cross in particular favor. It was used earlier but not extensively. Simplicity, joy, peace—these are the qualities that distinguish the first Christian art. Wherever Christ is represented at all, he is ever youthful, a gladness transfiguring his features.

Recent criticism has called attention to the consistency between the prayer for the dead in the ritual and many of the catacomb paintings. To be sure, the ritual was not given permanent form until the ninth century, but some of its teachings were virtually in the minds of believers from the beginning. The ritual gives assurance that one who could in ancient days rescue Noah, Daniel and all who put their trust in him, can also save the soul from death. The paintings most frequently found in the catacombs recall these acts of early preservation; the saving of Isaac, the protection of Daniel, the safety of Noah. Such pictures were appropriate for the grave, since they instantly reminded the beholder of an assuring belief thus symbolized.

The first idea of one beholding the catacomb pictures that they are strikingly similar is prompted by the fact that time has rendered the best of them as unsightly as the worst, and the colors—yellow, red and green on a white background—further intensify this impression. Presently a difference grows upon one in point of workmanship, the first and second centuries showing more carefully graded colors and shades than those of centuries following. Indeed, in later times figures were sometimes merely sketched by a simple black line.

Besides the symbolism employed to represent Christ by the figure of the shepherd or by the vine, he was represented through other mediums, both classical and Hebrew. The person of Orpheus, whose music attracted birds of the air and beasts of the field, even inanimate objects drawing near to him, was often used—the greater power of Christ subtly inferred. Sometimes he was suggested by the likeness of Apollo, his mother shown as a Roman matron and the apostles attired in the Roman toga. Thus was the art of the Romans given a new meaning. Favorite among Old Testament characters was that of Noah. No attempt was made to produce elaborate paintings in these inaccessible catacombs where seldom anyone came and which at best must be seen with artificial light. Noah was generally shown alone, in a cubical chest, a dove flying towards him with an olive leaf. This recalled the saving of Noah quite as forcefully as though an ark spacious enough to hold much beside had been pictured. Daniel in the lions' den, the children in the fiery furnace, the sacrifice of Abraham, Moses in the burning bush or striking the rock, and Jonah in three scenes—tossed from the ship, delivered by the whale, and in the shade of the gourd—these various scenes were repeated many times.

New symbols were added. Fruit and flowers acquired definite meanings. The Madonna was called the Rose of Sharon, and roses were used about her symbolically. The apple was indicative of the fall of man; the pomegranate, of immortality. A shell later became symbolic of the pilgrim, but from first years the palm was emblematic of martyrdom. In Revelations it is said of a great multitude which stood before the throne with palms in their hands: "These are they which came out of great tribulations."

The nimbus, used to distinguish holy personages, was borrowed from antiquity. It was indicative of divinity and had been used by kings and emperors. When placed around the head of one living it was made square instead of round.

Geometrical symbols were sometimes employed. The triangle, emblematic of three in one, has been mentioned. A square signified the earth and so life itself. Heaven was represented by a circle, also eternity. Immortal life was indicated by a square enclosed within a circle. God's presence was

made known by a hand reaching from the clouds. The globe in the hand of the Christ child indicated sovereignty. The four evangelists were often signified by their emblems. Matthew dwelt upon the humanity of Christ and was represented by the figure of a man or an angel; Mark by the lion, because his Gospel opens with the account of one crying in the wilderness—which the lion was thought to suggest. Luke made much of the priesthood of Christ, and the ox, prompting thought of the sacrifice, was regarded as suitable. John was represented by the eagle—this king of birds supposedly signifying highest inspiration.

The first aversion to directly representing the founder of the faith gradually disappeared. The Council of Constantinople, called sometimes the Quinisext Council, convening in 691, decreed that "henceforth Christ is to be publicly exhibited in the figure of a man, not of a lamb." This the Fathers said should be done "that we may be led to remember Christ's conversation in the flesh, and his passion and saving death and the redemption which he wrought for the world." Neither would they have the Magi longer indicated by the star. This justified the portrayal of the agony so completely avoided by the early Christians. "It was a revolution complete and absolute from the days when joy, abounding gladness, fervid exultation, and almost intoxication of inspiring enthusiasm was as much a characteristic of Christianity as simplicity of heart."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.
(From the Catacomb of St. Callisto at Rome.)

CHAPTER II.

Byzantine Art. Mosaics.

So inseparably was Rome bound up with the past that Constantine believed it well-nigh impossible to attempt to administer the government of a Christian empire from this ancient capital. Accordingly, in 330 A. D., he founded a new capital on the site of the earlier settlement of Byzantium. This he renamed for himself—Constantinople. The city that arose was unique in that it did not gradually develop but was made, and that in a brief time. Many wealthy families accompanied the emperor thither and he took with him hundreds of artisans. Rich treasures were taken from the Eternal City to adorn the new capital—for which posterity may well be thankful.

The great empire ruled by Constantine, although politically one, was in reality composed of many nearly independent units. Not alone did European nations give homage to the great emperor but Egypt and western Asia as well. The Hellenizing of the East had been going on for centuries and now all had something to contribute to the new center. Unfortunately Constantinople inherited too much. In the field of art she was deluged with contributions on every hand, with no opportunity to assimilate, accept, reject and, in time, evolve a new and distinctive art. For two centuries after the foundation of the city of Constantine, Byzantine—or East Christian —art remained conglomerate.

It was natural that the capital of the empire should be the center of the fine arts, but there were reasons other than that of the prestige of the imperial city to account for this. Constantinople did not suffer as did Rome from repeated invasions; for long years after the first triumph of the Teutons, Rome's history was that of turmoil. Away from the devastation of Teuton, Vandal and Hun, Constantinople sheltered treasures of the past and preserved classical conceptions for posterity. Too seldom has this great debt of modern civilization been recognized. Too often have the faults of Byzantine

art been dwelt upon and its bequests to modern European art too slightly appreciated.

During the fourth and fifth centuries painting became the handmaid of religion but, although experiments were tried, no exact rules were yet formulated. That was left for the second period—that of the first Golden Age in Byzantine painting. Since art was given over to the service of religion during the Middle Ages, any conception of its mediæval development presupposes some slight acquaintance with the nature of mediæval churches.

The word *basilica* is of Greek origin and relates to something regal or kingly. It was used in connection with the place of justice over which the king presided; the Romans borrowed it and among them basilicas were many and important. The word became as inclusive as our word *hall*. Not alone were courts of justice thus designated but private citizens frequently erected basilicas for their own use, these serving the various functions of offices, club rooms, assemblies and bourses.

Christianity was of sudden growth. It had no past to which it could turn, no models after which to pattern. When it came to the matter of providing places of worship for large numbers of people, use was made of models already known. It is sometimes said that basilicas were appropriated by Christians for worship but this is only a surmise; no case can be pointed to wherein a basilica was transferred to a body of Christians. Nevertheless, the word came to signify *church* or *place of worship*; yet no definite form of building was thus implied. Some of the basilicas were round, others octagonal. The general type was that of an oblong rectangle, so far as the ground plan was concerned. A domed roof covered the oblong end of the structure, which became known as the choir; the nave, or body of the building, was divided into three or five aisles by pillars and the roof of the nave or middle portion was raised high above that of the side aisles, its supporting walls being provided with windows to admit air and light. The interior of the dome at the end, and the raised walls that supported the central roof afforded considerable area for effective decoration, and while the churches of the west derived their charm from their pictured windows of stained glass,

those of the east were rendered particularly attractive by glittering mosaics which covered their walls.

Christianity left its impress upon mosaic pictures as upon no other form of art. Although mosaics were known to the Romans, they used them especially for floors, seldom employing them for wall adornment. Mosaic floors were formed of marble cut into cubes, white and black being in general favor, although colors were sometimes used. Floors made thus in beautiful patterns of birds, flowers and geometrical designs survive. Shortly before the close of the third century glass mosaics were devised. Glass paste could then be run into long strips and cut into tiny cubes or pieces of various shapes. Rich effects were produced by covering cubes with gold-leaf, then encasing them with a thin film of glass to preserve them. This method of decoration was at once adopted by the churches and continued long in favor.

The nature of the material determined at once that details could not be delicately treated. The mosaic was intended to be effective from a distance. Figures were placed in backgrounds of blue and deep gold and were themselves depicted in gay hues. Sometimes a black line was thrown around them to make the design more striking. Attitudes were of necessity stiff, groups formal, pictures too evenly balanced. But the conceptions carried out in church interiors were original, the use of color pleasing, and a certain intensity of expression was secured which could scarcely be excelled.

Christianity was undergoing a change in its attitude toward the human body. While Christ had been previously shown as possessed of bodily beauty and strength, now there grew up a feeling that these qualities were incompatible with spiritual perfection. The human body must be humiliated. Physical beauty must give way to spiritual beauty. Now it was that men separated themselves from the world, lived in retirement and tortured their bodies, clothed themselves in hair-cloth and lashed themselves to mortify the flesh. In paintings, too, the face became elongated, assumed a melancholy air, the robes became long, black and stiff, the figures awkward.

In the West, art survived scarcely at all aside from the mosaics. In the East, the forms controlled entirely by the

Church prevailed, as has been described. In Byzantine art, the nimbus, or crown of glory, now came into constant use. The Madonnas have drooping heads, long, sad faces, often ugly and expressionless. The nimbus of gold crowns the head of mother, child and saint. Art could not excel in an age when the Church Councils were crushing its very existence. In 787, A. D., the Council of Nicæa decreed: "It is not the invention of the painter which creates the picture, but an inviolable law, a tradition of the Church. It is not the painters, but the holy fathers, who have to invent and dictate. To them manifestly belongs the composition—to the painter only the execution." Art was reaching a stage comparable with that in Egypt when priests prescribed the scope of the artists, and did not permit him to exceed it.

The eighth century was characterized by the iconoclastic movement. Leo, the Isaurian, roused by the taunts of Jew and Mohammedan—to whom images were alike obnoxious—tried to suppress the adoration of pictures. Throughout the century rulers vacillated, some suppressing, others sanctioning the worship of images. It should always be remembered that this movement was not, like the later Puritan manifestation, a general revulsion against all art, it was merely directed against the use of images in the church. Finally, after deep bitterness and much destruction, the Council of 842 ended the struggle by sanctioning the worship of images and pictures; such was the conclusion for the west; the Greek Church abolished images but held tenaciously to pictures.

Yet, in spite of the destruction of art while the struggle lasted, the movement was not wholly disastrous. The check given to religious art enabled secular art to devolp. Moreover, the floral and conventional designs resorted to during the period tended to broaden and enrich the field of interior decoration.

The oblong end of the church—known as the apse—supplied, as has already been pointed out, opportunity for picturing themes which the church service glorified. Referring to these apsidal decorations it has been noted that "the idea which determined their character was the desire to direct the mind to the divine object of Christian worship and enable the worshippers below to realize in vivid terms their communica-

tion with the saints in heaven, or to depict the adoration of the saints and angels in heaven as the counterpart of the worship of the Church on earth."

The Apocalypse described a New Jerusalem with Christ enthroned in glory among his angels. "It suggested the four and twenty elders who laid their crowns at Christ's feet, the four angelic beasts which symbolized the Evangelists, the martyrs beneath the altar, the four rivers of paradise which issued from beneath the throne, and the divine Lamb which is represented on a throne, before which is the book with the seven seals and on each side the seven candlesticks. . . . All of these subjects—apostles, evangelists, martyrs, the sacrificial lamb, the cross, the dove—served to connect the scene with the Church on earth. This connection was rendered still more real by historic martyrs, designated by name or by their symbols, approaching to offer their crowns to Christ; and by the figure of the founder of the church, who, though still living, is represented in the midst of the heavenly company, offering a small model of his church, a symbol of the gift which he dedicates here below."[1]

The nave was generally adorned with scenes from the Old or New Testament. The acts of the apostles were often illustrated or incidents in Christ's ministry.

Rome still possesses many excellent mosaics but no town is richer in this respect than Ravenna, used by Justinian as a western capital. The copy of mosaic included in this series is a portion of the beautiful work in the Church of St. Apollinare Nuove, built by Theodoric and dedicated first to St. Martin. Early in the sixth century the relics of St. Apollinaris were brought thither. Although in the beginning an Arian church and later Catholic, the decorations do not appear to have been disturbed. The isolated figures between the windows were provided by Theodoric. These are prophets and apostles and are done in white. On the walls below the windows a long procession of martyrs are shown in meadows of palms and lilies. Led by the Magi, bearing gifts, women martyrs from the town of Classis advance to bring their crowns to the Mother Mary, enthroned with the Child. They are garbed alike in a white stola, over which an embroidered

[1] Lowrie: Monuments of Early Christian Art.

palla falls in folds; in their hands they bear their crowns and above their heads may be seen their names. On the other side sits Christ enthroned—like the Mother, between groups of two angels who guard on either side. From Ravenna come a procession of men who have met the martyr's death. They hold their crowns in readiness to lay at the feet of Christ. Palms separate them, while a circle of light encompasses each head; the nimbus of the Mother and the angels is a solid band of gold; the cross is inscribed in the nimbus of Christ.

Above the windows, next the roof, are twenty-six scenes from the life of Christ. The colors are most effective against the gold background. Among the scenes from the ministry are the calling of Peter, the feeding of the multitude, the healing of the blind, the casting out of devils, the widow's mite, the raising of Lazarus. None of the physical agony is depicted in the Passion, but the Last Supper, Garden of Gethsemane, betrayal of Judas, denial of Peter, and the scene before Pilate, are shown.

Pictures of this kind constituted what has well been termed the "poor man's Bible of the Middle Ages." The Scriptures were the possession of the few; but all could become familiar with biblical stories by seeing them thus portrayed in places of worship.

It is apparent from this brief summary of the mosaic decoration in a single Ravenna church, that mosaic pictures were diversified and that remarkable effects were gained by this medium. Floors were also made of mosaic, but less frequently than among the Romans of the principate. A very interesting floor has been discovered in recent times, being in reality a map of the Holy Land. Jerusalem and other cities are shown in their relative positions and scholars find some semblance between it and the actual contour of the country. It was made for the purpose of indicating the location of the seven principal churches in western Asia.

In its broadest sense, Byzantine art continued until the fall of Constantinople in 1453. During the ninth and tenth centuries, Macedonian emperors revived classical models. Palaces were built which rivaled those of the mighty Cæsars. In the eleventh century a school of art developed at the monastery of Mount Athos, which in turn established many

smaller monasteries—at Daphne, Mount Helicon and elsewhere. This school became very famous and, because of the new impetus which trade received and the interchange of ideas that accompanied the Crusades, western Europe at this time received much stimulus from an influx of Byzantine conceptions. A period of decadence followed.

Byzantine art was always composite. Its lavish use of color came from the Orient; its careful treatment of detail, from Greece. During the centuries when it developed there was slight opportunity for artists to study the nude, while copies were everywhere abundant. Thus nature was studied only at second or third hand. Clerical dominance led to absence of thought and substitution of gaudiness and costly material. Not only was its very life crushed by the rigid rules that governed artists, but the asceticism of the times tended further to destroy. Painters were monks, and monks devoid of happiness. Life had been reduced to misery; the body was degraded, the will weakened. Expressionless faces, awkward positions, rigidity of hands, fingers, feet and joints resulted largely from lack of knowledge of human anatomy. Drapery often appears to be hung on the figure.

Today one may find pictures of the Byzantine type in the Greek Church. The imitation of these becomes a trick and a thousand could be produced without the expenditure of a moment of serious thought aside from the care to imitate and reproduce. In contrast with pictures such as these we do not wonder that the people of Florence marveled at Cimabue's Madonna, declaring that he had restored expression to the human face.

CHAPTER III.

Early Italian Painters.

Cimabue, whose dates are uncertain, but are approximately 1240-1302, has long been called the Father of Italian painting. At least we may say that his work marks a breaking away from the old Byzantine style. His famous Madonna and Child is not particularly attractive to us today, and yet the picture provoked great admiration when it was produced. We read that the Florentines formed a procession to accompany its removal from the artist's studio to the Church, and that the occasion was one of joyful thanksgiving.

The picture preserved many Byzantine characteristics: the face was still long and melancholy, the hands long and stiff, the eyes aslant; nevertheless beyond all this the face bore an expression; this at least was new. In contrast to wooden, blank faces, this conveyed a sense of humanity. The artist had also loosened the draperies a little, and the figure was better proportioned.

However, Cimabue was destined to be far eclipsed by his pupil, Giotto, in whose later work it is indeed impossible to find traces of the master's influence. A story for centuries perpetuated relates that as the courtly Cimabue was riding in the country one day he came upon a shepherd lad, so engaged in sketching one of his sheep on a huge stone that he remained unaware of the stranger's presence. Recognizing the boy's native talent, Cimabue sought out the father and gained permission to take Giotto back to Florence with him to study his art. So rapid was the pupil's progress that he soon surpassed his teacher.

During his early years Giotto continued painting in Florence, where he came in touch with the work of many artists. From them he appears to have learned what to avoid, perhaps, for his pictures show little imitation. When he was about thirty years of age Pope Boniface VIII., needing painters for the decoration of St. Peter's, sent messengers to Florence to ascertain what were Giotto's abilities. Told that the Pope

wished a specimen of his work, it is said that Giotto seized a brush and with one skilful stroke described a perfect circle. This he gave the messenger without a word. Either for his skill or daring, the Pope ordered him to come to Rome, where for some time he was occupied. Unfortunately little of the work he did here remains.

Some of Giotto's most masterly painting is to be seen today in the Upper and Lower Churches of Assisi.

Assisi will be remembered as the home of St. Francis. During his life St. Francis had been dearly loved, and after his death his followers were anxious to raise a fitting memorial to his memory. The Lower Church was founded as early as 1228, and was built as the repository for the saint's remains. In 1230 the body of St. Francis was entombed there. The Upper Church, above the first, was founded in 1253. The frescoes of these two churches illustrate Italian painting during the first century of its development.

Before the birth of Giotto the best artists of Italy had been engaged in making beautiful the walls of these churches. Cimabue had done some of his best work here; some of it still remains. In the Upper Church the middle and upper portion of the wall on the left had been decorated by a series of sixteen fresco paintings, setting forth the principal stories of the Old Testament: the Creation, Temptation, Expulsion from the Garden, Noah and the Ark., etc. Correspondingly, on the right scenes from the life of Christ had been painted. Giotto was given the task of painting a series of fresco pictures below these on both walls, illustrating the life of the beloved St. Francis. This was a most welcome undertaking. In the first place, the life of St. Francis offered many dramatic possibilities. Again, the rules governing the portrayal of saints' personages, such as Christ and the Patriarchs, were less binding upon a modern personage like St. Francis. In twenty-eight scenes the principal events in the saint's career were set forth, to the gratification of his loyal order.

Far indeed are Giotto's portrayals from any special ease and grace; a tree or two conveys the notion of a forest; a few boulders give the impression of mountain ranges. Nevertheless, with striking clearness and definite lines the main fea-

tures of the pictures are shown; the story is evident; the figures are unmistakable. Animals and birds show motion; the people's faces are expressive. Color had not yet been mastered; horses were sometimes painted red and trees blue; still the general color effect was not unpleasing and the pictures as a whole were gratifying indeed.

In the Lower Church Giotto painted four pictures to fill in the four divisions of the ceiling. For subjects he chose the three vows of the Franciscan order: Poverty, Chastity and Obedience, and the Glorification of St. Francis. These allegorical paintings are most interesting and far in advance of any previously done. In Arena Chapel, Padua, other of his paintings are to be seen. His portrait of Dante was a great favorite with the Florentines.

Giotto's followers were known as the Giottoesques. For many years they continued to imitate him, to the detriment of Italian art. Taddeo Gaddi is one of the best known of this school; Puccio Capanna and Giottino also belonged to it.

One other achievement of Giotto's was noteworthy. In 1334 he was appointed architect of the Florentine Duomo. In this capacity he designed the beautiful Campanile, or bell-tower. Two hundred and ninety-two feet high, it is divided into four stories. The first story was ornamented with statues; in the three other stories beautiful windows mullioned with exquisitely-twisted columns appear. Those in the fourth story are higher than the rest, to give the whole a slender appearance. Probably nothing formed of stone has ever compared with the windows of this campanile in lace-like effect. The whole was to have been crowned by a spire, but Giotto died before this was put in place. There in the very midst of Florence it stands to-day, the joy of the traveler, the pride of the Florentine. Each year the elements leave it only more mellowed by the flight of time.

"In the old Tuscan town stands Giotto's tower,
The lily of Florence blossoming in stone,—
A vision, a delight and a desire,—
The builders' perfect and centennial flower,
That in the night of ages bloomed alone,
But wanting still the glory of the spire."

Fra Angelico.

He who is known as Angelico was not so named by his parents. They called him Guido. Later when he entered the Dominican order he was given the name Giovanni, or John. His Dominican brothers grew to call him Fra Angelico because he painted angels so beautifully.

Angelico was born in 1387, and died in 1455. No painter ever lived a more saintly life. As a boy he and his brother roamed over the hills outside of Florence and there he caught glimpses of nature's harmonious colorings that long abode in his memory. The deep blue of the sky was later used for an angel's robe; the gold of the sun for an angel's harp.

For political reasons the Dominican order of Florence was exiled to Fiesole. After some years the brothers were allowed to return to the city and San Marco was given them for their dwelling place. It had fallen into ruin and Cosimo de Medici at his own cost had the old monastery repaired for their use. To Fra Angelico was given the task of beautifying with sacred paintings the cells for the brothers of his order. It is quite in keeping with the character of the man that some of his finest work should have been done in these cells, away from the public eye. Not only is San Marco remembered today for the pictures created by this artist, but also because here was the church from whose pulpit Savonarola thundered forth his reproaches and prophecies to the people of Florence.

Probably the majority of people remember Fra Angelico as the painter of the trumpet angels, so frequently seen in copies of various degrees of merit. He was asked to paint a Madonna for one of the Florentine guilds. He produced what is known as the Tabernacle Madonna—doors opening as to a tabernacle, revealing the mother and child. These, however, are not the most remarkable features of the picture; rather, a broad band of gold was brought around the whole, between the inner and outer frame. Upon this gold band were painted angels—some playing upon instruments, some blowing trumpets, some with tambourines. Neither male or female are they, but celestial beings of great joy. It was said of Angelico that he painted visions he saw in Paradise, and certain it is that

he regarded his mission as called of God. Before touching a brush he always devoted some time to prayer and never altered a stroke once made because he believed it was inspired. His hand held the brush that was given its impulse in heaven. What matters it that critics tell us he knew nothing of anatomy, and that his angels were fortunately robed, since otherwise they would be impossible? The fact remains that Angelico caught a vision of the spirit and painted the dreams of his soul on canvas. These visions have been dear to the hearts of men ever since—ignorance of anatomy notwithstanding.

Just as Angelico was in his element portraying angels with ecstatic expressions and picturing meadows riotous with lovely flowers, so was it impossible for him to depict evil. Like many another artist he attempted to execute the Last Judgment. One side of the painting is beautiful—happy beings wander always in flowery meads; the side wherein is depicted the unfortunate ones who have sinned and are turned from Paradise is less successful. Someone has said: "His devils are very harmless chaps who are quite satisfied with innocent pinching and squeezing, and do even this good-naturedly, as if ashamed of their profession." Yet of all the Paradises ever reduced to canvas, Fra Angelico's probably attracts us most—a place of eternal delight, happy beings and flowered fields.

Masaccio bears the same relation to the fifteenth century that Giotto bore to the thirteenth. Born in 1401 and dying in 1428, he did not live long enough to carry out his own conceptions fully, but he left them for the following century to assimilate. Masaccio studied nature and tried to imitate her. Until the time of St. Francis men of the Middle Ages had given little or no attention to the world in which they lived. The Church had taught that this world was but a preparation for the one to come, that much of its beauty was merely a delusion and a snare, and thoroughly pious men, like Bernard of Clairvaux, prided themselves on being able to rise above nature's allurements. We read that the saintly Bernard walked all day by the side of a beautiful lake nor once lifted his eyes to behold the glorious panorama spread out before him. With his inordinate love of all things living and for the beauty of

the country where he lived, St. Francis did more than any one other man to bring back a love of nature in men's hearts. Masaccio did more than any other during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to demonstrate the fact that artists are successful in painting pictures in proportion as their paintings are faithful copies of nature. In the few brief years in which he worked he adhered strictly to this principle, and some of his followers were profoundly influenced by his example.

Fra Filippo Lippi.

Fra Filippo Lippi was also a monk, but beyond this we shall find few similarities between him and Fra Angelico. One lived a pure and saintly life; the other found the rules of his order very burdensome. One saw visions of Paradise and painted them for men whose imaginations were less subtle; the other found earthly visions quite satisfying. One pictured angels, neither men nor women; the other painted the faces of his peasant acquaintances for Madonnas, and for cherubs took as models the chubby urchins of the street.

Filippo Lippi's parents died when he was a mere babe. While yet a child his aunt took him to the monastery of the Carmelites and left him to be trained for service by the brothers. Never did one less adapted to the life of the cloister take the vows. Fortunately it was found that the youth had a gift for painting, and he was allowed to follow this impulse. So clever did he prove himself that the brothers were fain to overlook weaknesses that in another might have been more severely punished. Finally Filippo's utter inability to abide by the rules of the monastery became so manifest that he was allowed to go his way and fill commissions with his brush.

Churches were being constantly erected. Their style of architecture provided walls that required decoration, and fresco painting was by far the least expensive method known. Cosimo de Medici befriended Filippo Lippi and Popes gave him commissions, as did also many small churches and private people. However, it was extremely difficult to get him to continue with a given amount of work until he finished it. His habits of life were far from orderly. He persuaded the nun who posed for his Madonnas to elope and marry him. Finally, it is said, the

Pope gave them both a relinquishment of their vows and sanctioned the marriage. Filippino Lippi, their son, was also an artist.

Filippo Lippi supplied an important link in the chain of Renaissance artists. There is no trace of the predominating spiritual in his pictures. On the other hand his work shows a fidelity to the truth taught by Masaccio—that perfection in art is the result of careful imitation of nature.

CHAPTER IV.

The Realistic School.

The Realistic School, founded by Masaccio, brought a decided change into the realm of painting. As we have seen, this master imitated nature and strove after correct form. The golden backgrounds, retained by Fra Angelico, gave way to landscapes. To be sure Giotto had attempted something in this direction in the thirteenth century, but the realistic school no longer followed the direction current in Giotto's time: "for one who would portray mountains, let him seek out two or three large stones and copy them." Details were now carefully worked out. Each tree, leaf, flower and stem stands out distinctly in the pictures painted by Filippo Lippi and his followers.

"The logical reaction against an art to which natural scenery had for so long been strange, and which permitted only golden backgrounds, was just such a richly-detailed landscape, which in its reverential pantheism thought the smallest leaf with its sparkling dewdrop equally important with the proud palm, and the pebble with the mighty cliff; which would not permit cloudy atmosphere to darken the brightness of things, and which in a single work would fain have sung the whole richness of form and color in the universe."

Andrea del Sarto, whose tragic story Browning has so graphically told, belonged with these artists. He added a certain softness and delicacy of beauty all his own. Here also belongs Sandro Botticelli.

Botticelli.

Botticelli was born in Florence in 1447. He studied with Filippo Lippi, but he was endowed with a fine feeling and sensitive nature that his teacher never possessed. He loved natural beauty and was happily successful in seizing hold of its secrets and subtle effects in his pictures.

Botticelli's first paintings were of a sacred character.

Gradually he fell away from Madonnas and drifted into mythological subjects. Ruskin says that he of all Italian painters was best able to delineate equally well the pagan beauty of the ancients and the spiritual beauty of the Madonna.

For many years Botticelli was aided and encouraged by the Medici, living for years in the family and meeting them on familiar terms. For one of the Medici palaces he painted many of his mythological pictures. Allegories were also favorites of this artist, and of all these, best known by far is his Spring. Just what the painting signifies cannot be determined. Flora, goddess of flowers, advances, shaking blossoms from her gown, while others spring up at her feet. The three Graces dance around in the joy of perpetual youth. Wonderful indeed is the filmy drapery that clings to the fair sisters and reveals the perfect contour of each form. Mercury is present and Zephyrus, chasing away blustery winter. The face of Flora is weird and her significance is difficult to understand. For a time in recent years Botticelli remained neglected. Even now some admire, others fail to appreciate, his style. To the complete chain each link is essential. So was each painter necessary for the unfoldment of Renaissance art. Each important artist left his special imprint on the general subject; each contributed his portion—whether great or small—and left future ages the richer for his gift.

The later years of Botticelli were filled with sadness. Indeed, his whole life was shadowed by a certain melancholy which left him only for an intensity he felt under the influence of Savonarola. After the death of that somewhat misguided prophet, he declined rapidly in health and spirit. His allegorical painting entitled *Calumny* is the masterly creation of a mind almost unsettled.

Leonardo da Vinci.

In taking up the career of Leonardo we come upon a very prince of painters. Born in the fortress of Vinci, not far from Florence, in 1452, his father was a nobleman, his mother a peasant. Born out of wedlock, he was taken by the father and given every opportunity for education. Long after he had become famous we find Leonardo having his mother interred with great pomp.

It was an easy matter to interest this young lad in study. All his life he remained curious, seeking out animals, insects, plants, people, and studying them all. It was perhaps unfortunate that he was gifted in so many ways. Poet, scientist, engineer, sculptor, musician, painter—what could not this versatile man do? His restless nature prompted him to turn from one field of activity to another and the result was that few complete specimens of his work remain. In his day Leonardo was called a wizard; people felt that it was not natural for one man to know as much as he did. He computed the height of a tower by measuring its shadow and this in the minds of some proved conclusively that he was in league with the devil.

There is a tradition that when a boy Leonardo's father picked up a large piece of wood that had been cut from a fallen tree. As his son had already displayed considerable artistic ability, the father asked him to paint him something. The youth was seized with a desire to paint such a terrible scene that the beholder would be struck with dismay. Accordingly he chose the Medusa's head for his subject. For days he collected snakes and cared for them in his laboratory; every insect and crawling thing, each creature whose wings displayed curious colors—these were carefully gathered together and studied in all sorts of wriggling attitudes. Finally the head was done. Years later the Duke of Milan purchased it for a goodly sum, but it has long since disappeared.

Leonardo studied with the best artists of the age, but he soon surpassed them all. He was chosen by the Duke of Milan to dwell at his court, paint pictures, make bronze statues, draw up fortifications, and fill many functions. For twenty years he remained and here executed his masterpiece—*The Last Supper.* This is a subject which many have attempted to put on canvas or fresco; yet there is but *one Last Supper,* and that is Leonardo's. It was painted on the end wall in the refectory of a monastery in this northern city. Difficult indeed was the task of making a group of men around a table *live,* yet he who had undertaken the work was equal to it. He seized upon the moment when Christ said to his disciples: "One of you shall betray me!" In that little circle of friends the words fell like a thunderbolt. Who could do so? Each gives expression to

his surprise—with one exception. Judas does not like the turn the conversation has taken. Already his hand is closed over the bag of silver. It was the psychological moment that appealed to Leonardo, who for months dreamed over his subject, and painted rapidly and fiercely at brief intervals.

Unfortunately the great mind that grappled with all the problems of his day could not stay for details. The plaster was not properly prepared for the paint, and in a comparatively short time began to flake off. The soldiers of Napoleon stabled their horses in the monastery wherein this wonderful example of human genius was treasured, and amused themselves by throwing stones at the heads of the twelve apostles. Today one has to imagine what the picture must once have been. Happily, a copy of it was made before time and man had done their worst, and from this copy one can divine what the original must once have been.

In the Louvre today we may see another of Leonardo's great pictures—*Mona Lisa,* of all portraits most frequently mentioned. Four years the artist labored with it; even then he said it was unfinished. Her smile has been the admiration and despair of artists. Character readers have sought in vain to fathom its meaning. Aptly has it been said that he who solves it will have penetrated the secret which lies at the heart of nature. In strong contrast to pictures which lay hold of merely the physical—as for example, some of Rubens'—this imprint of mind upon the features of an animated being must always stand forth impressively.

ALLEGORY OF SPRING.—BOTTICELLI.

CHAPTER V.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael Angelo Buonarroti, greatest of all sculptors, was born of Florentine parents in 1475. At his birth his father was living temporarily away from the city, but here Angelo spent the greater portion of his life.

It is said that the child drew as soon as he could use his hands. His family, however, belonged to the lesser nobility who had become important through mercantile pursuits, and Angelo's desire to study art was severely frowned upon. When thirteen, having steadfastly held to his purpose, the lad was allowed to enter the studio of a Florentine master. Not long after, he with a companion was sent to study in the gardens of the Medici. As we have frequently noted, the Medici did much to foster learning and encourage art in Florence. Artists were chosen to remain in their service and instruct those favored by their patronage. The years spent in the household of Lorenzo de Medici were probably the happiest of Angelo's life. His temperament was somewhat moody at best, and the lack of encouragement in his dearest desire on the part of his family embittered him while still young.

During Angelo's youth and for years before and after, the zeal for things ancient set men to digging for old Greek remains now and then brought to light from within the earth. Several of our most renowned pieces of statuary had been recovered and all were alert for other treasures. Angelo carved a Cupid so beautiful that someone urged him to have it buried and subsequently brought to light. The idea appears to have amused the young sculptor, who permitted it to be done. When brought to light it excited favorable comment and was purchased by a Roman cardinal. Thereupon Michael Angelo returned to him his money, acquainting him with the deception. Impressed with his integrity, the cardinal invited him to come to Rome. Thither Angelo went and here much of his work was done.

Returning to Florence after a brief visit to the Eternal City, the citizens turned over to Angelo a huge block of marble which they had previously given to one or two other artists who found the task too prodigious for them. They instructed him to produce something from it worthy of the city. Nothing daunted, he built a house over the marble and shut people out from his work until it was completed. When done and the shed removed, they beheld the statue of David. It was a colossal piece of labor and admirably executed. For centuries it stood in wind and weather, the pride of the City of Lilies. In comparatively recent times it was found that the elements were affecting it, and it is now enclosed.

Some time after, the chief officer of Florence asked Angelo and his rival at the time, Leonardo da Vinci, to produce frescoes for opposite sides of a public building. There was a healthy spirit of rivalry in the contest—for into such the task soon resolved itself. The paintings were never produced, but the cartoons—large paper drawings from which frescoes were to be made—were finished and long exhibited to the delight of all who saw them. Angelo chose the subject of a detachment of soldiers bathing in the Arno, suddenly surprised by a call to arms; Leonardo presented a mighty battle around a fallen standard. No one attempted to decide which was best conceived or delineated. All artists, even Raphael, spent as much time as possible in studying them both.

Michael Angelo's reputation was already well established when he received injunctions from Pope Julius II. to come to Rome. Arriving, he was immediately given the commission of building a tomb for His Holiness. Julius II. had been a soldier and his military characteristics clung to him. He gave orders and expected them to be carried out. He wished to make himself immortal by the erection of a mighty tomb, three stories high, covered with statues. Angelo was dispatched to Carrara to procure marble suitable for the purpose. For many months he busily marked out blocks suited to his use. When he began his work, Julius had a temporary bridge laid between Angelo's workshop and the Vatican, that he might watch developments.

Ill-wishers of the great sculptor soon convinced the Pope

that it was an ill omen to build a tomb during one's life. Suddenly we find Angelo denied access to the Pope, and in the night he galloped away from the papal states, to a place of safety. Repenting of his folly, Julius sent imperious mandates after the flying artist, but in vain. Angelo refused to return to Rome. Nevertheless, he was ultimately persuaded to do so, and there found to his amazement that he was summoned, not to complete the tomb, but to paint the ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. In vain he remonstrated that he was a worker in stone—not colors; that he was a sculptor, not a painter. Julius II. was determined, and Angelo set about the task.

The Sistine Chapel was a room approximately 50 feet by 150. It was of simple architecture, but already remarkable for its frescoes. The side walls were divided into three divisions. Below, tapestries were to hang; the second tier was decorated with frescoes by famous Italian painters. These illustrated Old Testament stories. The third and highest tier was covered by portraits of the popes. Angelo's work was to make the ceiling—a great blue sky sprinkled over with stars—worthy of the rest. Angelo conceived the idea of taking the general theme: the preparation of the world for the coming of Christ. Nine spaces he filled with scenes from the Bible exemplifying the creation of man and his history; the others, with the prophets and the sibyls of antiquity who were supposed to have foretold Christ's coming. The whole was wonderfully done, and has often been considered the most satisfactory project ever undertaken by a painter. Four years found it finished, but the strain upon the artist had been very great.

Angelo hoped at last to be left alone to complete the tomb for Julius, who had in the meantime died. Leo X. now filled the papal chair, and he was a Medici. He wished to erect a memorial chapel in connection with the San Lorenzo, for Lorenzo and Guiliano. In despair, Angelo finished his Moses and two other figures for Julius' tomb, while the whole was reduced to one-sixth of its original size and finished with the aid of others. Alas for the vanity of the pope who had St. Peter's torn down because it proved too small to contain his proud memorial! He does not rest today in St. Peter's at all.

The tombs of Lorenzo and Guiliano were made beautiful by Angelo's chisel. Someone criticised him, it is said, because in the statues made of either man, the features were not quite faithful. Angelo is reputed to have answered that in a thousand years none would care whether or not they were true likenesses. Instead, he ennobled them and made them models of manhood. Guiliano's tomb was ornamented by two recumbent figures—Day and Night. The artist carved them when he was in a most despondent mood concerning the future of his city. A contemporary, charmed with the figure Night, wrote something like this:

"The Night thou seest here, posed gracefully
In act of slumber, was by an Angel wrought
Out of this stone; sleeping, with life she's fraught:
Wake her, incredulous wight; she'll speak to thee."

But Angelo made answer:

"Dear is my sleep, but more to be merer stone,
So long as ruin and dishonour reign;
To hear naught, to feel naught, is my great gain;
Then wake me not: speak in an undertone."

Lorenzo's tomb bears the figures called Twilight and Dawn. All four, together with the figures of the Medici, are among Angelo's masterpieces.

Paul III. commissioned Angelo to paint the Last Judgment as an altar piece for the Sistine Chapel. This seemed a task congenial to one whose whole life had been one disappointment, whose friends had been removed by death, and whose country appeared to be on the verge of ruin. To understand its irrevocable doom, it is necessary to remember the artist's outlook at the time.

One friend enlightens the later years of Angelo's life—the Countess Vittoria Colonna. After a brief married life, her husband died, leaving her disconsolate. She and the great sculptor became fast friends. She utterly refused to consider his offer of marriage, and their friendship remained one of the most beautiful in history. Some of Angelo's most exqui-

site sonnets were written to Vittoria, and the interest she took in his work was comforting, indeed, to this unhappy man.

RAPHAEL.

Turning to the life of Raphael after studying that of Angelo is like turning from the restless sea, chafing constantly upon the shore, tossed and fretted to and fro, ever moaning, never quiet, to the flow of a peaceful river that moves along through happy meadows, sunlit hills and tranquil woodlands. Possessed of rare beauty, popular throughout his life, attended by fortune and favor, Raphael's years sped along so pleasantly that those who believe true genius must inevitably be accompanied by heavy crosses and vain strivings, have been perplexed as to whether he was a genius at all. That he drew like an angel there was no disputing; that he probably produced the greatest painting which the world has ever seen many believe —but he did it all so easily that the vast majority, who find life frequently disappointing, have better understood the stern master of stone.

Raphael was born in 1483, near Florence. His father was an artist, and when a young lad, Raphael worked in his father's studio, grinding colors and cleaning brushes. His mother died when he was quite young and the father married again. Contrary to tradition, his step-mother proved his steadfast friend, caring for him and looking after his interests after her husband died. Raphael was sent to study the art that he dearly loved with Perugino. In 1505 he came to Florence, then the great art center of Italy. Angelo and da Vinci were already famous, and a score of lesser painters were making still more attractive the City of Lilies.

It would seem that Raphael was unusually fond of Madonna pictures, for he painted at least one hundred. The Madonna of the Goldfinch was one of the first to bring him fame. After he had done considerable work in Perugia, the Pope called him to Rome to decorate a suite of rooms in the Vatican. While Raphael was thus occupied, Angelo was painting his soul into the Sistine ceiling; but there was no friendship between the two artists. It is said that Angelo was jealous of his art and could not tolerate a rival. Stories remain of unfriendly words

pensive; they are all jubilant, smiling, happy, finding sufficient joy in living.

Correggio was a simple soul who did not attempt to fathom the mysteries of the universe; he was not despairing over a world that needed reform, like Angelo; he was not feverishly searching in a laboratory for some secret that might reveal the wonders of the world about him, like Leonardo. Undisturbed with the turmoil of this life and unconcerned about the next, he loved beauty and painted it. His women are beautiful women; his angels, joyous angels who bear glad tidings.

In Parma Allegri's first commission was to decorate the chief room of a convent. The religious fervor of mediaeval years had passed and we do not find the abbess selecting sacred subjects for her frescoes. The ceiling was painted to represent an arbor; trellises were heavy with vines, and here and there clusters of grapes seemed to hang down. All lines converged at the center, where the family arms of the abbess were painted. Through the trellis openings were left at regular intervals, and in these chubby Cupids played. The whole was finished by a series of paintings set in semi-circular spaces, these being filled in with pictures of Athena, Hera, Dionysus and other Greek deities. Finally over the great fireplace he painted a large picture of Diana riding in her chariot, drawn by snow-white steeds. Greek love of life and beauty permeated the entire room and made it most attractive.

The Mystic Marriage of St. Catherine is probably best known of his easel pictures. The legends connected with this saint are still popular. Left an orphan when little more than a child, her people wished her to form a marriage alliance, but the maiden found none of her suitors to her liking. The situation preyed upon her mind, and one night she dreamed that the mother of Christ came to her with the child in her arms. The baby slipped a ring on Catherine's finger, which was still there when she awoke. Satisfied that this tokened a symbolical union of her soul with the love and purity of the infant Christ, Catherine gave herself up to a religious life. Many times the story has been told on canvas, but Correggio's conception is most tender and beautiful.

Probably the most wonderful Christmas picture that has

ever been produced is Correggio's Holy Night. The birth of Christ has been a favorite theme with artists—especially those of the early Italian Renaissance; but the simplicity and joy of Correggio's Nativity has never been surpassed. The Christ-child lies in a hay-filled manger, pillowed on his mother's arm. Behind her are shepherds, and still farther in the background the eternal hills over which the first light of morning breaks. Light emanating from the child illumines the stable and causes the shepherdess standing near to shield her eyes from such brilliancy. Overhead a group of happy angels proclaim the joyful news of a prophecy fulfilled. This picture is also preserved today in the Dresden gallery.

"To Correggio nature had no hidden meaning; he saw her and loved her, and put his whole soul into transferring her sensuous beauty to canvas. Tradition says that he covered his canvas with gold before beginning his picture, that the landscape setting might sparkle and glisten with that golden-green luster so noticeable in many of his pictures. There is a fascination in his wonderful display of color equal to that of the rainbow tints; he never startles, but soothes, as the ripple of the little stream over the pebbles soothes the tired mind. He awakens no passion; inspires no intense longing; gives no intellectual stimulus, for with him to be alive is joy enough."[1]

Titian.

The greatest painters of the Renaissance were Angelo, Raphael, Leonardo, Correggio, and lastly, Titian. Each had contributed his special perfections—accurate lines, mastery of light and shade, scientific knowledge allied with art, etc., and it was now left for Titian to unite many of these qualities and add his own superb use of color.

Born in 1477, Titian lived until 1576, painting almost until the end. Even then he was carried off by the plague which swept down upon Venice, claiming 40,000 victims. Otherwise it would appear that Titian might have passed his centenary. During this hundred years many events of mighty bearing upon the future transpired. In the year of his birth, Caxton printed his first book in England; when 15 years of age,

[1] Pictures and Their Painters, 133.

Columbus discovered America and added another world to that of the ancients. Later Charles V. became emperor and Spain reached her widest expansion; Luther posted his ninety-five theses and created such a stir that men still feel the effects of his religious movement. Finally, the Netherlands asserted their independence from the hated tyranny of Spain and established their own government. Surely this was a great century for a man of genius to live through. Frequently men's lives are so brief that they catch at best but a glimpse of the vast plan of the universe. For this reason it is gratifying to come now and then upon one stronger than his fellowmen, who pauses a little longer and encircles with his vision a little wider horizon.

Titian was born in Cadore—in the mountains which divide Italy from the Austrian Tyrol. Rugged and wild is nature in this region; ragged peaks, bare rocks, deep caverns, precipitous gorges and rushing streams were imprinted upon the boy's mind and pictured by the mature man. From infancy he displayed a genius for drawing, and a legend still lives on in Cadore that as a child Titian crushed flowers and from their juices painted a Madonna. At the age of nine he was sent to Venice to study with his uncle, who appears to have been a worker in mosaic. The greater part of his life was spent in this Queen City of the Adriatic, yet throughout his years he occasionally visited the little village, seventy miles north of Venice, where his early childhood had been passed.

In the periods we have been studying there were no such institutions as we have today in the way of art schools, where young aspirants may learn from experienced teachers and artists exhibit their productions. On the contrary, youths studied with some master in the locality or in the nearest art center, and established artists, as a rule, came under the patronage of a prince or duke who ordinarily maintained a court and wished to bring about his court men gifted in a variety of ways. Such protection and patronage was almost essential, particularly if the artist did not possess independent means—and few did. It is necessary to remember this in order to understand the persistence of one like Titian in seeking the favor of those in power. Unlike Rembrandt, Titian had a

wholesome regard for fame, favor and money. He seemed to have possessed a clear business sense, seldom found in a man of his talents. Like Erasmus and other scholars of the times, he occasionally made some concessions to dignity in order to secure liberal means. Perhaps it should be added to his credit that in the end he was generally much more successful than was his literary contemporary.

Venice has ever made colorists of artists. Those whose colors have been subdued before coming to the city have straightway become intoxicated with the marvelous display of opalescent hues and have painted gorgeous sunsets, gay canals and rainbow mists. Having water-ways in the place of streets, the reflection in Venice is greater than in other cities. Not only is blue sky above; the world is paved with sky beneath. Mists rising from the sea catch the sun's rays and produce curious and bewitching effects. Those who dwell in the midst of such splendor become themselves infected with its charm and don gay attire. Gondolas became so sumptuous that the thrifty merchant fathers of the city were obliged to legislate against large sums being used for the purpose of making the tiny boats attractive.

Moreover, the Venice of Titian's day was a delight, apart from the bright tints of its canals. Princely palaces and costly municipal buildings arose on every hand, beautiful without and more beautiful still within. Frescoes by talented artists made decorative walls and ceilings. Architecture adapted itself to the local conditions and to the wealth of the community. Altogether Venice was even more truly than today a place to dream about. Unquestionably Titian's mastery of color was largely due to his removal to this city in his impressionable years, yet the autumnal tints of Cadore alike influenced him.

One of his first paintings was also one of his best—The Tribute Money. The Hebrews were at the time of Christ paying tribute to Rome. They hated this tribute tax as men in all ages have hated the fee demanded of them by one stronger in power. Wishing to get Christ into trouble by getting him to denounce the hated tribute, a crafty Pharisee came to him one day and asked: was it lawful to pay Caesar this tribute? Christ quickly divined the deceitful spirit that under

lay the question, and he quietly pointed to the coin in the Pharisee's hand. "Whose image is engraven on the coin?" he asked. The Pharisee replied that it was Caesar's. Then came the well-known reply: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Both characters are plainly delineated on the canvas.

The German artist Dürer visited Venice about this time. He painted so carefully that pores of the skin were said to be visible, and hairs lay apart from each other. How true it may be we may not know, but the story circulated that Titian painted this Tribute Money for the purpose of convincing the world that he too could paint hair to perfection.

In the fresco having for its theme the "Battle of Cadore," Titian reproduced much of the scenery peculiar to his beloved mountain country. This painting was ordered by the Venetian officials for the House of the Council. It represented a battle occasioned by the refusal of those dwelling in Cadore to recognize the authority of the Emperor. In the battle that followed their asserted freedom, they successfully withstood the attack of the imperial troops and won the day. Titian had considerable trouble over this painting, for the reason that he would put it aside whenever more remunerative work offered, causing the Venetians such delay that they finally lost all patience.

Among his allegorical pictures, the Three Ages of Man was very successful. In this painting little children are shown, falling asleep among the flowers; not far away, a shepherdess plays on a flute to charm her shepherd lover; beyond the hill, under the slight shade of a dying tree, an old man sits and looks long at a skull which a plough has perhaps turned up.

Titian married one Cecelia, who became the mother of four children. One son led a dissipated life and was the grief of his father. The mother died early in life, while her place was partially filled by Lucretia, Titian's dearly loved daughter. This daughter was painted by her father. She is shown beautifully attired, carrying a tray of fruit in her hands.

One of his popular paintings was that of Flora—a beauteous maiden whose neck seems to be of ivory and whose hair is pure gold. At least one hundred paintings remain from Titian's brush, many of them portraits. The Physician of Parma is the

subject of a fine portrait of a scholarly man, who understood, so we feel as we look upon his picture, whatever was known of medical science in his generation. Even Philip of Spain secured a noble portrait from Titian. Many queens and princes sat for him, and for years his time was filled to overflowing.

Among his sacred subjects, The Presentation in the Temple is probably considered greatest, while his Assumption of the Virgin is another masterly production.

CHAPTER VII.

FLEMISH ART.

That part of Europe occupied by Belgium and Holland was long known as the Nederlands, or lowlands. The northern portion, made up largely of the Rhine delta, was for ages a marshy tract. By shutting out the sea and preventing inundations from the rivers, the region has been made habitable and today comprises the kingdom of Holland; the southern part, now Belgium, was known during the Middle Ages as Flanders.

Both countries long chafed under the Spanish yoke. When independence was gained, racial differences began to manifest themselves more prominently than before. The Dutch, more purely Teutonic, became Protestants; their constant struggle with the sea made them self-reliant and independent. The Belgians showed themselves nearer of kin to the French, Spanish, and Austrians. They clung to the church which their rulers formerly imposed upon them, and their art was strongly influenced by it. They loved the luxuries of life and found the splendor of church processionals and fête days particularly appealing.

Miniature painting and book illumination were early perfected in Flanders. However, the thriving trade and rapid accumulation of wealth long absorbed the people to the exclusion of encouraging any extensive art. The early fourteenth century saw the foundation of the first school of Flemish painting having its center at Bruges, then an opulent city.

Passing from Italy to Belgium one leaves a region of seductive beauty for another of rigorous climate. Children no longer play about scantily clad; graceful draperies and airy scarfs do not afford sufficient protection against the cold. Unwieldy clothing conceals the human figure and makes it awkward and ugly. Beauty of form, grace of motion and clinging garments no longer stimulated the painter to seek for beauty in the incomparable lines of the body, and the first sight of early Flemish paintings is repellant and unpleasing.

Forced to look elsewhere for beauty these northern painters found it in nature, in landscapes, flowery meadows, in artistic grouping of people and buildings, and in a pleasing use of color. Less concerned in depicting their own moods upon canvas, they gave more faithful care to accurately copying whatever they saw before them. Practice in miniature work had produced artists painstaking in detail. Each bead in a string is patiently reproduced; every thread in a bit of lace carefully inserted. It has been said with truth: "The Italians raise our thoughts toward ideal beauty; the Flemings show us the beauty of little things that are around us every day." Perfect features are not longer sought; instead, force of character. Masculine strength, feminine purity—these are to be found in Flemish portraits. The painters employ no flattery; they show the promise of youth or the record of mature life and old age. Guilds among them tended to insure fine workmanship. The best was emphasized, and as a result, indifferent or careless work was eliminated.

The Van Eycks were the founders of the Bruges School of painting. The whole family were gifted, but it has latterly been shown that Hubert possessed greatest inventive power. Although little is definitely known of this gifted family, it is supposed that Hubert was born about 1363, and his death occurred in 1426. Jan was about twenty years younger. Margaret, the sister, was a miniature painter, but none of her work survives.

The Van Eyck brothers discovered some method of mixing oil which insured their pictures a brilliancy and durability previously unknown. Just what was the secret, which was guarded in Flanders for some time, we do not know. In *Cloister and the Hearth,* wherein this family is shown, Margaret tells the secret to another, but while Reade laboriously collected data for his novel we cannot place particular credence in this ingenious story, which nevertheless serves well to bring the spirit of the times before us. Jan Van Eyck, in the employ of the Duke of Burgundy, was sent to Spain to paint the portrait of the Princess Isabel. His later pictures give evidence of his observation of new scenery and vegetation which this journey afforded.

Their greatest creation was the altarpiece done for the

Church of St. Bavon in Ghent. It is known as the Adoration of the Mystic Lamb. The conception is known to have been Hubert's, although he died before it was completed and Jan finished it. It was composed of two tiers of panels made to fold up like a screen. There were seven panels above, five below. The central panel of the higher row represented God the Father; on the right was St. John; on the left, the Mother Mary; groups of angels filled the panels adjoining these and on one end was the figure of Adam; on the other, that of Eve. The central panel of the lower tier constituted the principal theme of the whole, all the rest being accessory to it; the Adoration of the Lamb. The underlying idea was found in the Book of Revelations: "I beheld and lo in the midst of the throne . . .stood a lamb as it had been slain." The narrative continues that elders fell down in worshipful adoration before it and "sang a new song, saying: Thou art worthy to take the book and open the seals thereof; for thou wert slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation; and hast made us kings and priests; and we shall reign in the earth." On the altar in the front of the picture stands the lamb; around it are groups of worshippers.

On one side of this is a procession of holy hermits, on the other, a procession of pilgrims, both exemplifying a contemplative life; the end panels have scenes representing active life —both being set forth as affording opportunity for worthy service.

Just how much of this masterly altarpiece was done by the elder Van Eyck is a question disputed among scholars; certain of the panels are known to have been painted by the younger brother. A conception of such magnitude places Hubert among the great painters of all ages.

This altarpiece had a precarious fortune. It was stolen, removed far from Flanders, robbed of its end panels—which are now in the art gallery of Brussels—and finally restored to the church for which it was painted scarcely the worse for its experience. Panels have been made to replace those missing and the visitor today is able to study the finest work of the Van Eycks in the Cathedral of Ghent.

Roger Van der Weyden (1400-1464), called sometimes

"the pathetic one," because of his touching pictures, supplies a link between the Van Eycks and Memlinc. He was once supposed to have studied with the Van Eycks but this is now discredited. He visited Italy and, without losing his individuality, acquired much from his sojourn there. His best works were religious and in religion he saw more of pain than joy. While not the equal of his illustrious predecessors in the use of color, he possessed an emotional intensity of religious fervour. Some regard the "Magi Worshipping the Star" as his most pleasing painting. Here he uses the figure of the Babe in place of a star—rays scintillating from it.

Hans Memlinc (1435?-1494) was best loved of the early Flemish painters. He is thought to have studied with Van der Weyden. Bruges was then at the height of its prosperity and its palaces rivaled those of Venice. They were the proud possessions of merchant-princes, as in the Italian seaport, and like the Venetians, demanded those skilled in the use of the brush to beautify their splendid edifices. Among these Memlinc was a favorite. Later it happened that Antwerp replaced Bruges in wealth of trade and the earlier city became divested of her art treasures, but few remaining today.

Memlinc is sometimes compared to Fra Angelico in that his pictures, like those of the gentle Dominican monk, reveal the soul. It was said that "Jan Van Eyck saw with his eyes; Memlinc with his soul." A certain sweetness of treatment characterizes many of his productions.

Gheeraert David (1460?-1523) belongs to the Bruges school. While born in Germany, he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke in 1484. His pictures are not many but are full of charm. For faithfulness of detail and richness of color, they are worthy of comparison with those of his Flemish contemporaries.

Quentin Massys (1460?-1530) was the founder of the school of Antwerp. He first among these northern artists recognized that details must be secondary to the unity of the picture as a whole. He supplies a necessary link between Memlinc and Rubens. His pupil, John Gossart of Mabuse, known now as Mabuse, lost his individuality in imitating the Italians.

To the second Flemish school, the school of Antwerp, be-

longs the most illustrious of all Flemish painters—Peter Paul Rubens (1577-1640), born in western Germany, where his parents were temporarily living. He inherited much from his predecessors, but made all they had learned his own and employed it in new and surprising ways.

His life fell in stirring times. A year before his birth, Antwerp was nearly destroyed by the Spaniards, and exciting events happened constantly through his boyhood years. When seven, William of Orange was assassinated; when eleven, the Spanish Armada sailed to invade England.

His father was a physician who removed to Germany, where Rubens spent his early years. After the death of the father Rubens' mother took her little family back to Antwerp, where she had previously lived. For awhile Peter Paul was placed in the family of a nobleman as a page, but he soon induced his mother to let him study painting. Having finished his apprenticeship in Antwerp he went to Italy to study the great Italian masters in 1600. Here he soon fell under the notice of the Duke of Mantua, who afforded him patronage for some years. Returning in haste upon news of his mother's illness, he arrived too late to find her living. Not desiring to return to Italy he opened his studio in Antwerp. Orders poured in to him; nobles and men of wealth sat for portraits. Honored and widely sought, he enjoyed prosperity and satisfaction.

In 1619 Rubens was sent on diplomatic business to Spain. The truth is that had Rubens not been an artist he would probably have been remembered for his diplomatic skill. As it was, his gift for drawing and painting caused his other services to be forgotten. Upon his return he received his famous commission from Marie de Medici to paint scenes from her life for her new palace. Part of the work being done in France and all of it open for exhibition afterwards, Flemish art at this period acted directly upon French artists who thronged to study the works of the great master in color and human form.

After the completion of this work he visited Madrid on business of state, remaining to do some painting. Later he was received at the court of Charles I., who knighted him. While in England he decorated the dining-hall of Whitehall with scenes from the life of James I.

In 1630, Rubens' first wife having been dead for some years, he married the beautiful Helen Fourmont, whose picture he painted so many times.

Rubens was fond of painting groups and often filled his canvases full to overflowing. In the use of color and reflected light, in form and outline and perfection of revealing the human form he stands out pre-eminent. The physical always predominated in his characters; one feels the old Greek exuberance of health and vigor and beauty. He who seeks for the spiritual in art must seek elsewhere. It was left for Ruben's famous pupil to give back the *soul* to Flemish painting.

VAN DYCK.

Anthony Van Dyck was born in 1599 and died a year after Rubens. He, too, began his work in Antwerp. His father was a manufacturer of fine silk and woolen stuffs and his mother was celebrated for her skillful needlework. There is no doubt but that the young artist inherited much of his delicate sense of the artistic from his mother.

After Rubens returned from Italy, Van Dyck entered his studio. When nineteen he was admitted to the Guild of St. Luke—a guild composed of skilled workmen of whatever vocation. About 1622 he set out for the usual trip to Italy, deemed prudent and certainly helpful for an aspiring painter; Venice particularly charmed him. His later success with colors was not a little due to the influence of this Queen of the Adriatic.

Van Dyck was very fond of painting luxurious fabrics, laces and jewels. The wealthy merchants of Genoa welcomed him and he made large sums from his portraits. It is to be remembered that before the invention of photography to obtain a portrait from a painter was the only means of leaving one's likeness for heirs and descendants. In spite of the wealth showered upon Van Dyck he spent most of it in extravagant living. He thought that by studying his subject unawares he was greatly aided in revealing his true qualities. For this reason he maintained wide hospitality, dining his favorite patrons. It was this lavish manner of life that aroused the censure and jealousy of his contemporary Flemish painters, so that later Van Dyck was glad to take refuge in England and escape their petty attacks.

Charles I. and members of his court welcomed the elegant Flemish artist. Best known of all the Van Dyck paintings are the portraits made of this unfortunate monarch and his children. The queen, Henrietta Maria, was a favorite subject, as were many of the English nobles. With the troublous times that shortly overtook the realm, Van Dyck suffered a financial falling off which seriously affected his extravagant habits. A marriage with a wealthy woman was negotiated but two years later the artist died, only forty-two years of age.

The work of master and pupil contrast very strikingly in certain particulars. Rubens was given to crowding his pictures; Van Dyck used only a few figures, often one alone. He chose to reveal in the one portrait the soul with its share of human experiences. Whereas Rubens allowed the animal spirits of his subjects to predominate, Van Dyck's people are more subtle and refined. While Van Dyck borrowed from his illustrious teacher, nevertheless he worked out his own individuality so thoroughly that it would never be possible to confuse the paintings of one with those of the other.

Since the seventeenth century, Belgium has produced few gifted artists. In very recent years Lawrence Alma-Tadema, born in Holland but trained in Antwerp, has gained renown by his Egyptian scenes. However, he has become English by adoption.

CHAPTER VIII.

ART IN HOLLAND.

The Netherlands have produced many painters, but the art of no country is more diversified. There were no traditions to endow all with common ideas and ideals, as in Italy, nor has the genius of the people been shaped largely by religion, as in Flanders. A few masters have left so deep an impression upon their followers as to stamp the productions of these with something of their own individuality, but in the main each has been a law unto himself.

Little remains of pre-Reformation art in Holland and this is explained partly by the natural destruction attendant upon a bitter war such as that waged with Spain for independence, and partly by the blind fanaticism of the early Reformation movement kindling a desire to wipe out every thing associated with years of hated tyranny. When the Dutch became Protestants they made no compromises; when later they portrayed religious or biblical scenes, these were as simple and artless as their services, shorn to a fault of beauty and conventionalism.

As though wishing to obliterate the past, with its long submission to aliens, horrors of the inquisition, and cruel war for liberation, they appear to have severed all connection with bygone days and to have given themselves up to the enjoyment of life. Love of home, thrift, patience, pride and self-satisfaction are characteristics of the Dutch. They love profoundly the little kingdom for which their heroes fought and died; they are proud of the commerce that has brought prosperity, and they have thought no theme more worthy of the painter than a truthful representation of their country and its life. Whereas Italian art strove ever to represent the *best*, thus to cultivate, ennoble and refine the feelings by uplifting and leading away from the trivial, Dutch art has glorified the homely and exalted the commonplace. Other nations have taken peaceful domestic life so for granted that their artists have not turned to it to supply subjects for their pic-

tures, but it should be remembered that the painters of the seventeenth century—with whom Dutch art practically begins—were very close to the age when no household was safe from Spanish spies at any time liable to bring sorrow and disruption upon a group engaged merely in family worship. During rigorous inquisition days, to be found reading the Bible was itself punishable, and of course the world has never seen such diligent and dogged perseverance in Bible reading as those years wherein it was forbidden.

As when, in Greece, the little handful of soldiers at Marathon and Salamis, having repulsed the Great King and sent the Persian army retreating into Asia, all life took on new meaning and undreamed possibilities unfolded to the newly independent nation, so, upon the withdrawal of Spanish forces, the Dutch experienced a thrill of triumph previously unknown. England exulted in a similar pride upon the defeat of the Armada. In each case the proud nation put forth more determined effort and the fine arts profited by the inspiration of the times. The painters of the seventeenth century created wonders with their brushes and after their passing Holland has witnessed no such general excellence, although, to be sure, artists of rare ability have appeared from time to time.

Lucas van Leyden (1494-1533) is sometimes regarded as the founder of Dutch art. By strongly contrasted colors he obtained surprising results and showed himself thoroughly Dutch in that he painted scenes from the life of the people; but the influence that he might otherwise have permanently exerted upon the art of Holland was mitigated by the incoming Reformation and war and thus no school of painting developed.

After the Reformation, art was so varied that it is customary to divide Dutch artists into groups of portrait, sea and landscape, genre and still life painters. Since their conceptions of the duty of the painter differ so fundamentally from those obtaining in Italy of the Renaissance, it is well to remember that the art of any nation, to be fully appreciated and justly appraised, must be viewed from the standpoint of that nation. While at first sight many Dutch paintings may appear inexpressibly ugly and trivial, it is apparent that the Hollanders have not viewed them in this light, for the produc-

tions of native painters have found a hearty welcome in Holland homes. Neither should we search for qualities not valued by these people. To be truthful and sincere, not to please the eye, but to reach the soul—these have been the ambitions governing the painter.

"The Italians take us into the seventh heaven and show us lovely visions of saints and angels, flooded with a golden radiance from on high; the Dutchmen teach us to find an idyl in a broomstick or a paradise in a tavern parlour. To their eyes a girl peeling onions is a worthier subject than a glorified Madonna; and if they paint sacred pictures, the Dutch Burgomaster and the homely *Vrouw* peep out from the thin disguise of a Holy Family."

The first great portrait painter of Holland was Franz Hals (1581-1666). He was born in Antwerp, but his parents belonged to Haarlem, where they later returned. It is possible that Hals may have studied with Rubens, but little is known of his life before he began to paint in Haarlem, then above thirty years of age. He is ranked with the world's great portrait painters—Rembrandt, Velazquez, and Van Dyck, but one fact must be taken into consideration in the case of Franz Hals: he possessed matchless power to paint a face when the spirit of the hour was upon him; lacking it, his picture misses its subtle charms. None other has so happily depicted tavern scenes. Perhaps few have known them better than he, for he was a proverbial toper and could use his brush quite as dexterously when half tipsy as when sober. He painted nothing but what he saw and left nothing out. He caught the expression of a moment and crystallized it.

As would be expected, the guilds held a prominent place among a nation of traders. These were important in the life of the community and each had its hall. It was customary to commission artists to paint the officers of the guild for the adornment of the guild halls. With these so-called "corporation" pictures Hals was very successful.

To best study Hals one must go to Haarlem, where his pictures were produced. Some of his paintings are owned by other Holland galleries and in foreign lands, but ten of his best works are in the Haarlem townhall, known now as the Municipal Museum. This venerable building was once a pal-

ace of the counts of Holland; in the fifteenth century it became a Dominican monastery. After the Reformation it was used for municipal purposes, and today shelters such pictures as it acquired in this capacity and others which have been left to it as legacies. Unfortunately, art lovers are moved to anxious fears about the permanent preservation of Franz Hals' priceless paintings, for the building in which they are housed is without adequate fire protection and might at any time be wiped out of existence with its precious possessions. Such a catastrophe in 1864 destroyed works of art in Rotterdam which time can never replace.

The paintings in the Municipal Museum range from 1616 to 1664, thus illustrating Hals' different periods of development. Three are portraits; the rest are guild or militia groups. Three times he painted the officers of the Guild of the Archers of St. George; twice those of St. Andrew. Care takes flight and joy returns when one gazes upon these pictures of Franz Hals'.

"We feel as if we were entering a hall full of convivial officers, laughing, jesting, and making merry over their fine wines and choice food. They are richly dressed; many of them wear lace cuffs and ruffs and bright scarves; flags flutter, spears glitter, spurs and swords clank and clash in the sunlight; the plumes on the large hats nod; and loud talk and bursts of laughter seem to issue from the frames. These convivial men have fought against the hated Spaniards, and are ready to trail a pike at any moment. The artist was commanded to paint each man accurately and according to his rank in the company. Every picture is, therefore, a group of portraits."[1]

This museum possesses other paintings but they fade in comparison with those of the master.

Teyler Museum, also in Haarlem, owns over a hundred paintings by modern artists, Israels and Mauve being represented.

Rembrandt van Ryn (1606-1669) was a commanding genius who really belongs to no time or place. He was the son of well-to-do parents. His father owned a mill on a branch of the Rhine and so took the name *van Ryn*, which

[1] Singleton: Standard Galleries of Holland.

his son retained. He studied at Leyden and Amsterdam, but realized at the early age of eighteen that he must develop his own conceptions and methods of treatment. He worked diligently, experimenting with light and shadow and sketching his own face and the faces around him as often as possible.

In 1631 he took up his residence in Amsterdam, where pupils flocked to him until he soon had quite a following. It is significant that Rembrandt set each pupil to work in a room by himself, so careful was he to cherish the individuality of his young charges. It is safe to say that as many artists have been ruined in the training of modern schools as have been developed by them for reason of the crushing out of individual gifts and interpretations which mean everything to the talented artist.

In 1634 Rembrandt married Saskia van Ulenborgh with whom the eight happiest years of his mature life were passed. Her portrait is one of the finest he has left us. Like many another genius, Rembrandt had no capacity for managing practical affairs of life, and while he was an incessant worker and his pictures commanded good prices, there was never sufficient wherewithal to meet the obligations. Saskia died leaving an infant son. Her will provided that all her property should go to her husband, but in event of a second marriage, one-half of it was to be reserved for the son, Titus. It never occurred to Rembrandt to have her belongings estimated and the son's inheritance protected. He was broken-hearted and some of his most pathetic paintings were produced in the following unhappy years. Although no record remains, he later probably married Henrickje Stoffels, whose practical mind came to the unfortunate financial situation too late to remedy it. The uncles called for a division of the mother's property and in 1656 Rembrandt was bankrupt, everything being sold to meet his obligations. Then it was that Titus and the faithful Henrickje used what they could provide to open an art store, but soon one died, and then the other, and in 1669 Rembrandt himself, neglected, misunderstood and heartsick.

Five hundred pictures have been credited to Rembrandt. He was a searcher into the human heart and while there was

Rembrandt's case, but pure daylight emitted in a mighty flow. Jan Vermeer of Delft, who made a similar use of light, may have been his pupil.

Jan Steen (1626-1676) was one of the best of the seventeenth century genre painters. He had plenty of means and followed his own inclinations. Ever alert for the comedies of life, he found them in tavern and town. Doctors were often objects of his mirth, and he never wearied of painting them as quacks and imposters. His best works are to be seen in Holland and Germany, and they treat generally of the simple people—whom he knew best.

The Italians had used landscape as the background for their scenes; it was left for the Dutch to find landscape sufficient subjects in themselves. Nor should the nature of this country be lost sight of in this connection. Like Venice, the Netherlands has unusual water facilities; only by dint of vigilance and scrutiny of walls is the sea kept out of this little land. It chafes and frets along the dikes, ever waiting for an unguarded moment. Canals and a network of rivers convert the whole into a unique country. The carrying being done by water, it is a silent land. Its silence through rural districts, away from the city's stir, impresses the stranger and affects the painter. Some of the Dutch pictures convey a strange impression of this silence. Willow bordered canals, row boats and sailing craft, fishermen, peaceful cattle—these are ever to be seen and are repeatedly reproduced by the Dutch. Such scenes would grow monotonous indeed did not each endow his picture with something of his own spirit. It is not enough that art be photographic—indeed, true art will never be photographed. It is the personal interpretation revealed by the picture that appeals to the mind of the one who beholds it and uplifts him by its truth or sublimity. The hearts of some of the Dutch landscape painters were kindled to noblest inspiration by certain months or particular seasons; others soothed by waning light or stimulated by the freshness of morning. Those who study these men long and tenderly become able to distinguish at a glance the work of their hands as they would recognize faces of their friends. This is one of the satisfactions of art study: that it teaches us to whom to go when we need help of the spirit. The patriot, rising in

defense of country, might find inspiration by a glance at the canvases of some of the early Spanish artists; he might be roused to greater determination and wage a more desperate war. In times of peace they might stimulate him to more feverish effort or self-renunciation—but he would never turn to them in moments of weariness.

"For like strains of martial music
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor."

On the other hand, no one could gather courage for great undertakings or intensify determination for personal sacrifice from contact with Dutch landscapes. Such messages are not theirs. Peace, tranquillity, patient toil, simplicity, contentment—these they teach, and few would deny the need of such messengers.

"A barren, gloomy landscape under a leaden sky, unrelieved by living creature, its grim monotony only broken by a waterfall or a dead tree, at once shows us Jacob van Ruisdael, 'the melancholy Jacques' of landscape painters, who 'finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones.' A bright early morning, when the sun flashes merrily on white sails and glancing streams, and the fat cattle are browsing knee deep in the rich meadows, reminds us of that lover of light, Albert Cuyp. A warm afternoon, when the shadows of the fruit trees lie across the orchard, and an ox or horse or some other animal, lies in the grateful shade, tells us of Paulus Potter, the Raphael of animal painters. . . . The seashore, with high-sterned Dutch ships sailing over the waves, is the favorite haunt of William van de Velde; a river flowing on towards the horizon, and reflecting a dull grey sky, recalls Van Goyen, and if we look on a frozen canal, crowded with skaters, Isaak van Ostade stands confessed."

One of the earliest and best of seventeenth century landscapists was Jan Van Goyen (1596-1656). He was unusually gifted. Water scenes, boats loaded with people, glorious cloud effects—these are in his pictures. Sometimes a hamlet lies along the shore and the steeple of a church is visible in the distance. A gentle melancholy pervades his views.

Albert Cuyp (1620-1691) often painted scenes found in the vicinity of his home, Dordrecht on the Maas. He was

also a cattle painter. His pictures are permeated by a sense of summer and its mature golden glow.

Greatest of Holland's landscape painters was Jacob Ruisdael (1629-1682). He probably travelled, for his pictures show scenery foreign to his native land. He loved the gloom; tall trees against dark skies; crags and rocks—these with the melancholy of autumn are to be found in his paintings. Difficult to describe—the feeling that is roused by the sound of wind through the standing corn, or in the pine trees, while yet summer lingers but autumn is restlessly waiting to bring a sense of approaching end—this breathes from his canvases

If second to Ruisdael, certainly to no other is Hobbema (1638-1709). During his lifetime he was little appreciated. He lived without due estimation of his fellowmen, died in an almshouse, and was buried in a potter's field, and yet modern judgment has bestowed upon him praise that would have changed his whole career. A keen observer of nature, woods, streams and country places, he loved to paint old mills, enhancing the view of a darkening scene by the milky whiteness of the spray breaking over the wheels. Unquestionably his influence was strongly felt by Constable and certain of the French artists.

The sea pictures of the Van der Veldes—both father and son—deserve mention. The son (1633-1707) was the more gifted of the two. Several thousand marine pieces are credited to him. Yet they are always evident, casual observances. He never caught the deep mystery of the sea that terrifies while it charms, that now lies quiet and alluring, lulling to rest, and then in silent scorn for the paltriness of human effort, crushes the most pretentious work of human hands as paper in its mighty grasp, exulting like a monster maniac over its spoils—this is never the sea of Holland pictures.

Paul Potter's life (1625-1654) was cut off before it little more than gave rich promise. His pictures have been sufficiently, perhaps over, praised. He painted cattle remarkably well, and yet in some of his best known pieces, while the central figures are well done, others are far from natural in form and position. Like many of his contemporaries, he made excellent use of light.

In modern times two landscape painters have stood forth

pre-eminently in Holland. Joseph Israels, (1824-1911) struggled with poverty and finally acquired the means to go to France and study with Delaroche. Here he was taught to paint the historic scenes he first exhibited. From under-feeding and over-work, he finally lost his health and went into the country near Haarlem to recover it. Thrown entirely with the simple fishing people, far remote from the artificiality of city studios, Israels found himself and his true bent. He studied the dunes and watched the people, becoming one of them. As Millet found in the peasants of France satisfaction for his soul, so Israels learned to see in the fisherman's life far more than he could reveal in a lifetime. In the hut of a ship's carpenter, with whom he took refuge, he discovered that "the events of the present are capable of being presented, that the sorrows of the poor are as deep as the tragical fate of ancient heroes, that every-day life is as poetic as any historical subject, and that nothing suggests richer moods of feeling than the interior of a fishing-hut, bathed in tender light and harmonious in colour."[1]

Antonin Mauve (1838-1888) is well known in America, sheep being his favorite theme, and frequently shown in his landscapes. He heard the minor keys in nature's music and pictured them on canvas. A brooding silence pervades his scenes.

Of the many still life painters of Holland, Jan Weenix should be mentioned. Scarcely a gallery in the Netherlands and few in Europe but possess one of his Dead Swans. He made a specialty of dead game and his ingenious pieces are well regarded.

Both David de Heene (1570-1632) and his son Jan, still more famous, are renowned for their beautiful fruit and flowers, animals and birds. Jan excelled his father in composition and his pewter dishes and table accessories render his pictures markedly individual.

[1] Muther: History Modern Paintings.

CHAPTER IX.

PAINTING IN GERMANY.

Little is known of the beginnings of German art. Probably the first paintings were made in Cologne, where we read of one Meister Wilhelm (Wilhelm von Herle) residing in the late Middle Ages. Cologne, beautiful in its situation upon the Rhine, appears to have stimulated a love of beauty in its artists. Pictures by Meister Wilhelm and his followers evince a certain mystic beauty, and their Madonnas are set in Paradises resembling flowery meadows. An old chronicle refers to Meister Wilhelm as one who "could paint a man as though he were alive." Several church paintings which were once thought to be his are now attributed to his pupils.

Meister Stephan (Stephan Lochner), although born in Constance, belongs to the Cologne school, having spent much of his time there. His Dom-bild (cathedral picture) is in one of the chapels of the Cologne Cathedral today. An altarpiece of three panels, the Adoration of the Magi, fills the inner panel, on one side guarded by St. George; on the other by St. Ursula sheltering her maidens.

Westphalia produced an early school of painters. Meister von Liesborn is associated with it. He is known to have painted a Crucifixion in 1456 for a Benedictine monastery near Münster. This was intended for an altarpiece, and consisted of several panels, which later were divided and scattered, today some are in one gallery, some in another.

Two other schools are known: the Swabian, founded by Martin Schongauer (1445-1491) and claiming the younger Holbein as its most distinguished follower; and that of Franconia, including painters of Nuremberg and culminating in the genius of Dürer.

Except for the work of the Primitives, who attained nothing of great value, but who laid the foundation upon which the two masters later built, German painting—until the last fifty years—has embraced little beside the paintings of Dürer and Holbein.

Hans Holbein, the elder, painted the Martyrdom of St. Sebastian in 1515, which is now preserved in the Munich Gallery He executed several pictures of merit, but until

THE LAST SUPPER.—LEONARDO.

recently most of them were ascribed to his more talented son. Probably had it not been for the younger Holbein's attainments, his father's work would have received greater recognition.

Hans Holbein, the younger, (1497-1543), was born in Augsberg. When still a boy he removed to Basle, where his early work was done. Most of his later life was spent in England. Basle was a city of learning, and it was the boast of its citizens that every home sheltered at least one scholar. It was a center for the Humanists, and Holbein appears to have been soon associated with Frobenius, a printer of their publications. Woodcuts for book designs were in constant demand, and Holbein prepared a series of them on the theme Dance of Death. This was by no means an original subject. In the first place, the priests probably associated the picture of the dead by the living—thus to impress the idea of death's ever-presence; in time the figure of Death was substituted. The proneness of people to jest over serious matters led them to conceive of the living and Death as partners, and a fiddler was introduced to emphasize this idea. Holbein included people of many conditions and walks of life in his forty scenes: death was shown coming to the priest, the layman of various callings, the bride and the bridegroom.

The Reformation slowly made Basle uncongenial for scholars. The zeal of the religious enthusiasts destroyed the calm atmosphere, which had previously prevailed in the town. Holbein went to England with letters to Sir Thomas More, in whose household he remained during his stay there. During this period he painted several portraits of the More family. After returning for a short visit to Basle, he once more went back to England and found More now promoted to royal favour. This gave Holbein opportunity to meet men of influential position and he received as many commissions as he could dispatch. He was made court-painter by Henry VIII., whose face he has made so familiar to us.

He lived this time among a colony of Germans, residing in London for commercial reasons. One of his best known portraits is that of George Gisze, one of the Steelyard merchants. It has been surmised that in painting this picture the artist hoped to establish himself with the great Ger-

man corporation that was known as the Steelyard. The accessories are multifarious—beyond anything elsewhere to be found in Holbein's portraits. He may have felt that he was here concerned with people who would be attracted by bewildering detail, which he generally avoided.

The human face always attracted Holbein. He studied it until he could accurately reproduce it upon his canvas. A slight acquaintance with his work enables one to recognize his portraits immediately.

Unfortunately many of his pictures have not survived. He painted several pieces for the Guild Hall of the Steelyard, which later fell into neglect, and even the chamber which he decorated for the king in Whitehall Palace, was destroyed by fire. Several of his portraits remain and show him to rank with the world's great painters.

Although Holbein was the more accomplished painter, Albrecht Dürer was the greater genius—a dreamer who both attracts and baffles. Dürer (1471-1528) was born in Nuremberg, whither his father had come, a goldsmith from Hungary. Nuremberg is today a quaint old town, closely associated with the name of the master painter. In the sixteenth century it was an important commercial city. About fifty years before the birth of Dürer, its citizens had paid approximately $1,000,000 that it might become a "free, imperial city." Right glad were these worthy people to buy their independence and freedom, even at so great a cost. Potter's clay was the principal commodity which brought them wealth. Watches were manufactured first in Nuremberg. The city was favored by the emperor, and each year the imperial jewels were here exhibited, attracting visitors to this walled municipality of three hundred and sixty-five towers. The elder Dürer came thither as a young man to seek his fortune since he had reason to believe such skill as his might find employment.

Albrecht's aptitude for study made him his father's favorite. Having learned to read and write, by the age of thirteen he had already become skillful in the goldsmith's art. However, he shortly discovered that he cared much more for painting. It was after much hesitation that he confessed his preference to his father, so fondly had the latter cherished the idea of

his following the goldsmith's trade. Having fully realized the situation, Albrecht was apprenticed to a painter of some note, one Wolgemut (1434-1519).

When twenty-one he set out on the journey customary for students in those years—to visit other places and see various methods in vogue, thus the better to find himself in his work. This practice was common among tradesmen, and art in Germany was still a trade. Nothing definite is known of his travels after he left Cologne, but it has been surmised that he visited Venice.

At length his father recalled him for one of those "impersonal marriages" his country has ever favored, and Dürer married the young woman his father had chosen. Biographers have placed some credence upon a report that Dürer was unhappy in his domestic life. He certainly mourned the fact of having no children, but further than that and his melancholy that tended to increase with years there is slight evidence. To be sure, there is also lacking evidence that he was happy, and abiding happiness could scarcely be expected under the circumstances. He brooded upon life too deeply to find all happy, joyous and glad. His was a grave and serious nature.

His first work—like that of Holbein—was a series of woodcuts for a book; these illustrated the life of Christ. They are important for any extended study of Dürer. In 1505 he went to Venice, where Titian was then doing some of his best work. Dürer was famed already for his wonderful portraying of hair, and Titian painted a picture to show that he, too, could paint hair skillfully.

When he returned to Nuremberg he bought a larger house and set up his own printing press. The Dürerhaus is still preserved in this little town as one of its treasures, and each year art lovers visit it as a shrine.

He received commissions from Maximilian, but was obliged to cramp his ideas to meet those of the emperor, and was put to considerable trouble to secure his remuneration when the work had been discharged.

In vain he tried to embody the spirit of his dreams on canvas. His notes voice his sense of failure. "The art of true, artistic and lovely execution in painting is hard to at-

tain; it needeth long time and a hand practiced to perfect freedom. . . . Ah! how often in my sleep do I behold great works of art and beautiful things, the like whereof never appear to me awake, but so soon as I awake the remembrance of them leaveth me."

After his mother's death he produced two of his greatest works: The Knight, Death and the Devil, and Melancholia. Almost his last work was done out of love to his native town: two panels of the four great apostles. These he presented to the Council Hall, saying that he had bestowed more than ordinary care upon them and asking that they might remain a memorial to him. Strange to say, this ungrateful city some years later had copies made and sold the originals.

It must always be admitted that Dürer was more successful as an engraver than as a painter. He raised engraving to the plane of the fine arts. Nevertheless his paintings possess great merit, and he stands somewhat in the relation to Germany that Rembrandt does to Holland.

Greatest of modern German painters is Arnold Boecklin (1827-1901). Burne-Jones, de Chavannes, Gustave Moreau and he have been called petals of the four-leafed clover of modern idealism. "To future generations they will bear witness to the sentiment of Europe at the close of the nineteenth century."

Boecklin is the most gifted landscape painter of the century just closed. Others have their specialty, being able to delineate some season or some aspect of nature. He only has attempted all seasons, land and sea, plains and heights, bare rocks, flowery gardens, and with all has he been equally successful. Having resided many years in Italy, he has reproduced scenes in the Campagna, Trivoli, villas, Naples, Sicily, Florence, mountain and sea. Peace and turmoil, restless ocean and rigid rock, storm and sunshine, simple beauty and tragic grandeur—these are to be found among his pictures.

The monsters which are found in his sea paintings, and the satyrs that lounge about his rocks are not mythological beings—they are creatures of his vivid imagination which he creates at will. As hill and vale, stream and fountain, were filled with unseen beings to the primitive Greek, so to him

every manifestation of nature is personified. His Villa by the Sea, and Idyl of the Sea are perhaps most widely known. The awful mystery of the great waste of waters, unfelt and unattempted by the Dutch painters, is to be found in his conceptions. His iron health and limitless vitality remind us of Rubens, whose genius was never subject to limitations because of either. Perfect health is conducive to a mental soundness and saneness that is nowhere better exemplified than in Boecklin's works.

"To him every wave is a living being. As they dance and glitter in the sunshine, as they roll and heave in the storm, as they break over each other and spread into foamy whirls, as they glide gently upon the sand, everyone of them seems to feel, to sing, to wail, to long, or to rejoice. And at the same time the sea as a whole seems to be a huge, many headed mysterious monster, of unsatiable appetite, of unfathomable power, and of endlessly changing forms. So that we are not in the least surprised to see all sorts of fantastic shapes and faces, mermaids, sea-dragons, centaurs, and fabulous serpents lurking in the water and on the shore, riding on the crests of waves or diving into the deep."[1]

[1] Francke: Glimpses of Modern German Culture.

CHAPTER X.

PAINTING IN SPAIN.

The kingdom of Spain developed slowly. Mediævalism lingered in the Iberian peninsula after progressive European states had become modern, and for centuries Spain was little more than a geographical expression.

The death of Mohammed was the signal for his followers to reach out for still more extensive conquests. They spread into Africa and extended their sway over the entire northern portion, with the narrow strait of Gibraltar alone separating them from Europe. In 713 they crossed the channel and established themselves in southmost Spain, and in 732, one hundred years after the death of the great prophet, they boldly crossed the Pyrenees and threatened to overrun Europe. It will be remembered that Charles Martel led the Christian forces that repulsed them on the field of Tours, saving the continent from Mohammedan sway. Crowded back, they set up a kingdom in southern Spain and for centuries culture and learning flourished among them.

Christians who had previously occupied the land were driven to seek shelter in the mountain fasts of the Pyrenees, and in time tiny kingdoms developed among them. These gained in strength, and while numerous at first, by marriage and consolidation they were finally welded into two strong states. By the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469, the way was made for the union of Aragon and Castile, consolidation actually effected upon the accession of Ferdinand to the throne of Aragon in 1479. Common cause was now made against the Moors—as the Mohammedans in the peninsula were called. For ten years and more the resources of both kingdoms were expended in an effort to dislodge the aliens. A sacred war was proclaimed and subjects of Aragon and Castile forgot former differences in the fierce and determined campaign that was waged for possession of the peninsula. Thus the union was cemented, while at the same time a splendidly trained army was developed to be sent later against Flanders and Holland.

It is easy to see that these conditions were not conducive to the progress of the fine arts. The Christian kingdoms in Spain were crude indeed when compared with the kingdom of the Moors, where attention was centered upon the arts of peace until a desperate war was forced upon them. The architecture and interior decoration of surviving Moorish palaces today arouse wonder and admiration—so magnificently were they built and embellished. However, as quickly as peace was established within the new kingdom, the Spanish rulers desired to have their court compare favorably with the courts around them. Flemish artists were encouraged to come to Spain and the kings became willing patrons of all native painters.

Even a slight acquaintance with early Spanish art reveals two striking characteristics: in the first place, it is distinguished by a gloom that enshrouds it; and secondly, scenes repulsive in their cruelty or sordidness, seldom favored in art. are freely portrayed. The first characteristic is temperamental and undoubtedly produced by the nature of the country itself. The second is explained only by the horrors of the bitter war and the establishment of the inquisition. Queen Isabella was a pious ruler but with mistaken fervour, she caused the introduction of the inquisition in 1481. Determined that she would drive the infidel from her land, she directed it first against Jew and Moor, but soon, as frenzied zeal increased, every thoughtful Christian was liable to be subjected to its imposition. By systematic torture almost surpassing belief suspected ones were forced to disclose any unorthodox views they might entertain; hoping to escape further physical agony they frequently confessed to beliefs which were born only on the rack. Such extravagant confessions persuaded the bigoted that deep laid plots had been formed to undermine the true faith and the inquisition was pushed with renewed energy. For years an average of six thousand were yearly burned at the stake or killed in some brutal way while songs of praise rose in the air above the shrieks of the suffering. As can easily be imagined the people became inured to cruelty and a craving for the horrible was stimulated.

A third characteristic of Spanish painting is its strict ad-

herence to rules laid down by the Church which were as binding as those restricting Byzantine art had ever been. The Madonna was to be painted in a certain way garbed in definite and prescribed robes; her Son was to be painted in one way and one only; the nude was prohibited. Restricted as Spanish painters were it is remarkable that they realized as excellent results as they did.

Three early schools of painting grew up in Spain: the Andalusian, founded by de Varges; the Valencian, and the Castilian.

Luis de Varges (1502-1568) was trained in Italy. He later returned to his native land and introduced Italian methods. But few of his pictures remain. These evince a richness of color and a dramatic composition frequently found in Spanish painting. His *Nativity* in the Cathedral of Seville is his best work.

Of greater interest are the productions of Francisco Zurbaran (1598-1662). He was a peasant who manifested decided talent and was sent to study in Seville. Velazquez recognized his ability and obtained a position for him in Madrid where he remained an attaché of the court until his death. Although his pictures give indication of his lack of training they are free from Italian influence and possess a pleasing originality. Zurbaran painted what he saw and his realism is more pleasing than much of the imitative work of the times.

Francisco Pacheco is remembered as a historian of painting and painters. Pacheco (1571-1654) was appointed as inspector of sacred pictures, and he was thus able to place restrictions upon the work of his contemporaries. He became one of the teachers of Velazquez who quickly outgrew him but who was nevertheless aided by his encouragement.

Herrera the elder deserves mention: he also was for a brief time a teacher of Spain's greatest artist but while his pictures are powerful, they give indication of the fact that their creator was wellnigh mad during a considerable portion of his career as painter.

The Valencian school followed Italian methods but unfortunately its adherents studied the masters too little and painters of decadent Italian art too much. Both the elder and

younger Ribalta belonged to this school. Their work may be seen in Valencia today.

The first painter of note was Joseph de Ribera, born about 1588. He went to Italy to study and nearly starved in the streets. In time he came under the notice of the viceroy of Naples and prospered under his patronage. Ribera delighted in the horrible. His canvases show the despair of the dungeon, the torture of the inquisition, the agonies of death. His saints are emaciated beings whose bones are plainly visible through their gleaming white skin. Suffering and its traces are written upon every face. There is, to be sure, a fascination about his pictures but, while they hold the eye, they do not appeal to the heart.

The Castilian School included painters of Central Spain. The selection of Madrid for the capital caused artists to flock thither and tended to increase the importance of nearby towns. One of the first talented adherents of this school was Theotocopuli better known as El Greco (the Greek) from the fact that he was born in Crete. El Greco (1548?-1625) studied with Titian and settled in Toledo about 1577, where his best work may be seen today. A great difference is apparent between the work he did in Italy and that done in Spain. Having first revelled in colors, as did his master, he later adopted the grey skies of Spain and a suggestion of the gloom which pervades Spanish art and is noticeable in his pictures.

Most gifted of all Spanish painters was Velazquez who ranks with the great artists of the world. Diego Velazquez de Silva (1599-1660) was born in Seville. His father was of Portuguese extraction and the son early decided to adopt his mother's family name Velazquez she being of Spanish blood. He was never hampered by lack of means but was soon set to studying painting, for which he showed marked ability. Herrera the elder taught him something of his secret and Pacheco doubtless influenced him later. Yet in the main, Velazquez, like Rembrandt, was self-trained. In 1618 he married Pacheco's daughter. Soon after the accession of Philip IV. Velazquez was made court painter and throughout this reign he remained Philip's trusted friend and minister.

It will be remembered that in 1628 Rubens was sent upon diplomatic business to the Spanish Court. He unquestionably

influenced Velazquez and probably prevailed upon him to go to Italy to study, for the next year he departed for the south, entrusted by the king to buy pictures for the royal collection. While in Venice it is apparent that he was influenced quite as much by Tintoretto as by Titian. Later he met Ribera who was then painting in Naples. Two years found Velazquez back in Spain and from that time until 1648, the year of his second journey to Italy, he did his best work. When he returned from the second visit he was made grand-marshal of the palace, thus becoming responsible for the entire entertainment of the court. His duties in this capacity placed serious restrictions upon his time for his profession, but he succeeded in discharging the duties to the satisfaction of a punctilious court where ceremony was strangely exaggerated. Finally, worn out by the strain of responsibilities, he became ill and died in 1660.

From the beginning Velazquez drew constantly, first simple objects, then those more complicated. His peculiar power lay in his remarkable ability to draw accurately whatever he saw. Unlike many painters he was never successful in imaginary figures or in depicting anything that he could not study at length. This is clearly shown whenever he attempts a horse in motion. Its trappings are reproduced to a detail but moving objects lay beyond the range of successful portrayal.

Bartolome Esteban Murillo (1617-1682) also was a native of Seville and like Velazquez began to study under such conditions as the town afforded, but no two lives exemplify wider differences than these of Seville's greatest painters. Murillo was born of humble parentage; at eleven years of age he was left to the care of an uncle and at twenty-two was thrown wholly upon his own resources, so poor that he painted little pictures upon linen for the poor people and hawked them at the weekly fair. Bright colors and striking figures were alone required for this indiscriminating patronage.

A friend of Murillo's who had some gift for drawing returned home from Flanders, where he had been serving in the army. He showed his friend some sketches he had made in the Low Countries and some copies of pictures in the great galleries. This opened a new world to Murillo, who resolved

that he, too, must go to see the wonders of which he now heard. So placing his sister in the care of friends, he set out with a number of little paintings on linen. The Spanish have always been very devout, and paintings of sacred subjects were willingly taken by strangers in exchange for food and lodging.

Reaching Madrid, the young artist found himself exhausted and without means. He appealed to Velazquez, who generously received him into his home and aided him for three years. Paintings from other countries, that had already found their way to Spain, and the work of Ribera and Velazquez were all Murillo ever saw of the world's masterpieces in art. Although Velazquez urged him to go to Italy after he had spent three years at the capital, even offering him the money necessary for the trip, Murillo desired only to return to Seville. His native town held him by strong bonds and he became in truth the painter of Seville.

Upon his return he accepted a commission begrudgingly given him by the monks of a neighboring convent. They preferred a local artist and Murillo's absence had made him a stranger. However, their paltry means did not attract painters of note and Murillo undertook their commission—eleven scenes to be painted from the life of St. Francis. Although he received small remuneration for this work, it brought him what he needed still more—fame. Henceforward commissions were never lacking.

It was during this period that the painter produced many of his pictures, having for their general themes the beggar-boys and flower-girls of Seville. He had found ample time to study these types during those years when part of each week was spent at the local market. Many a time he had sketched the boys and girls of the streets as he waited for a purchaser for his humble pictures. One is struck by the innocent faces and angelic expressions of his subjects. "One has only to glance at his 'impossibly sinless and confiding' little ragamuffins to recognize that when he gazed upon them his senses were concerned less with life than with the making of pictures. His vision was bounded by the limitations of his larder, and he saw them as possible subjects for pictures which, above all other considerations, must be salable. In

order to sell they must please, and in his determination to please, the artist transformed these dirty, unkempt, ill-developed and disreputable mendicants of Seville into incarnations of picturesque innocence—smooth, smiling, and cherubic. As human documents, they have small resemblance to truth, but they are always pleasing, and, outside Spain, these excellent examples of *genre* are as well known as any of Murillo's pictures."

The Melon Eaters, Grape Eaters, Fruit Venders, and the *Flower Girl* are perhaps the best known of this series.

It has already been mentioned that in Spain rigid rules governed the painting of sacred personages and scenes. For example, it was ordained that Mary, the mother of Christ, should be represented as having blue eyes, light hair and robed in sky-blue and white; her feet were never to be shown uncovered. How many difficulties an artist had to contend with we may judge from an experience of Murillo's. He had pictured the child Mary standing by the mother's knee while St. Anne taught her a lesson, but instantly the churchmen confronted him with the statement that Mary had the gift of knowledge from birth.

The story is told that while painting in a church one day, Murillo was attracted by the sweet face of a woman who came to worship. He copied her face for one of his angels, and later met her and was so charmed by her that he made her his wife. It is also said that she was so lovely that he repeatedly painted her face for his Madonnas, although her eyes were brown and her hair dark. Whether or not the pretty story is true, we know that such a face looks out at us from many of his canvases.

Murillo painted what he saw; his cherubs are taken from the children of Seville, his Madonnas from the women whom he noticed around him. However, he possessed the faculty of painting soft and mellow lights that throw over many of his pictures a certain mystery that charms the observer. This very quality often concealed indifferent work on the part of the painter. For it must be admitted, even by Murillo's most ardent admirers, that he was satisfied with results easily obtained.

The desire of the Middle Ages to emphasize the divine

nature of Christ, and that Mary was quite as pure as her Son, reached its culminating exposition in the theory of the Immaculate Conception. Nevertheless, this idea was never given definite expression until 1617, when the Pope issued an edict declaring the immaculate nature of Mary. This idea appealed to Murillo, who painted as many as twenty pictures called *Our Lady of the Conception.* The best known, at the same time the most beautiful, is today exhibited in the Louvre. When Napoleon sent his soldiers into the Spanish peninsula they pillaged works of art, as did the armies sent into other European countries. Marshal Soult brought many back with him and the French government paid him $120,000 for this Murillo ruthlessly stolen from Spain.

For two years—from 1658-60—Murillo concerned himself in planning the Public Academy of Art, which was finally established in Seville in the interest of struggling art students. While it cannot be proved that this institution exercised any profound influence on the development of art in Spain, still its aid cannot be doubted.

Some of Murillo's best work was done for the Charity Hospital, but unfortunately these paintings have been scattered and much of their significance lost by removal to other surroundings.

Certain lovely effects were produced by Murillo as by no other artist. He who first beholds many of his paintings where the natural and unreal mingle so remarkably, cannot fail to experience an uplift in their presence. Even though the subject may not have the force of truth, above and beyond it he will feel the power which created it. If he studies some of these pictures again and again, it will probably be borne in upon him at last that in the place of emotion there is sentiment, in place of depth, triviality, and in place of universality, locality and provincialism. And yet, while Murillo scarcely reached the plane from which a few have expressed themselves in a language universal, he attained a slightly lower plane from which he still appeals to the hearts of men.

In the eighteenth century art in Spain deteriorated—as indeed it did throughout Europe. Towards its close Goya y Lucientes (1746-1828) made some contributions that deserve notice in any consideration of Spanish painting. He studied

in Italy and upon locating in Spain produced a series of pictures of bull fights. It is difficult to characterize Goya's ability. His life surprises and startles throughout. In a country where conservatism was strong he lived most unconventionally, and that under shadow of court. The nude being prohibited, he proceeded to paint it. Shocking every rule, fearless in the midst of seeming danger, he maintained his popularity with the people while serving the court. Until recently he has been little known outside of Spain.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF FRENCH ART.

During the early centuries of the Christian era, art was not unknown in France. Tapestries of various kinds, mural decorations and panels were made and illuminations giving evidence of considerable skill were executed. The mosaic work, so popular in Italy, found its way westward for church decoration. Later, Byzantine types appeared in French paintings. A law was made during the reign of Charlemagne requiring the churches to be adorned by sacred pictures and when the Gothic style of architecture superseded the Norman —thus breaking the expanse of wall—glass windows were painted, as well as such portions of the walls as seemed advantageous to the artist. Two art centers early grew up in France: Tours, which lay open to Italian influences; and Paris, in close touch with Flanders and the principles of Flemish painting. For a considerable time, the native art of France was modified by these two foreign influences.

The Italian wars, prosecuted by Charles VIII and Louis XII in the latter part of the fifteenth century, brought a still closer social contact between France and Italy. This was maintained and intensified by Francis I after the establishment of his court at Fontainebleau, in the neighborhood of Paris. A keen rivalry with the Emperor, Charles V, caused Francis to offer patronage to scholars and men of genius, especially to artists. He gathered a whole colony of Italian painters around him. Leonardo da Vinci was induced to spend the last three years of his life at the court of the French king; Andrea del Sarto began commissions which his faithless wife, upon his return home, induced him to basely abandon. Many lesser artists migrated thence and the Italian school in France was quite distinct from the French school, and much more important. The new palace erected by Francis I gave opportunity for the originality of artists to display itself, and the king gave commissions not alone to the recognized painters among the Italians but to the less known painters of France.

Of the French school of this period the Clouet family and Jean Cousin deserve special mention. Jean Clouet came to Paris from Brussels, bringing with him the secret of mixing oils which had recently been discovered by the Van Eyck brothers. His son, Jean Clouet, became first *painter to the king.* Two other members of this family won distinction by their brushes. Attention to detail, simplicity, truthful imitation of nature and fine finish, all characteristics of Flemish painting of the age, were distinctive of their style. Jean Cousin was the last great painter of glass. There are still preserved in the Louvre several windows painted by him for the Chateau d'Anet. The boldness of his conceptions gained for him the name "the Michael Angelo of France."

Civil struggles that waged for many years between Catholic and Protestant put an end to the brilliancy of this first great epoch of French art. In 1648 the French Academy of Painting and Sculpture was founded and in 1667 the first exhibition of paintings was held.

During the first half of the seventeenth century Flemish predominance was given to painting in France, the particular circumstance being that Marie de Medici, wife of Henry IV and queen of France, commissioned Rubens to paint twenty-four scenes from her life for her Luxembourg palace, and these were eagerly studied by native artists. On the whole this influence at this particular period was very wholesome. In the second half of the century the spirit of Louis XIV dominated art as it dominated all phases of life and expression. The art of this age is generally known as the "art of Louis XIV." Unfortunately the excessive vanity of the king required constant and unstinted praise and his influence in painting led to an abandonment of truth, simplicity and sincerity for the superficial, elaborate and insincere.

The classical landscape was given prominence by Poussin and Claude Lorrain who attained renown during the earlier years of the seventeenth century. Nicholas Poussin—1593-1665—was born in Normandy but the greater portion of his life was spent in Italy. Indeed, his son is classified with Italian artists. He loved the classical and frequently created a landscape merely as a setting for his mythological figures.

He was skillful in his use of color, which was often rather strong but not unpleasing; his drawing was excellent.

The classical school of art was firmly established during this century; for this reason the following criticism by Hazlitt has particular interest, setting forth as it does certain characteristics which distinguished it throughout: "The Poussinesque landscape is characterized by something of the pedantry, the same stiffness, the same elevation, the same grandeur, the same mixture of art and nature, as Milton's poetry. In it Poussin, too, turned backward, away from the richness of coloring, the charming effects of light and air, the characteristics of vegetation as given in the contemporaneous Flemish school, notably by Rubens, to 'heroic' landscape or classical scenes fit for the abode of a race of heroes. The primitive methods of pasturing sheep form the chief traces of nature. There are no fields; the houses are of the simplest form, as those of pastoral life, or he gives a classical pile in the centre of his composition. The figures are those of fable or history, but always producing an effect of tranquil repose."

Claude Lorrain—1600-1682—belonged to the same age. He, too, loved classical stories. He created ideal gardens with artistic nooks, temples with Greek columns, and in these charming spots he placed beings of an earlier world—all in a holiday happiness and contentment. Sometimes the scene was so refined and finished as to bear but little resemblance to the natural. The term "idealized landscapes" applies admirably to many of his pictures. By clever use of soft vapors Claude produced the impression of *distance* with plenty of space and paths that lead far beyond the opening of the scene. The outlines of objects were softened by atmospheric effects; splendid results were attained by brilliant light over portions of the scene. Turner, who was jealous of any artist, living or dead, whom he thought to in any way rival himself, was keenly jealous of Claude's popularity years after the French artists's work was ended. Like Turner he was never successful in delineating figures, saying that he charged merely for the landscape and threw in the people.

The art of Louis XIV was in a great measure the creation of Charles Lebrun, 1619-1690. He flattered the great monarch by representing him as a Caesar or an Alexander and

won his life-long favor. For fourteen years he labored at the new palace of Versailles, making up in quantity what was lacking in quality. His chief merit lay in his originality of composition. All honors were heaped upon him and when in the latter years of the king's life he built another palace of Marly, Lebrun not only planned its interior decorations but designed the tapestries, furniture, mosaics, jewelry and bronzes as well. His capacity for work was wellnigh limitless during these years, and for various purposes many of his designs have been popular ever since.

When Louis XV succeeded Louis XIV a firm control gave way to revelry. His reign was at court a prolonged holiday. The king himself was not unconscious of the storm slowly gathering in France, for his expression "After me the deluge" proved to be literally true. Art reflected the life of the people.

The great exponent of the frivolous court life was Jean Antoine Watteau—1684-1721. He has been called the first genuine French artist who ever painted French scenes as seen by a Frenchman. Confining himself to portraying a condition of life that was unstable and transitory, his pictures appealed only to the nobility. The courtiers who toyed with life, who affected a studied simplicity and talked of Arcadian ways, found his productions altogether satisfying.

While the trifling love-making of the court was being set forth in all its airy lightness by Watteau, Jean Baptiste Chardin—1699-1779—was studying another condition of society which he later painted with earnest fidelity. Domestic scenes from the middle class attracted him and without imagination, but with painstaking detail, he painted the tradesman with his family gathered around the evening board; the children at their play; the mother about her daily cares. Possessing the rare art of enhancing humble things, clumsy furniture, heavy dishes, pots and kettles and common vegetables were painted in a charming light that made them at once attractive to the beholder. Daily labor was ennobled; humble homes glorified. Less gifted painters copied his scenes and to possess them was the pride of the citizen.

As a consequence of a growing feeling for art on the part of the common people, in 1765 Jean Jacques Bachelier estab-

lished a public school wherein drawing was taught to classes of working boys without cost. When the experiment had proved successful the king endowed it as the Royal Free School of Drawing. It is maintained to-day, affording opportunity to those who otherwise would be unable to profit by such instruction.

Elizabeth Vigée-Lebrun should be mentioned in connection with eighteenth century art. As a child she evinced a remarkable gift for drawing and when fifteen years of age her portraits attracted orders from the royal family. An unfortunate marriage clouded her life but she was a great favorite among the brilliant coterie of geniuses who gathered for friendly interchange of ideas. A prolific portrait painter, Madame Lebrun made several paintings of Marie Antoinette, and probably painted more pictures of royalty than any other European artist.

New impulses manifested themselves in the French art of the nineteenth century. The period of the Revolution had wrought changes in some particulars. For a time the art treasures were threatened when the mobs hesitated whether it would not be best to eliminate all traces of royalty. Fortunately the great mass of paintings were spared, but several hundred are known to have perished. During the Napoleonic wars many works of art were plundered from other lands. Napoleon on one occasion reminded his soldiers that they had caused hundreds of works of art to find their way to France. In 1805 operations were begun to make the Louvre a national museum. Here were accumulated rare and often priceless possessions, soon exhibited to the public two days each week. Napoleon called into being a "personal" art which pictured his military campaigns, his public deeds and his family.

Jean Louis David—1748-1825—belongs to this period, since his greatest work was done in the later years of his life. Setting aside the superficial art of the past century, he revived the classical influences. Several years he spent in Italy and returned to find France in the turmoil of the Revolution. He sympathized with the new order of things and became a great friend of Napoleon. One of his greatest paintings was his "Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine."

David believed absolutely in the abiding greatness of classical art. He was blind to the faults of the ancients and infatuated with the power of line and form. If only the outlines were correct, he repeatedly told his students, the rest mattered but little. For almost a quarter of a century his conception of art's fitting expression held the country fettered, yet far-reaching tendencies were silently operating to break the bonds of classicism.

LOUIS XIV.

CHAPTER XII.

NINETEENTH CENTURY ARTISTS: THE BARBIZON SCHOOL.

The new life with its manifold problems which the French people, suddenly set free from despotic rulers, found engulfing them, demanded new methods of expression, whether the medium were art or literature. Action, feeling, and emotion were required to represent even a small portion of this life on canvas. The founder of the romantic school was Delacroix. The term "romantic" came originally from the Romance language, set over against the Latin. In other words, the classical school had its beginnings in a revival of Greek forms passed down through the medium of the Latin language. This new movement originated not in the Latin but in the Romance countries, and hence was called the *romantic* movement. The romantic school gave no thought to producing beautiful effects but to portraying action and feeling. It is said that Delacroix restored feeling to the human face. A struggle ensued between the two schools and finally there came forth the third, the so-called Eclectic school, which borrowed the best qualities from both. Delaroche originated this school, and, while it was quite lacking in originality, the paintings produced by its adherents have much to commend them.

The latter portion of the nineteenth century witnessed the progress of the Individualistic School of art, called so for lack of a more characteristic name. The art evolved by the individualistic painters was in many instances a natural outgrowth of earlier schools, but, although aided by the experiences of the past, the later artists developed an individuality denied early classical painters.

Several landscape artists came to prominence, called sometimes the Barbizon school from the fact that they settled for the most part in the edge of the Forest of Fontainebleau, near a village called Barbizon. Among them were Corot, Rousseau, Dupré, Diaz, and Millet.

"They gave supremacy to the sky and its influence, and record the delicate changes of the atmosphere until modern

of pale, caressing light. . . . It is adorable! and I paint —and I paint. . . . *Boum! Boum!* The sun grows hot—the flowers droop—the birds are silent. Let us go home! We can see *too much* now. There is nothing in it.

"And home we go, and dine and sleep and dream; and I dream of the morning landscape. I dream my picture, and presently I will paint my dream."

Rousseau.

Théodore Rousseau was another successful painter of trees. Born of the middle class in 1812, he early gave promise of much native ability. When eighteen he was already one of the acknowledged leaders of the romantic school. It was a sore cross to him that for years none of his pictures were accepted by the jury of the Salon, but then, neither were those of Delacroix or any of the new and so-called *revolutionary* artists. Among his friends his work was greatly appreciated. However, we must take into account the fact that most of these artists had no income and depended upon the sale of their canvases for their living. Pictures that were rejected by the jury of the Salon were seldom salable, and at times Rousseau was sadly reduced in circumstances.

When disappointed with the reception of his pictures, he would repair to the forest of Fontainebleau where he would wander for days at a time. He had an unusual affection for trees, finding them capable of expressing thoughts and ideas. He painted them with the spirit in which portrait painters paint men and women. Whatever the season he represents, whatever the other accessories of the picture, there is the same mysterious power in his trees, unlike those of other artists.

Public favor turned at last and a new understanding brought the messages of the romanticists home to the bitterest critic, but unfortunately the seal of merit was too long deferred in the case of Rousseau.

Millet.

Unlike either of these two artists both in work and temperament was Jean-François Millet (1814-1875). He came of a long peasant ancestry, of men who were proud of their

ability to wrest their living from the soil, who owed no man anything and found a dignity in their daily toil. Millet's father was poor and, like his neighbors, had a large family to care for. He himself possessed a gift for music and was quick to discern his son's fondness for drawing. Not until he was twenty, however, was there opportunity for him to study with an artist.

Millet was fortunate in that his grandmother, a woman of native refinement and great piety, had charge of him through the days while the rest worked in the fields. "Waken, waken, my little François, the little birds have long been singing the glory of God," she would say each morning. Little François was fortunate also in having an uncle who was a curé and able to instruct him in Latin. He became well versed in Bible lore and in Virgil.

At last his father realized that, whatever the circumstances at home, his eldest son must have the chance to try his skill, and he was sent to Cherbourg to study. It so happened that his teacher was able to help him but little. This much he did, nevertheless; he persuaded the citizens of Cherbourg to subscribe money which enabled Millet to go to Paris. The income promised was not long forthcoming, but by means of it he was enabled to go to the great art center and become familiar with the work of the great painters. This peasant youth presented a sorry figure in some of the studios of the day and felt sadly ill at ease. He was far better grounded in the classics than his companions, who found him only a butt for their jests, while their conversation was equally distasteful to him. Like most poor struggling artists, he shortly married and the situation became more urgent. Even at his low prices it was hard to sell his sketches, and occasionally his friends were obliged to come forward to prevent the family from starving. Finally Millet realized that his lot was with the peasants and he removed his family to Barbizon, after which the struggle for existence, while bitter, was never again quite so appalling.

The Sower was Millet's first great painting after his removal to Barbizon. It created much excitement. Some critics found something grand in the style of this utterly new picture; others worked into it some socialistic doctrine. They

held that the very attitude and bearing of the Sower indicated that he hated the rich. *Going to Work, The Grafter,* and *The Gleaners,* followed year after year. This last was a forceful painting. In accordance with an old custom, known in Old Testament times and observed still in some countries, the poor are allowed to follow the harvesters and gather up any heads of grain that have been passed by. This picture shows three of these poor women, gaunt and appealing in their deep poverty. Yet much more is shown. One feels the heat of the summer day, the breath of the harvest field where is being garnered the fruits of long labor. The color which gleams on the standing grain beyond is glorious. Again the critics saw in the three women, "savage beasts who threatened the social order." Meanwhile Millet continued to paint the people he knew and believed in—the peasants, ceaseless in their toil.

The Angelus was exhibited in 1859. "What do you think of it?" he asked a friend before the name had been affixed. "It is the Angelus," he cried. "You can hear the bells—I am content," was Millet's reply.

Millet felt that pictures should convey the sense of sound. "One ought to be able to make people hear the songs, the silences, and murmurings of the air. They should feel the Infinite." In describing one of his sheep pictures some one has said: "One hears more than the bark of the dog; one hears the shouts of the shepherd; one hears the pattering footsteps of the sheep—the patter, patter, like the sound of heavy rain on a summer evening—and above all one feels the silence of the night."

While the Angelus did not at once find a purchaser, it was subsequently sold for fifty thousand francs, and then Millet realized that at last his messages were awakening response in those who recently had condemned them.

First Steps, The Shepherdess, the Goose Girl—these and several others of a long series from peasant life were completed, and at length Millet exhibited his *Man Leaning on a Hoe.* The final cry that a social revolution was here indirectly threatened was met by a reply from the artist himself. "Socialistic? . . . . Is it possible to admit that one may have some ideas in seeing a man gaining his bread by the

sweat of his brow? Some tell me that I deny the charms of the country. I find more than charm. I find infinite glories. I see as well as they do the little flowers, of which Christ said: 'Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.' I see the halo of the dandelions, and of the sun, also, which spreads out beyond the world its glory into the clouds. But I see, as well, in the plain, the steaming horses at work, and in a rocky place a man exhausted, whose 'Haw! Haw!' has been heard since morning, and who tries to straighten himself a moment and breathe. . . . I reject with my whole soul democracy as it is known at the clubs; I have never dreamed of being a pleader in any cause; I am a peasant, a peasant!"

No consideration of Millet, however brief, would be adequate unless it took into account his capacity for suffering. He realized that by suffering he was the better able to picture life. Many sorrows came to him; he was often unable to supply the necessities to his family, though their needs were the simplest. Lack of means prevented him from visiting his mother before she died, although she waited long to see him once again. His grandmother had exercised a profound influence over him, yet he had to know that she died wishing for him. Belated fortune caused many a grief, many a disappointment. Yet Millet himself said that he hoped he never would become stoical, since then he would cease to feel with his fellowmen. This serious side of life has been almost too constantly dwelt upon, while such pleasures as came to him are sometimes forgotten. His wife shared his vicissitudes without a murmur; his children were devoted to him; even had he been better possessed of means it is certain that he would not have wished to exchange his humble peasant life for a more conventional mode of living. He loved the woods, the fields; he loved the newly ploughed ground; he loved the awkward, stolid peasants, with their furrowed faces and bent backs; he even loved the labor which wore out their lives. As a poet sees beyond the sorrow and suffering the infinite harmony in the world, beauty everywhere if one's eyes are trained to see it, his ears in tune to hear it, so Millet recognized the peasant's lot as one aspect of the earthly portion. Of changes that might mitigate its misery he concerned himself not at all;

they belonged to the future. He saw the nobility of faithful service in the humble round of the peasant's duties and set it forth to be seen by those who had previously passed him by with indifference or scorn.

Dupré; Diaz.

Jules Dupré and Narcisse Diaz both belong to the Barbizon school. Dupré was born in 1811; Diaz in 1810. Dupré was of mild temperament, retiring disposition and keenly susceptible to the moods of nature. He early went to work in his father's porcelain shop, learning certain secrets of his later work there. He gradually drifted into his true province—the portrayal of rustic life. His farms were always farms where people lived; his roads and highways were frequented by at best a passing farm-cart; his mills and meadows were ever shown in some relation to the ones who dwelt among them. He rarely pictured the country uninhabited, but rather as an abiding place for men.

Diaz was of Spanish birth. When a youth he lost a limb through the effects of a rattlesnake bite. This misfortune he in no way allowed to cloud his days. He had a fond love for rich colors and delighted in painting autumnal scenes with the glowing tints of the dying year. When he became possessed of fair means he sought out a home by the sea, finding even more solace in its moods than in his beloved Fontainebleau.

Rosa Bonheur.

Rosa Bonheur (1828-1899) became one of the greatest animal painters of all time. Left to her own devices when a child, she made playmates of the neighborhood pets. Her love for animals led her into various eccentricities, and with her brothers she was left to roam about at will. Her father at length noted his daughter's drawings, and, being an artist of some ability, began to give her regular training. It was her delight to spend days together out wherever animals might be seen. Dressed in boy's attire, that she might not attract notice, she visited stockyards and slaughter houses in order that she might acquire an intimate knowledge of the creatures she wished to paint

Her *Oxen Ploughing* brought her fame, and throughout a busy life her paintings were henceforth in constant demand.

Often alone, she tramped over the mountains to find the deer, and in Scotland sought unfrequented spots where wild animals might be taken unawares. Around her at home she collected quite a menagerie of pets that were devoted to their mistress. Her lions followed her like dogs and one of them died with his head on her arm.

Her *Horse Fair* is most famous. Rare genius was required to adequately portray this stupendous scene. It was sold for 300,000 francs and hangs today in the Metropolitan Museum.

Honors were heaped upon Rosa Bonheur and at last she was presented with the badge of the Legion of Honor, which had never before been bestowed upon a woman. This gifted, persevering woman never would be lionized. Her friends were always welcomed, but she seldom saw strangers. In her home at By, on the edge of the Fontainebleau forest, she spent the later years of her life.

Children as a rule are fond of animals, and in recent years Rosa Bonheur's pictures have been copied repeatedly and are well known by children in all lands. This adoration on the part of little people for one who so truthfully represented the creatures she dearly loved, is a testimonial of her great genius.

CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

ENGLISH ART AND ARTISTS.

Although England was in advance of various nations in developing good government, extending her commerce and industrial interests, while her literature was worthy of comparison with that of the most progressive nations, she was backward in creating a native art. Foreign artists were received at the English court and were encouraged to remain as painters of royalty. Henry VIII. attached the German portrait painter Holbein to his court; Van Dyck, the celebrated Flemish artist, immortalized the family of Charles I. After his time, however, several inferior painters came thither from the continent and their results were so indifferent that English painters ventured to come forward.

Hogarth was the first English artist of consequence. He broke entirely away from the tradition that one who would be successful must adhere to the general style of Van Dyck. Born in 1697 and dying in 1764, his active period fell in the reigns of the early Georges. Eating, drinking and gambling were the chief interests of the day among the leisure classes. Hogarth painted life as he saw it, letting his canvas tell its own story. His candor and frankness caused him to be quite unpopular. When, for example, he painted "The Rake's Progress," he set forth in silent but eloquent language the inevitable end of riotous living. The young men of the land who were following just such careers were by no means gratified to have their folly delineated so clearly for all to read. Probably no other artist has ever possessed such a keen power of satire mixed with habitual good nature as Hogarth, who fearlessly pictured weaknesses of the day whether in state, church or social life.

In utter contrast to Hogarth's unpopularity stands the favor ever attending his contemporary, Joshua Reynolds, born in Devonshire in 1723. When he had attained fame, there lived a circle of such men of genius in London as have rarely come into intimate touch with one another. Johnson was drinking tea and letting fall bits of wisdom which were deemed worthy of

note by his faithful Boswell; Goldsmith was writing in prose and verse; Burke was thundering out his orations and Garrick exalting the stage. All frequent visitors at Reynolds' home, it is certain that mutual inspiration must have been stimulated by such comradeship.

Reynolds' parents were both descended from English clergymen; his father was a school master. He intended that his son Joshua should become a pharmacist but the boy early showed a decided gift for drawing. He was sent to study with one Hudson who appears to have grown jealous of his pupil after the second year, whereupon Reynolds returned to Devonshire and opened his own studio. Here he painted all who came, rich and poor, humble or important. In 1749 an acquaintance invited him to take a cruise through the Mediterranean and left him in Italy where he profited much by studying the old masters. Unfortunately he contracted such a cold in the Vatican that his hearing was left permanently impaired.

Shortly after his return to England, Reynolds opened his studio in London where the remainder of his life was spent. Here he enjoyed greatest popularity. Several times he raised his prices for portraits yet his orders were so many as would have severely taxed one of other habits. He became able to complete a portrait in four hours. Some 2,000 paintings are today attributed to him.

It must be remembered that this was before the days of photography and whoever wished to retain the likeness of relative or friend must needs have a picture made by a portrait painter. This explains in part why so many thronged the studios.

Reynolds was courtly in manner and liked best perhaps to paint those "to the manor born." Yet he loved all children and some of his most appealing pictures are children's forms and faces. A tale is told that one day a little street urchin whom Reynolds had called in to pose for him fell asleep while the artist was occupied with another. Quickly the painter seized his pencil and sketched the graceful attitude of the child. Presently the little fellow changed his position in his sleep, whereupon Reynolds sketched him once more, and the result was the "Babes in the Woods."

Reynolds' portrait of Mrs. Siddons is a masterly piece of work. Gainsborough made another painting of this famous

actress who was holding the audiences of London breathless and of whom King George said she was "the only Queen—all the rest were counterfeits."

The Strawberry Girl, Innocence, Simplicity and the Angel Heads, are best known of Reynolds' child paintings. This artist never married and those who do not care particularly for him insist that his portraits of women and children are always idealized—that they reveal instantly that he never saw either for a moment at a disadvantage. If it is true that each is somewhat exalted in these portraits the real explanation may be that Reynolds had the faculty of making each one appear at his or her best—that his chivalrous attitude, even with little children, always drew out their most lovable traits and expressions.

In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded in England under the patronage of the king. By common consent Reynolds was invited to become its president. Some of our most valuable art literature is to be found in the lectures he delivered before the students of this school of art.

GAINSBOROUGH.

Not far from the Reynolds home lived another artist who achieved well merited praise and popularity. Indeed there are many who contend that Gainsborough produced the truest English art the country has ever seen. He was born in Suffolk in 1727 and died in London in 1788. Like many an artist he was not clever at school, spending more time in drawing sketches upon his exercises than in learning them. At fourteen he was sent to London to study art. Gainsborough's life shows a curious mixture of genius and jealousies. He held aloof from the celebrated men of his day. He was popular and his studio was thronged with titled people but he always resented the popularity of his rival, Reynolds. He early took offense at some slight misunderstanding concerning the hanging of one of his pictures at the annual exhibit at the Academy and refused thereafter to allow his pictures to be shown there. Unquestionably this was due to his jealousy of Reynolds, yet it was for him he sent when he lay dying, and Reynolds was one of the pall bearers at his funeral. Throughout the period he spent in Bath he was aided greatly in gaining a following by one Thicknesse; yet his disagreement with this same friend ultimately led to his removal from that city.

HOLY NIGHT.—CORREGGIO.

In his painting, Gainsborough defied almost every law that has ever been laid down for artists; but his pictures are perfect in form and color. He was always original, working out the dictations of his inner artistic temperament, at the same time a faithful imitator of nature. Unlike Reynolds, he painted many landscapes and was particularly successful in these pictures. His portraits are for the most part paintings of aristocratic ladies—the "Gainsborough hat" being recognized everywhere.

TURNER.

Joseph Mallord William Turner was born the year the American Revolution began—1775. He died in 1851. His father was a barber and hair-dresser in a time when all gentlemen wore wigs which required elaborate dressing. His mother died in an insane asylum. This insanity of his mother was always a heavy cross to the boy who was ready to fight if her name were but mentioned. Although penurious in the extreme, the elder Turner was proud when the drawings of his son began to attract attention and put no obstacles in the way of his development. He who enters upon an extended study of Turner's paintings has a considerable task before him. In the first place he will enjoy them more if he casts aside the man and occupies himself with the artist. As a man Turner possessed few attractive qualities. He inherited his father's miserly instinct; in later life, although his work brought him large returns, he lived in poverty and dirt. He was jealous of any artist, dead or living, whom he imagined in any way might rival himself. When his paintings were under fire of criticism in the early part of the nineteenth century, Ruskin championed his cause and went so far as to say that one's appreciation and understanding of nature may be tested by the degree of admiration he feels for Turner's pictures. It has since been frequently noted that few might be willing to stand that test. Turner laid hold of one aspect of nature—light—and demonstrated its possibilities in every conceivable way. Golden sunshine, gorgeous sunsets, flaming clouds of fire, delicate and opalescent waves, waters flooded with burning brightness—all these and countless other effects of light are set forth in his canvases. Leaving the Turner room in the National Gallery in London is like

leaving the bright sunshine for the gloom of secluded paths. Unquestionably nature occasionally provides such exhibitions of color as Turner painted, but, to find such exhibitions usual, one would have to journey to the land of the midnight sun, or to some favored island of a southern sea where atmospheric conditions produce striking and uncommon effects. The average beholder must ever regard Turner's pictures as psychological studies quite as much as studies of nature.

Turner painted a series of Venetian pictures, *The Approach to Venice* and the *Sun of Venice Going Down to Sea* being the best known. *Rivers of France,* a series of French landscapes, *Dido Building Carthage,* and *Sun Rising Through a Vapor,* are all well known. *The Slave Ship* hangs in the Boston Museum, and *The Temeraire* is generally conceded to be his finest production.

LANDSEER.

Sir Edwin Landseer, England's famous animal painter, was born in London, in 1802 and died in 1873. He came from a family of artists and when a child of seven drew remarkably well. At the age of sixteen his picture "Fighting Dogs," was publicly exhibited. From that time forward his paintings were in constant demand.

Landseer was particularly fortunate in delineating the deer and dog. He loved all animals and his paintings show a large range in the animal kingdom; probably he loved the dog best of all, and he was happy in holding the deep expression—sometimes almost human—in his pictures. Those who do not care particularly for Landseer insist that he overdid the matter of interpreting animal emotions—that his animals too closely resemble human beings. His admirers reply that only one who loved animals as warmly as Landseer could discern the play of emotion they oftimes exhibit—that they, who possess deep affection for dogs, horses and other dumb creatures, find the same expressions in them that he found and that the others are not situated to judge the matter fairly. Even his friends regretted that he limited his subjects to the general exclusion of landscapes, which he might have done excellently. His portrait work was good, particularly his portraits of children.

The great secret of Landseer's popularity lay in his ability

to tell a direct story which was evident to the simplest heart. There were many in England and America who could boast of no familiarity with the great world masters. Those questions which have for centuries absorbed the student of art were unknown to them, the secrets of masterly success alike unguessed. Here was an artist who spoke to the people, even as Bobbie Burns had done; one wrote a poem about *The Twa Dogs*—the other painted them. Another household poet immortalized The Village Blacksmith; Landseer painted a smithy's shop and called it *Shoeing*. *Suspense, The Sleeping Bloodhound, Dignity* and *Impudence*—these were dog types familiar to all upon first glance. If a picture may be tested by the quick appeal it makes to the heart of the untutored beholder, then the great majority of Landseer's paintings would rank well indeed.

The Pre-Raphaelites.

In 1848, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, then a young man studying art at one of the Royal Acedemy schools, wrote impetuously to Ford Madox Brown, asking to be received by him as a pupil. Rossetti was impatient at the routine through which he was obliged to pass and waited feverishly for the time when he might turn from the drudgery of drawing to the warmth of colors. There is no doubt but that at this time art had become commonplace in England and slavish adherence to so-called established principles obtained. Brown received young Rossetti, who shortly came in touch with William Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais, also young art students. Out of tune with the art of the day, these enthusiasts turned back to the early art of Italy, where they found—or believed they found—a religious fervor and sincerity that strongly appealed to them. Thereupon they organized themselves into a society or brotherhood, taking the name Pre-Raphaelites. They were later joined by four others as full of dreams and ambitious strivings as they were themselves: Thomas Woolner, a sculptor; James Collinson, painter; Frederick George Stephens, a painter and later art critic, and William Michael Rossetti, Dante's brother. The members now numbering seven—the mystic number—they tried collectively and individually to get back into the atmosphere of the past, even trying to live in isolation to create the proper spirit. That they never wholly suc-

ceeded in attaining their ends need hardly be stated; it was not possible to eliminate the flight of centuries and return to the ideals of the past, had it been wise to have done so. However, this does not mean that the movement was a failure. On the contrary, the Pre-Raphaelite movement has had a tremendous effect upon the trend of thought since it was first started. The purpose of the brotherhood was explained by Michael Rossetti in this way: (1) To have genuine ideas to express; (2) To study Nature attentively, so as to know how to express them; (3) To sympathize with what is direct and serious and heartfelt in previous art, to the exclusion of what is conventional and self-parading and learned by rote; and (4) Most indispensable of all, to produce thoroughly good pictures and statues.

Such aims could have but a wholesome effect. Directness, honesty, sincerity, definite purpose—these were their watchwords.

The members of this brotherhood desired particularly to set forth these ideals in their paintings and three of them entered pictures for the annual exhibit in 1848. Although the letters P. R. B. followed the names of each, no attention was given them at the time, while their paintings were given encouraging notice by those interested in the youthful artists. Before the following year the secret got out and when in 1849 the Pre-Raphaelites again exhibited their work, critics were merciless in their attack. The whole art world was filled with indignation at the audacity of the young artists who thus set their ideas against the established order of things. Indeed until Ruskin in 1852 came forward to espouse their cause they received no fair treatment whatever. Ruskin was too well established to be ignored and when his discussion of the new movement rang clear and convincingly, there came a pause in the vindictives hurled against the new school and gradually many of their ideals were accepted wholly or in part.

In maturer years the various members of this erstwhile brotherhood fell away and each went according to his true bent in working out his native art. The brotherhood disappeared, like many another society or social union that has done its work. Yet the mission of the union was much greater than at first promised and today its influence is felt directing to fidelity to nature, sincerity in delineation and diligent aspiration toward highest ideals.

CHAPTER XIV.

Art of Illumination.

Pleasing, artistic books have ever attracted, as those of dull, unattractive appearance have repelled. Children that frown over dreary pages will turn with alacrity to others embellished with pictures. For this reason school texts are made as appealing as possible, the better to arouse an awakening interest. Commonplace subjects are rendered inviting because of the decorations of books or by their abundant illustrations. Older readers as well prefer artistic editions for their own enjoyment and care is constantly exercised to make books decorative and alluring.

Similarly, in early times the desire to please the eye as well as enlighten the mind led to the development of illumination and miniature painting. The word *illuminator* appears to have been first used in the twelfth century and signified one who "lighted up" pages with bright colors and burnished gold. The word miniature has a very different significance today from the one it originally held. Red paint was called *minium,* and he who used it called a miniator. The present application of the name to a small picture is of comparatively recent date and arose through the confusion of the French *mignon* and Latin *minus.*

In appearance books of antiquity were wholly unlike those seen generally today. The Egyptians used papyrus for their writing material; the Greeks also used it, while skins of animals were in time utilized—the supply of papyri reeds being limited. Skins of nearly all animals and fish as well have served at one time or another as writing material, but parchment, made of sheepskin, and vellum, prepared calfskin, were generally preferred. Skins of pigs and oxen were prepared for cheaper surfaces and served as account books, ledgers and the like. Imitations of skins were devised in the Middle Ages and the manufacture of paper considerably reduced the cost of writing material.

Before the invention of printing, books were copied by hand, and, until the Christian era, took the form of scrolls.

Charlemagne encouraged education in the West and brought Alcuin from England to teach the school he established in Aachen—now Aix-la-Chapelle. The production of books was at once necessary and the illuminator's art demanded. Thus arose what is known as the Carolingian School of Illumination. In 796, and for several years following, Alcuin was Abbot of the Benedictine Monastery at Tours, where extensive literary work was carried on for the Emperor. Skilled illuminists were required, who in time developed certain peculiarities by which the school is distinguished. A Bible done in the Latin text was known as the Vulgate. There is preserved today in the British Museum a manuscript believed to have been the Vulgate done at Tours for Charlemagne. Bright gold and silver were used and gorgeous colors, yet the whole was neither gaudy nor tasteless. Instead of representing the Evangelists as old men—as had been the custom among Byzantine artists—they are represented as youths, much conventionalized.

The work of the Carolingian School reached its culmination in the ninth century, and centered in various Benedictine monasteries, particularly at Paris, Rheims and Tours.

No school of illumination produced more splendid results than the Celtic in the north of Ireland, whither Christianity was brought even before it was taken to England. The Irish monks were sufficiently remote to allow them to develop uninfluenced in the main by other schools. To be sure, traces of Byzantine influences are to be found, but, generally speaking, they worked independently. The art of the goldsmith had flourished here, and Celtic illumination gives constant evidence of the strong influence metal work exercised upon the illuminators. Durrow was the first center of Christianity as taught by St. Columba; later Iona became the head of the monastic system, and finally Kells, in Meath County. To the monastery of Kells in the seventh century was brought a copy of the Gospels supposed to have been inscribed by Columba himself. This precious example of Irish illumination, the most beautiful in the world, is now the possession of Trinity College, Dublin. The Book of Durrow is next in importance.

The Book of Kells contains, in addition to the four Gospels, a portion of the interpretation of Hebrew names—frequently included at the time with the Gospels—a list of the land grants

to the Monastery of Kells and the Eusebian Canons. Eusebius, a historian of the latter portion of the third century, prepared ten tablets, or canons, citing first those passages common to all four Gospels, those common to three, to two, and, finally, those peculiar to one.

The Great Gospels of St. Columba, bound in jeweled covers, were many years treasured by the Cathedral at Kells, by whose name the manuscript is now known. Certain characteristics of Celtic illumination are at once apparent as one examines reproductions of its beautiful pages, or, better still, the pages themselves. Floral and folial decorations were not used; rather spirals, bands, snakes, lizards—these last used to symbolize demons—birds, fish, and human figures abound. Such patterns and designs as abounded in metal work, such bands and traceries as were to be seen on cross stones erected to commemorate fallen Irish chieftains,—these are found in this wonderful book. While in classical and Byzantine work it was the title of the book and the opening words that were illuminated, in Celtic manuscripts we find the first page of each Gospel beautified. Gold was not used—perhaps because it was difficult to obtain. Yet its absence is not conspicuous, so splendid are the blended colors and so complex the designs.

"The mind is filled with amazement as one views the extraordinary combinations of extravagant human and reptile forms, intricate arabesque traceries and geometrical designs, all woven together in a maze of almost incredible interlacings, which fascinate and charm the eye. Serpents and other reptile forms, but to what species they belong it would be difficult to conjecture; birds with their necks and legs elongated and interlaced; human figures with arms and legs twisted and knotted in coils, while their bodies are intertwined with those of birds—all yielding to the capricious requirements of the designer—are made to do duty as parts of this marvelous composition of ornament."[1]

The Anglo-Saxon School grew up under the patronage and supervision of King Alfred. Winchester surpassed all other centers in the tenth century for its effective work. The Benedictional of Aethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, survives. It was done by a monk named Godemann and contains thirty full

[1] Celtic Illumination: Robinson.

page miniatures—scenes for the most part from the life of Christ—each framed in an elaborate border. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries the Winchester monks were famous for the beauty of form and delicate grace of their work.

After the Norman Conquest, strong French influence is apparent. The upper class was composed of Normans, who alone were patrons. Magnificent Psalters survive as specimens of the Anglo-Norman School. Small conventionalized leaves, grotesque dragons and monsters are found in the borders. The finest work was invariably done in the Benedictine monasteries.

In the Middle Ages monasteries were busy places. The scriptorium was the room given over to the making of books. Often the labor was divided, one monk preparing the parchment for use, making it smooth and perfect; another carefully inscribing the text. It frequently happened that several copies would be made simultaneously, one reading while several scribes wrote down the words, leaving spaces for initials and miniatures; another put in the initials and the skillful painter finally placed the miniatures in the portions allotted to them. If the book was to be bound, this was done by still another. Monasteries could not always provide each portion of the labor, in which case arrangements were made for lay workmen to supply the part lacking. In the Benedictine monasteries, where the best work was done, it was customary to exchange monks from one to another of these religious centers. Thus the art of one became the possession of others. When finally illumination became a trade there was an immediate falling off in artistic qualities of the art. Only he who labored for the glory of his religion and his Order was sufficiently painstaking to make the work perfect. Haste and desire to accomplish much in a short time led finally to a decadence of illumination when books became more plentiful.

The resourcefulness and inventive skill, the perfection of the work giving no indication whatever of weariness, astonishes the beholder of priceless manuscripts in European centers. It must be remembered, however, that these pages were done under favorable circumstances. The monastery itself afforded shelter from a tumultuous world; it was generally isolated so that few disturbing echoes of mediæval upheaval reached its confines. The necessities of life were provided for the brothers,

who received no pay whatever for what they did, and who found great satisfaction and considerable relief from an otherwise monotonous life in labor of this kind. Moreover, the rules of the monastery were such that they probably never worked more than two hours without cessation. Although it happened frequently that the larger monasteries were able to provide specialists, quite as often all duties were united in one worker. He found a variety of occupations in preparing his gild and pigments, in making his pens and brushes, and sometimes in preparing his parchment.

Gold and silver were used as fluid or leaf. In the first case the pure gold coin was ground to finest powder, moistened with water and mixed with size—the white of egg or gum arabic; this preparation never allowed the high polish given the golf leaf, which was gold beaten thin and placed over a composition made of powdered marble. The fadeless blue ultramarine was made of powdered lapis lazuli, the deep cut particles separated from the rest by frequent washing. White was obtained from finest marble. Both mineral and vegetable colors were used, but those of mineral origin were most successful and enduring.

It is difficult to distinguish between French and English illumination of the later centuries. The grotesque animals and drollies are usually indicative of English origin. During the fifteenth century the study of the Bible by the laity was discouraged and other religious books were substituted. The Book of Hours was the prayer-book for the laity as the Breviary was the prayer-book for the priests. These Books of Hours contained the Church calendar, and most beautiful copies were produced in France. One of these made for the Duke of Anjou is now preserved in the National Library of Paris. "Every page has a rich and delicate border, covered with the ivy foliage, and enlivened by exquisitely painted birds, such as the goldfinch, the thrush, the linnet, the jay, the quail, the sparrow-hawk and many others; and at the top of the page, at the beginning of each division of the *Horae*, is a miniature of most perfect grace and beauty, the decorative value of which is enhanced by a background, either of gold diaper, or else of delicate scroll-work in light blue painted over a ground of deep

ultramarine."[2] This library possesses as well the Book of Hours made for the Duke of Berry and sold at his death for two thousand pounds.

"One special beauty of French illumination of this date is due to the exquisite treatment of architectural frames and backgrounds which are used to enshrine the whole picture. The loveliest Gothic forms are introduced, with the most delicate detail of tracery, pinnacles, canopy-work, shafts and arches, all being frequently executed in gold with subtle transparent shading to give an effect of relief. From the technical point of view these manuscripts reach the highest pitch of perfection; the burnished gold is thick and solid in appearance, and is convex in surface so as to catch high lights and look, not like gold leaf, but like actual plates of the purest and most polished gold. The pigments are of the most brilliant colors, so skillfully prepared and applied that they are able to defy the power of time to change their hue or even dim their splendor."[3]

The demand for secular books on the part of nobles enlarged the scope of the illuminator. The Chansons de Geste (songs of deeds) and Froissart's Chronicles were reproduced again and again. Chivalrous feats and romances caught the ear of knights and brought new commissions to the monasteries. Yet these never supplied such constant demand nor were ever executed with such painstaking as the religious books. The *Horae* were long regarded as suitable to give royalty, church dignitary, noble or bride. Bound in covers of gold, studded with precious jewels and rare stones, such a book might be offered as security for a loan and was treasured as an heirloom. "They were things of beauty and joys forever to their possessors. A prayer-book was not only a prayer-book, but a picture-book, a shrine, a little mirror of the world, a sanctuary in a garden of flowers. One can well understand their preciousness apart from their religious use, and many have seen strange eventful histories no doubt."

It is surprising to find that Italy was comparatively poor in the art of illumination. Of the twelfth century there remains little beside the *Exultet,* a roll of pictures presenting scenes from Old and New Testaments, and used to hang in front of

[2] Middleton: Illuminated Manuscripts.
[3] Ibid.

the pulpit for the instruction and edification of the masses, who could seldom read or write. Such a roll was called an Exultet from its first word—the opening word of a hymn: "Exultet jam Angelica turba caolorum," sung at the dedication of the wax tapers on Easter eve. The Renaissance brought a fresh impulse in all fields of art; illumination improved and for a time stood unrivaled. Beautiful copies of Dante's Divine Comedy and Petrarch's Poems were made.

Germany, Flanders, Spain, and the Netherlands all produced schools of illumination. Only the student of this subject would be interested to follow the various distinctions found among them. The great museums afford opportunity to study their characteristics, and a few English works discuss at length certain aspects of the subject. In America it is more difficult to study the subject minutely, owing to the dearth of mediæval manuscripts. The old missions treasure interesting examples of the art as practiced at the time of their foundation—after the invention of printing had lessened the demand for hand labor to a marked extent.

The examples of illumination reproduced in the texts enable one to understand how profuse this art became in France during the Renaissance. The miniature is now placed above the initial letter, giving it a prominence it did not originally possess. Distinct borders abounding in leaves, a variety of flowers —roses, violets, the corn-flower, columbine and thistle; strawberries, acorns, birds and feathers, intermingled and given variety by the introduction of grotesque creatures—half beast, half human, griffins, and insects, form settings for the miniatures, which in the pages from the Book of Hours follow well-known biblical stories: the Flight into Egypt; the Adoration of the Magi, and, in the instance of the Processional, supply scenes from monastic life itself.

ART GALLERIES AND MUSEUMS

CHAPTER XV.

Art Galleries of Florence.

He who would study the art of the Italian Renaissance finds Florence the city of his desire. Three priceless collections are in the possession of the municipality, not to mention those owned privately or by individual churches.

The *Accademia delle Belle Arti,* leading art school of Florence, was founded in 1874. The *Hospice di San Matteo* (Hospital of St. Matthew) was appropriated to house the school and the pictures removed from churches and monasteries suppressed, first by the Grand Duke of Tuscany and later by the Napoleonic government. The collection of modern paintings on the first floor gain but passing attention from the majority who come hither to study the work of Italian masters. Angelo's *David,* recently removed from the terraced steps of the Palazzo della Signoria, has been placed in the vestibule admitting to the Gallery of the Academy.

Two rooms of this suite are named for Botticelli and one for Perugino. Artists from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries are here represented. Cimabue's and Giotto's *Madonna Enthroned* are hung side by side, thus to enable the beholder to compare the differences and similarities of the two interpretations. Most famous of the pictures in the Academy is Botticelli's *Spring,* which was painted for Cosmo de Medici and is supposed to portray one of the Medici family in the figure of Flora. Not until the time of the Pre-Raphaelites did Botticelli come to be appreciated in modern times; yet it has since been noted as significant that he was favorably commented upon by Leonardo.

"What Botticelli was, *Spring* will tell us; and this work is so significant, its essence expresses the thought of the matter so clearly, that it has preserved all its charm for us, although its particular meaning is not known to us. We call it *Spring,*

but if one of the figures in the picture really represents Spring, it is only an accessory figure; and, moreover, this name given to the picture is entirely modern. Vasari says that it represents Venus surrounded by the Graces, but if we find the three Graces in the picture, it is not likely that the principal figure represents Venus. In my opinion, it is that principal figure that is the key to the picture; it is for this figure that everything has been done and this it is, above all, that we must interrogate if we wish to know Botticelli's meaning. Evidently it is neither Venus nor Spring; and the precision of the features, and the fidelity of the smallest details of the costume, make us believe that we are in the presence of a veritable portrait. . . . Around her, Nature adorns herself with flowers; Spring and the Graces surround her like a train of Fays. Here is one of the familiar poetical forms of the fifteenth century; and, doubtless, by attentively reading the Florentine poets, we should discover the meaning of all the allegorical figures that Botticelli has united in his work and which we do not understand.

"But whatever may be the particular meaning of each of hese figures it is certain that here we have to do with love and beauty, and that perhaps in no other work may we find the charm of woman described in more passionate accents. . . . And around this scene what a beautiful frame of verdure and flowers! Nature has donned her richest festal robes; the inanimate things, like the human beings, all speak of love and happiness, and tell us that the master of this world is that little child with bandaged eyes, who amuses himself by shooting his arrows of fire."[1]

Another picture of great beauty is Ghirlandajo's *Nativity*. It was painted after his visit to Rome, whither he had been summoned in 1475 to assist in the decoration of the Sistine Chapel. The Corinthian pillars, the Roman sarcophagus with its Latin inscription, used in place of a manger, and the cavalcade approaching under the Triumphal Arch, all testify to the painter's familiarity with the Eternal City. In the person of the kneeling shepherd with folded hands, it is said that Ghirlandajo painted his own portrait.

[1] Marcel Reymond.

Domenico Ghirlandajo (1449-1494) was the son of a silk merchant. He was set to work in a goldsmith's shop where he evinced marked ability in fashioning jeweled garlands for ladies—whence the name by which he is now known—Ghirlandajo, garland-maker. His reputation was already established before 1475, when he went to assist Botticelli in the Sistine Chapel. Ghirlandajo was possessed of tireless energy and is said to have remarked that he would like to cover the walls of Florence with frescoes. His paintings lack the depth of feeling which is found in Giotto's pictures, but dignity of theme and perfection of detail give his paintings excellence. His portrait work is particularly gratifying. Ghirlandajo died of the plague when but a comparatively young man. He is frequently remembered as the teacher of Michael Angelo.

Masaccio's Madonna with St. Anne has a value enhanced by the fact that few of his paintings survive. Indeed, it will be remembered that he died at the age of twenty-seven and had accomplished little. Yet he left a message for his own and subsequent ages: that nature must be the source of inspiration for the artist. While San Marco contains the best of Fra Angelico's painting, nevertheless, the Academy possesses his scenes from the life of Christ—the *Flight into Egypt* and *Visit of the Magi* being most charming. Perugino is represented by seven pictures, the *Assumption of the Virgin* perhaps finest.

The most important work of Filippo Lippi, the *Coronation of the Virgin,* is also here. On each side of the throne stand rose-crowned angels, bearing tall white lilies in their hands. Below a group of worshippers kneel, among them the artist having placed himself—easily distinguished by his shaven head and monk's robe.

The Uffizi Gallery, second of Florence's treasure-houses, is in the Palazzio degli Uffizi, erected by Cosmo de Medici after the plans of Vasari. It was built to provide offices for the administration of government in the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The ground floor is a great open hall, devoted to the Uffizi collection. Francis I., son of Cosmo de Medici, had a portion of the palace reserved for pictures which belonged to his family in their various city and country homes. Subsequent members of the Medici family added to the gallery thus begun by acquiring Dutch, Venetian and other collections as opportunity

afforded. Gian-Gastore, the last of this famous family, died in 1737, and, in accordance to his wish, all Medici property, real and personal, was settled in perpetuity on the city of Florence, thus preserving priceless paintings and statuary for the locality that had largely produced them. The arrangement of pictures has recently been changed, new rooms being added to provide much-needed space. Halls are named for Leonardo, Botticelli, Michael Angelo and for various schools of painting.

The Hall of Botticelli contains a dozen of the artist's productions. The *Calumny of Apelles, Adoration of the Magi, Madonna of the Pomegranate,* and *Birth of Venus* are perhaps most widely known. Botticelli was one of the rare Italian painters who could paint classic or Christian subjects with equally pleasing result. Of the *Birth of Venus,* Pater wrote: "At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of design, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the color is cadaverous, or at least cold. And yet the more you come to understand what imaginative coloring really is, that all color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of color; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves even of the finest period. . . . An emblematic figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea 'showing his teeth' as it moves in thin lines of foam, and sucking in one by one the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it; but his predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure as the depository of a great power over the lives of men."

Raphael's portrait of Julius II., *Madonna of the Goldfinch,* and a portrait of himself are also here. The *Madonna*

of the Goldfinch was painted for Lorenzo Nasi, as a wedding gift for his bride. In 1548 an earthquake destroyed the house and the painting was broken into fragments. These were very skillfully put together by his son. In the portrait of the soldier pope, Raphael seized upon a moment when he was at rest, but even in repose his unyielding strength and determination are unmistakably apparent. A glance of his eyes was said to strike terror to the heart of the bravest. He will be remembered as the pope who summoned Michael Angelo to decorate the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel and Angelo's reply —that he was a sculptor, not a painter—did not for an instant swerve the despot pope from his determination. Nor can we ever forget that it is this painting, rather than his statuary, which gives the artist his undying glory.

Several of Titian's pictures are here—none more perfect that *Flora.* The light—soft diffusion of brightness, though not contrasted strongly as in some of his paintings—produces an admirable impression. "No ornaments have been used to heighten nature's handiwork. The fair face is crowned with a wealth of golden hair, and the soft outlines of the rounded neck and curving shoulders, revealed by the natural lowness of the chemise, speak only of the charm of a perfect woman. This is one of the daintiest of Titian's creations."

For actual loveliness it would not be possible to exceed del Sarto's *Madonna of the Harpies.* So many Madonnas were produced during the Renaissance that it became the habit to distinguish them by any peculiarity. For example, in Raphael's Madonna above mentioned, the child John the Baptist gives a goldfinch to the Christ Child. This has given the painting its name—*Madonna of the Goldfinch.* In the same way the harpies on the pedestal give Andrea del Sarto's Madonna its name.

Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531) has been called the "faultless painter." The son of simple people, he was sent at the age of seven to work in a goldsmith's shop. His cleverness in designing caused him to be transferred to an artist's studio, that he might study painting. Eventually he came under the instruction of Masaccio, Leonardo and Michael Angelo.

This painter was madly in love with his wife, the beautiful Lucrezia, whose face, perfect in its loveliness, looks down upon us so frequently from his canvases. However, she was

arrogant and heartless and did much to limit the power of her gifted husband. Francis I. of France invited del Sarto to come to the French court and the life there inspired him to put forth his best effort. But soon his wife began to urge his return; when he asked permission of the king to go home for a short time, Francis not only granted his request but entrusted a considerable amount of money to him, with which he was instructed to purchase paintings for France. Del Sarto's infatuation for his soulless wife was sufficient to lead him to appropriate this trust fund to buy her a beautiful home, which circumstance prevented his return to the monarch he had so basely deceived.

So far as technique is concerned he was gifted beyond many, but his painting is characterized by a certain timidity and lack of decision which prevented his full development. Yet his child angels in the Academy and this beautiful Madonna possess a charm and sweetness rarely found. The deep crimson robe and soft blue mantle enhance the baby flesh, and the white veil against the auburn hair throws into stronger light the divine beauty of the Madonna face. What del Sarto might have been had this woman whom he idealized given inspiration instead of selfishly thwarting his ambitious hope, many have wondered, and only Browning has adequately implied.

Fra Angelico's Madonna, surrounded by angels with trumpets and other musical instruments, is in the Uffizi Art Gallery. It was painted in 1433 for the Guild of Flax Merchants. These angels, designed merely to embellish the frame of the Madonna, are probably more widely known than anything else executed by this gentle monk, who painted his dreams of Paradise. Correggio is represented by a Madonna and by his *Repose on the Flight into Egypt.*

One of the fascinating features of this gallery is a collection of painters' portraits by themselves. Important among these are the portraits of Raphael, Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt and Reynolds.

The Dutch school is fairly well represented. Among the German artists, Dürer has several pictures, notably the *Adoration of the Kings.* This is another conception of the visit of the Magi. The early Middle Ages, not content with scriptural

accounts—never detailed—filled these out for the further edification of the people. The three wise men, so simply mentioned in the Testament, became kings. Their names were finally known—Caspar was the older man, Melchior one of middle age, and Bathaser the youngest, who was believed to be a negro. In Dürer's *Adoration* we find a typical German mother in the person of the Madonna. The king, or wise man, who is standing—with the long hair so generally associated with Dürer—we recognize as the artist himself.

Vasari, the architect who originally planned this palace, is well known because he wrote prolifically of contemporary artists. To be sure, time has shown that much that he wrote was inaccurate and that he was as indiscriminating as Herodotus and quite as susceptible to exaggeration. Nevertheless, we are indebted to him for an acquaintance with his fellow-artists that otherwise would have been denied us. In the Uffizi Gallery his best painting is preserved—the portrait of Lorenzo de Medici. His few easel pictures are excellent, but in his other work he is plainly a mere imitator of Michael Angelo.

In 1779 the Hall of Niobe was constructed to receive the sixteen statues illustrating the Niobe myth. These had been in the gardens of the Medici Villa on the Pincio, having been recovered from the ruins on the Esquiline in 1583. *The Wrestlers, The Dancing Faun,* attributed to Praxiteles, and the *Venus de Medici* are also in the Uffizi. This last statue was found in the sixteenth century near Trivoli, broken in thirteen pieces. Cosmo de Medici—always a patron of art—had it restored and brought to Florence. Hawthorne was equally impressed with this specimen of Hellenic art. "She is very beautiful, very satisfactory, and has a fresh and new charm about her, never reached by any cast or copy. I felt a kind of tenderness for her—an affection, not as if she were a woman, but all womanhood in one. . . . Her face is so beautiful and so intelligent that it is not dazzled out of sight by her form. Methinks this was a triumph for a sculptor to achieve. She is a miracle. The sculptor must have wrought religiously, and have felt that something far beyond his own skill was working through his hands."

The Uffizi Palace is joined by a long bridge or gallery to

the Pitti Palace, the repository of a collection containing only about five hundred paintings but each a masterpiece.

The Pitti Palace was erected in the early Renaissance, and after the custom of the times was built to serve both as fortress and residence. It is today a royal palace, although the king's family has occupied it but a day or two in several years. It was designed in 1440 for Luca Pitti, but within a hundred years came into the possession of the family of Medici. Perfectly proportioned in its three stories, built of rough stone, its location crowning a hill on the left bank of the Arno makes it very imposing. Like the Uffizi Gallery, with which it is connected, this is now owned by the city of Florence.

The rooms in the Pitti Palace are designated according to the decoration of the ceilings—the Hall of the Iliad, the Hall of Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Venus and Prometheus. The gem of the gallery is Raphael's *Madonna della Sedia,* or Seggiola. This picture is probably more widely known and loved than any other in the whole world of art.

"The external beauty of the *Madonna of the Chair* is as great as anything that could be imagined, but the internal beauty is not in the least sacrificed to it. The chief characteristics of this face is regularity and the purity of its features. All the lines are simple, regular, and traced as though by inspiration. It is true that Raphael, carried away by the genius of harmony, has represented his Madonna as brilliantly and richly attired, but it is without anything jarring, without anything too staring, and without anything hurtful of the principal impression. A scarf, admirable in color, is wound around the crown of her head and falls down to her neck. A green shawl, enriched with various shades that respond to those in the scarf, envelops the breast, the right shoulder, and falls behind the back, where it is confounded with the golden fringe that decorates the back of the chair. Beneath this shawl appears the purple robe, the sleeve of which is tight-fitting, with a cuff, and the blue mantle that covers the knees. The two hands, one crossed above the other over the body of the Infant, are charming in shape and delightfully modeled. Everything in this arrangement is enchanting; in the entire effect of this image everything is seductive."

Other paintings by Raphael are also here, important among

CHAPTER XVI.

ART OF THE VATICAN.

Across the Tiber and near the site where once the circus of Nero claimed its Christian martyrs, stands St. Peter's, and by its side, almost dwarfing the great cathedral, is the Vatican—the massive, irregular palace of the popes. It represents, as it stands today, the contributions of many centuries and the designs of many minds. No unified plan is exemplified; indeed, the Vatican comprises two separate palaces joined merely by long galleries. Its gardens, courts, grounds and buildings cover an area equalling that of many a city boasting a population of 130,000 people. Incredible stories are told of the vast number of rooms contained within this curious structure but that seven thousand rooms, two hundred stairways and twenty courts are included is generally accepted as authentic.

Volumes might be written about the sights this palace has witnessed. For centuries a court rivaling in splendor those of European and Eastern countries was here maintained; at other times, Rome being at the mercy of invaders, the palace was almost reduced to ruins. The popes made the Lateran Palace their chief abode, taking refuge in the Vatican in times of danger, since it was in part a fortress. From the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries Rome passed through a most trying period. Its population was once reduced to less than five hundred souls, and it was said that Rome was more like a den of thieves than an abode for civilized beings. Entire streets were laid waste and cattle grazed about the ruins. The popes sought safety in France and upon the return of the pontiff to the ancient capital, the Vatican was partly restored and a covered way made to the castle of St. Angelo to insure further safety.

The accession of Martin V. to the papal throne marks the beginning of the Renaissance in Rome. Nicholas V. founded the Vatican library, but to a great extent the art today in this palace is due to the ceaseless efforts of Sixtus IV., who stood in the relation to Rome that Lorenzo de Medici did to

Florence, and his nephew, Julius II. It was the latter who had the former summer palace, the Belvedere, joined to the Vatican; he it was who brought Raphael to Rome to beautify a suite of rooms and who would brook no refusal on the part of Angelo of the task assigned—the adornment of the Sistine Chapel.

Sixtus IV. became pope in 1471. He founded the Sistine Chapel, which immortalizes his name, and began its decoration. A rectangular room, perhaps fifty feet wide and one hundred fifty feet long, its wonderful paintings have made it widely celebrated. Until the completion of St. Peter's it was the most important church in Rome and the center of a religious system world-wide in its activities. It is not surprising, therefore, in an age when the best work of the artist was demanded for places of worship that this chapel should have become a veritable gem of exceptional beauty.

In order to gain some conception of this famous chapel it is necessary to keep in mind its architectural plan, the better to understand the conditions confronting those summoned thither to adorn it. A room of the dimensions above given, having six windows on either side and two at the entrance, with the altar end enclosed, wholly unattractive and barnlike in its bareness and regularity confronted Botticelli, who was summoned to supervise the beautifying of the walls, and the six frecoes on either side; two at the entrance and three across the altar were executed under his direction. He and his assistants also painted the portraits of twenty-six popes above these frescoes. The three altar frescoes were later washed out to make room for Angelo's *Last Judgment;* the two at the entrance have suffered from the ravages of time. The twelve on the side walls are in a fair state of preservation. Six on the right of the altar represent scenes in the life of Christ—*The Baptism, Temptation, Calling of the Apostles, Sermon on the Mount, Charge to Peter,* and *The Last Supper.* Those on the wall to the left of the altar have to do with the leadership of Moses—*The Exodus, Crossing the Red Sea, After the Passage, Commandments Given from the Mount, Punishment of False Prophets* and *Commands Given to Joshua.*

The second from the altar on either side are ascribed to Botticelli, but they do not show him at his best. Rosselli

painted three, Ghirlandajo one, Perugino one and Pinturicchio three. All these artists were called to Rome by Sixtus IV. to undertake this commission. Botticelli's style of painting has already been discussed. Perugino is remembered as a teacher of Raphael, and like certain other teachers of the Renaissance he had the humiliating experience of seeing his pupil far surpass him. Perugino had the faculty of showing distance and space in his pictures; each figure has plenty of room; there is no crowding, but rather a sense of spaciousness that is very gratifying. The others had but mediocre ability.

Such was the chapel when Michael Angelo reluctantly undertook the decoration of its ceiling—merely a blue field sprinkled with golden stars. The stern soldier—Pope Julius —had suggested the prophets as an appropriate subject for the roof's decoration, but he wisely left the master to his own devices. Angelo ordered the room closed at once and even the pope was refused admittance.

None but a sculptor could have created the architectural impressions conveyed in this ceiling; the spectator of today forgets that it is all the work of a brush, so real are the illusive dividing pillars. The ceiling decoration reaches down below the tops of the windows and has one general theme: the preparation of the world for the coming of Christ.

Nine scenes from the Genesis cycle fill the main portion of the ceiling; beginning from the altar they represent the Creation of Light, Creation of the Sun and Moon, Hovering over the Waters, Creation of Man, Creation of Eve, Temptation and Expulsion from the Garden, the Sacrifice of Noah, the Deluge and Noah's Degeneracy. In the spaces between the arches of the windows and the central ceiling frescoes, Angelo painted prophets and sibyls—those who had foretold the coming of one. Five such spaces occurring on either side and one at each end gave opportunity to choose twelve figures. Jonah was painted above the altar; on the right side, Jeremiah, the Persian Sibyl, Ezekiel, the Erythræan Sibyl, and Joel. Zacharias was placed above the entrance and continuing around the room we find the Delphic Sibyl, Isaiah, the Curæan Sibyl, Daniel, the Libyan Sibyl. In the arches above the windows was shown the genealogy of Christ, starting with the sons of Noah. These being the principal figures, there are beside two

hundred smaller ones—youth, children and fanciful creatures, such as those adorning the capitals of the pillars. No floral or folial designs were employed to fill the expanse; every portion is alive with figures, human and divine.

Had Michael Angelo accomplished nothing else the sublime conception of this Chapel ceiling would place him foremost among the gifted of the Italian Renaissance. Beyond all else in modern art, there is here a masterful sweep, a loftiness of theme, a dignity of execution that transcends the work and makes its creator worthy to be compared with the masters of ancient Greece.

Thirty years later, the great painter being then nearly sixty years of age, Clement VII. commissioned him to make the altar end of the Chapel worthy of the rest of the interior. It was shown to the people on Christmas Day in 1541, having occupied the artist for eight or nine years.

The figure of Jonah reaches down into this front wall. At his feet on either side, groups of angels are shown with instruments of the Passion. The heavy cross may easily be discerned on the left in the illustration reproducing this room.* Beneath the figure of Christ, majestic angels blow trumpets to awaken the dead who respond to the call and come forth, still in the shrouds of the grave. All go to be judged; the wicked are condemned to eternal woe; the blessed to eternal bliss. In the lowest realms the well-known figure of Charon, borrowed from antiquity, waits for the disembarking of his load that he may return for other victims. All the figures were originally nude; when the pope criticized this, Angelo is said to have replied to the one who told him: "Tell the pope that he must employ himself a little less in correcting my pictures, which is very easy, and employ himself a little more in reforming men, which is very difficult." Nevertheless, prudish sentiment resulted later in many of the figures being draped by one of the artist's pupils.

"This immense and unique picture, in which the human figure is represented in all possible attitudes, where every sentiment, every passion, every reflection of thought, and every aspiration of the soul are rendered with inimitable perfection, has never been equalled and never will be equalled in the domain of Art.

* Note Illustration of Sistine Chapel.

"This time the genius of Michael Angelo simply attacked the infinite. The subject of this vast composition, the manner in which it is conceived and executed, the admirable variety and the learned disposition of the groups, the inconceivable boldness and firmness of the outlines, the contrast of light and shade, the difficulties, I might almost say the impossible vanquished, as if it were all mere play, and with a happiness that savours of prodigy, the unity of the whole and the perfection of the details, make *The Last Judgment* the most complete and the greatest picture in existence. It is broad and magnificent in effect, and yet each part of this prodigious painting gains infinitely when seen and studied quite near; and we do not know of any easel-picture worked upon with such patience and finished with such devotion. . . . With nothing but a single episode in a restricted space, and solely by the expression of the human body, the artist has succeeded in striking you with astonishment and terror, and in making you really a spectator of the supreme catastrophe.

"It is impossible to form an idea of the incredible science displayed by Michael Angelo in the varied contortions of the damned, heaped one upon the other in the fatal bark. All the violent contractions, all the visible tortures, all the frightful shrinkings that suffering, despair, and rage can produce upon human muscles are rendered in this group with a realism that would make the most callous shudder. To the left of this bark you see the gaping mouth of a cavern; this is the entrance to Purgatory, where several demons are in despair because they have no more souls to torment."[1]

Beneath the frescoes of Botticelli and his assistants tapestries of Raphael once hung. Today scenes painted to represent tapestries are usually to be seen in their place, although on special feast days the surviving originals are sometimes brought from where they usually hang in one of the long galleries that connect the Vatican and Belvedere palaces. There were ten of them and they reproduced scenes in the Acts of the Apostles, or more definitely, happenings in the lives of Peter and Paul. Raphael made the cartoons or drawings after which these picture tapestries were woven. Seven of these cartoons are today in the South Kensington Museum;

[1] Alexandre Dumas.

they are particularly valued as drawings although color was used to indicate the appearance each should have when finished. He began them in 1514 and finished them in 1516. As quickly as one was ready it was sent at once to the weavers in Flanders who completed the series in three or four years. Seven were in their places in the Chapel in 1519, and all the following year.

The first in this series had for its subject the Miraculous Draught of Fishes; second, Charge to St. Peter; Martyrdom of Stephen; Healing of the Lame; Death of Ananias; Conversion of St. Paul; Punishment of Elymas; Paul and Barnabas at Lystra; Preaching at Athens; Paul in Prison. Such being the particular theme, the borders were wonderful as well. Instead of always using floral designs to beautify these, Raphael sometimes chose what is called a "running story." The coat of arms of the Medici adorns the top of one, while beneath the pope is shown riding with his suite. The borders, corresponding to the frames of pictures, sometimes abound with flowers, fruit, animals, woven in intricate patterns.

These tapestries had a troubled history. After the death of Leo X. they were pawned to raise 5000 ducats; in 1545 the Vatican succeeded in buying them back again. In 1798, the French being in control, they were again sold and exhibited in Paris among other places. In 1808 Pius VII repurchased the seven that survived. One was cut in two—the better to sell; another was partially destroyed to extract the threads of gold, which were gold in truth. Today, when the ravages of time and the destruction of man have done their worst, something remains of the former beauty, yet only the imagination can aid the spectator to fancy what may have been the impression these celebrated tapestries gave those who witnessed them in their freshness and first beauty.

The Sistine Chapel is but one of many treasure houses of art in the Vatican. Although unlimited time and space might be devoted to an exhaustive study of its rare paintings, some mention should be made of Raphael's wonderful work in the Stanze and Loggie. Raphael was one of several painters summoned to Rome to decorate the suite of rooms known now by his name. However, when his surpassing skill was fairly understood, he was put in charge of the entire decoration, and

while much of it was done by his pupils, it all bears the stamp of his genius since he probably supplied the designs and was fortunate in having pupils so imbued with his spirit that they were able to carry out his conceptions as he wished.

The Stanze of Raphael comprises four rooms known generally by the name of the most conspicuous picture: Stanza della Segnatura; Stanza d'Eliodoro; Stanza dell'Incendio; Stanza della Constantino. The first is the most interesting to all lovers of Raphael because this was his first work when he came fresh from Florence where his first painting had been done. Again, less pressure was then brought to bear upon Raphael to involve him in more undertakings than he could well manage and less of the execution had to be entrusted to others. Indeed, his spirit pervades this room as the spirit of Michael Angelo pervades the Sistine Chapel.

Each of these rooms presented four bare walls—those on the side expansive, those at either end broken by windows. On the larger spaces of the first room Raphael painted, on one side, the School of Athens—on the other, the Disputa, or Discussion. At one end Parnassus, at the other, Jurisprudence. Above each painting is a figure personifying the picture beneath; above The Disputa, Theology; Above Parnassus, Poetry; Philosophy typified the School of Athens and Justice, Jurisprudence. It is evident that even Raphael found himself at first nonplussed by the extent of space to be filled, but no other artist ever met this problem more adequately. None other was so gifted as he with the faculty of gaining broader conceptions as to how to meet needs as they presented themselves to him. His genius was inborn, something beyond the possibility of explanation.

The second room was named from its greatest picture: Heliodorus Driven from the Temple; the third, from the Incendio de Borgo—a fire that visited Rome in the seventh century where, legend related, Leo IV. extinguished the flames by making the sign of the cross.

The Hall of Constantine had slight attention from the master. Indeed, it has been seriously questioned whether or not he gave it any consideration whatever.

The Loggie of Raphael is deservedly loved. This is a gallery—once an open corridor—overlooking the Court of St.

Damascus; it has sometimes been called "Raphael's Bible" because of the succession of biblical scenes represented. Pillars and pilasters divide this loggie into thirteen recesses or compartments—smaller than rooms by nature of the dimensions of a corridor. Each of these was roofed with a domed cupola, providing spaces for four scenes of small proportions. The subjects selected for these various compartments were: Creation, Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, another of Moses' later years, Joshua, David, Solomon, Christ. While necessarily small, each scene is remarkably distinct. However, these fifty-two scenes are but a portion of the decoration. "Bordering them, filling the angles and curves of the dome, in the walling between the pilasters, on the faces of pillar and pilaster, around the entrances, on the embrasures of the windows, everywhere, leaving not an uncovered inch, are stucco-work and monochromes imitating reliefs, grotesques, wreaths of fruit and flowers, birds, children, landscapes, fishes, musical instruments, beasts, all kinds of conventionalized animals, reptiles, fanciful arabesques, and scrolls—all painted in the brightest and gayest of colours. So bright that even today, in spite of weather and time, and in spite of the fact that flakes of the plaster are continually sifting down—with an ultimate and sure ruin as consequence—even today the gay freshness of the tones is a marvel and delight. The designs themselves, in their spontaneous fertility of invention, their fantastical originality, their exuberance of colour, and a very abandon of richness and floridity, yet are so combined and made into such a perfect ensemble that there is not a hint of useless or overdone exaggeration in part or whole. To attempt any adequate description of this ornamentation would require volumes."[2]

Passing by the Borgia Apartments, the Chapel of Nicholas V, and Vatican Picture Gallery, it remains to speak of the Sculpture Galleries in this remarkable palace. These collections are probably the finest and most numerous in the world. Until recent excavations in Greece, it had been supposed that many of the statues in the Vatican were originals; this impression has been largely swept away by recent discoveries but in many cases the original is now known to no longer exist and

[2]Potter: Art of Vatican.

a copy is thereby rendered the more valuable. Again, only the finest statues of antiquity would have been regarded as worthy of repeated copy and this fact in itself throws light upon the masterpieces of the past.

Most beautiful of all the Vatican statues is the Apollo Belvedere, so-called because brought early to the Belvedere Palace. Never has the sense of motion been so marvelously transmitted to marble as in this figure of Greek divinity. The Laocoön is also here. It will be remembered that Laocoön was a priest of Apollo who blasphemed against the god. As he and his sons were about to offer a sacrifice to Neptune, two huge serpents suddenly appeared, crushing them in fearful agony. A Mercury, thought to be a copy of Praxiteles' far-famed statue, A Crouching Venus and Silenus with the Infant Hercules are among the most famous of the marbles. One room is given over to busts, those of Demosthenes, Augustus and Meander being especially noteworthy. The Nile group is in the Vatican and one unusual room devoted to animals of every variety, collected from many sources, done in bronze and various kinds of stone, has its own peculiar interest.

SISTINE CHAPEL.—THE VATICAN.

CHAPTER XVII.

Art Galleries of Northern Italy.

Art developed late in Venice. For some time the Venetians were content to import their art from Constantinople and Mount Athos. When the early fourteenth century artists began to paint religious pictures, these showed strong influence of Byzantine painting.

At the close of the eighteenth century, Napoleon temporarily held Italy in his grasp and among the radical changes initiated was the suppression of churches and monasteries and other religious orders. The art which many of these sheltered was preserved and given a permanent abode in the Scuola della Charità—the home of the oldest brotherhood in Venice. This organization was founded in 1260, being a charitable lay fraternity. In early years it had for its avowed purpose the ransoming of Christians held by Mohammedans; other charitable objects claimed attention after the Crusades. Although begun in the thirteenth century, the greater portion of the building was erected in the middle of the sixteenth century. The Accademia della Belle Arti is suitably housed in it—a few of its paintings having been made for the places they still occupy when the brotherhood was active and prosperous. The paintings in the possession of the Academy are most of them Venetian and present an excellent opportunity for studying the development of painting in this sea-set city.

The Bellinis—the father Jacopo Bellini, and his sons Gentile and Giovanni—are regarded as the founders of the Venetion School. Giovanni Bellini (1427-1516) was most illustrious. He concerned himself with religious themes while his brother was fond of portraying pageants. Gentile's pictures are valuable to us for the light they throw upon Venetian life of the sixteenth century. One room on the Academy is named for Giovanni Bellini, but his paintings are scattered through several rooms and we know that some of his finest work was destroyed by the burning of the Ducal Palace. The Madonna of the Two Trees is one of his best in the Academy. Painted

for an altar piece, the Madonna and Child are shown with St. Paul on one side, St. George on the other. Giovanni Bellini developed a distinct type of Madonna. The sweet face of the young mother is always overshadowed by a premonition of the tragedy that lies before her Babe.

Along the eastern coast of Italy, where often the pestilence swooped down without warning, were built what were called the "plague churches." One of these, dedicated to St. Job, because it was felt that he could best sympathize with the afflicted, commissioned Bellini to supply an appropriate altar piece. This is now exhibited in the Academy. A beautiful Madonna holds the Child protectingly, San Giobbe—St. Job —on one side, St. Sebastian, pierced with arrows of the plague on the other, while on a step below sit three of Bellini's sweetest angel musicians, dispelling soft music.

Gentile Bellini's most famous painting is the Procession of the True Cross in the Piazza. A religious guild of Venice had in its possession what was accepted as a fragment of the cross Christ bore. This was treasured greatly and was carried in all public processionals, of which Venice had not a few. A series of eight pictures representing cures wrought by this relic were ordered by the guild. Gentile painted three—the one above mentioned referring to the miraculous cure of a young man as it was carried through the streets. The value of the picture today lies in its historic reflection of Venice in 1496. So distinct is it in detail that it is possible to discern mosaics in the façade of St. Mark's that were later replaced by others much inferior in quality.

Another early painter whose pictures are noteworthy was Carpaccio, a follower of Gentile Bellini. He loved legend and tells stories on canvas as others have related them in prose or rhyme. A series of nine were painted by him following the St. Ursula legend. These are shown in the Hall of St. Ursula in this picture gallery. While several others are more elaborate, the Dream of St. Ursula is wonderfully charming in its sweet simplicity. The story of this young woman who became the guardian of young girls and those who teach and care for them was full of pictorial possibilities.

The greatest name of Venice is Titian, and Titian's greatest creation is in the Academy: the Assumption of the Virgin.

The room containing it is known by its name—the Hall of the Assumption. No painting has ever shown more perfect unity. Everything is centered upon the Mother as she is borne upward on clouds of glory accompanied by the most winning cherubs ever conceived; above the Almighty awaits the Queen of Heaven. Many there may be who would prefer another subject, but this picture of Titian's is considered one of the six greatest paintings in the world.

In the Hall of the Presentation is another by this master of color, this one occupying the space for which it was made: the Presentation in the Temple.

"It was in the nature of Titian to represent a subject like this as a domestic pageant of his own time, and seen in this light, it is exceedingly touching and surprisingly beautiful. Mary in a dress of celestial blue ascends the steps of the temple in a halo of radiance. She pauses on the first landing place, and gathers her skirts, to ascend to the second. The flight is in profile before us. At the top of it the high priest in Jewish garments looks down at the girl with serene and kindly gravity, a priest in cardinal's robes at his side, a menial in black behind him, and a young acolyte in red and yellow holding the book of prayer. At the bottom are people looking up, some leaning on the edge of the steps, others about to ascend, Anna, with a matron in company; Joachim, turning to address a friend. Curious people press forward to witness the scene, and a child baits a little dog with a cake. Behind and to the left and with grave solemnity, some dignitaries are moving. . . . From the windows and balconies the spectators look down upon the ceremony, or converse with groups below. With instinctive tact the whole of these are kept in focus by appropriate gradations of light, which enable Titian to give the highest prominence to the Virgin, though she is necessarily smaller than any other person present.

"The picture is built up in colours, the landscape is not a symbol, but scenic, and the men and palaces and hills are seen living or life-like in sun and shade and air. In this gorgeous yet masculine and robust realism Titian shows his great originality and claims to be the noblest representative of the Venetian school of colour."[1]

[1] Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Tintoretto (1518-1594) had by inheritance the name Robusti—Jacopo Robusti was the son of a dyer whom he frequently assisted as a boy, hence the name by which he is everywhere known today—Tintoretto, "little dyer." As a boy he went to study with Titian but after a while, Titian refused to accept him longer as a pupil. Some have declared that the master was jealous of his gifted charge, but this is scarcely probable. The explanation that some misbehaviour brought this punishment is much more reasonable. No artist was ever petted by fate and fortune more than Titian and his splendid success and recognition in his own day gave small opportunity for such a manifestation of pettiness as the charge of jealousy would imply. Tintoretto showed the fibre of which he was made when, instead of being disheartened, he set to work with a will to master the art he loved. He not alone grew skillful in use of color—what Venetian painter has failed?—but he studied Angelo until he had mastered form as well. Many of his paintings are here, Doges and other men of prominence as well as religious subjects. Whatever the title of his picture, the people are much the same—always the ones he knew in his beloved Venice. His Madonnas are Venetians. Whether saint or sinner, the one depicted was such a one as Tintoretto had known and seen. For this reason his pictures have historic as well as artistic value.

His friend and contemporary, Paul Veronese, is calm where Tintoretto is violent; he uses soft colors where the other uses deep, lavish, insistent ones. No allied theme offers pleasanter occupation for the investigator than the use of color by the Venetian masters. The extraordinary situation of Venice is thoroughly understood. She has made colorists of all painters, yet the masters did not use the sea as a rule in their canvases. Rather, their skies give greater indication of Venice's influence. Titian always saw Cadore—the autumnal tints of his mountain home, these are in his pictures. The flesh tones were modified by Venice where the water gave the skin a warmth without injuring it as do the elements in many localities. It is evident that Venice influenced the early painters differently than those of recent years and the differences offer interesting comparisons.

Paul Veronese (1528-1588) painted with "his brush

dipped in light." His paintings evince his rare gifts. Composition, color, form—these all are excellent. Four of his paintings were executed to fill commissions from monasteries for the refectory. Supper in the House of Simon the Pharisee, done for a Dominican monastery in Venice is a sumptuous production. Van Dyck did not love rich stuffs, brocades and velvets more than Veronese. Venice, with its oligarchy of rich merchants, afforded greater display of costly raiment than other Italian centers. These men grew opulent in their successful and ceaseless trade, plying here, there, everywhere, until new routes diverted commerce into other channels.

Bordone's Doge and the Fisherman deserves mention for its magnificence as well as for the legend it commemorates. This is the story, which has endless varieties and differences. A gondolier dozed in his gondola, waiting for custom. He roused from his dreams when three men stepped into his craft; it was late and the uncertain light allowed him to scan them but slightly, yet he thought one of grave mien, like a patriarch, and the other two appeared to be soldiers. They asked to be rowed to the Lido and soon the water which had been tranquil became rough and boisterous. Moreover, strange apparitions, half men, half fish, rose up into the air and threatened by their noise and hideous laughter to destroy the gondola and its human freight. But the motion of the elder one's hand and the swords of the others caused these monsters to explode with tremendous confusion and sulphurous breath ere they did injury. So hours passed. When at length the contest was over and the boat returned to its moorings, the men stepped out of the bark and the venerable personage announced that he was St. Mark and that these were his friends —St. George and St. Theodore. Having heard that devils intended that night to destroy Venice because of the excesses therein committed, he had gone forth to save the city of his protection. He slipped the ring from off his finger and told the gondolier to take it to the Doge, who would fill his cap with coins—thus to reward his night's labor. Thereupon St. Mark returned to his place on the porch of the Cathedral, St. George to his niche in the Ducal Palace and St. Theodore to the top of his column. But for the beautiful ring in his hand the gondolier would have doubted his senses. When he pre-

sented himself before the Doge next morning with the story of his night's adventure, search revealed the fact that the ring, kept under several locks was indeed gone. Thus it was plain a miracle had been enacted and the city celebrated its rescue, the Doge liberally rewarding the gondolier. Bordone has seized upon the moment when the fisherman falls upon his knees before the Doge. The curiosity manifest upon the faces of the spectators makes the scene live before us.

Venice of the Renaissance was a luxurious center with palaces rich almost beyond belief and each more splendid than its neighbor, but most splendid of all was the Ducal Palace. The Bellinis had adorned it and Titian's brush had rendered it more magnificent, but the fires of 1574 and 1577 destroyed most of their productions. Tintoretto and Paul Veronese decorated the walls that rose in place of those destroyed but posterity suffered irreparable loss with this catastrophe.

The old Hall of the Grand Council is one of the largest reception halls in the world. It looks still larger than it is. Paintings extend all around the room, broken only by the windows. A frieze of portraits of the Doges reaches above the pictures. The largest wall is covered with Tintoretto's Paradiso—probably the largest picture ever executed. The Hall of the Four Doors and its anteroom are appropriately adorned. The Anti-Collegio, or waiting room of ambassadors, possesses four of the most pleasing paintings of Veronese: Murcury and the Graces, Vulcan's Forge, Pallas with Joy and Abundance driving away Mars and Ariadne consoled by Bacchus. In this palace is also his Rape of Europa. "Sky clouds, trees, flowers, meadows, seas, tints, draperies, all seem bathed in the glow of an unknown Elysium."

Venice Enthroned, Paul Veronese's masterpiece, was painted for the ceiling of the Grand Council Hall. Tintoretto and Palma Giovane also contributed to this ceiling decoration but their work fades in comparison with that of Veronese. Taine was enraptured by it, describing it thus:

"This work is not merely food for the eye, but a feast. Amidst grand architectural forms of balconies and spiral columns sits Venice, the blonde, on a throne, radiant with beauty, with that fresh and rosy carnation peculiar to the daughters of humid climates, her silken skirt spread out beneath a silken

mantle. Around her a circle of young women bend over with a voluptuous and yet haughty smile, possessing that Venetian charm peculiar to a goddess who has a courtesan's blood in her veins, but who rests on a cloud and attracts men to her instead of descending to them. Thrown into relief against pale violet draperies and mantles of azure and gold, their living flesh, their backs and shoulders, are impregnated with light or swim in the penumbra, the soft roundness of their nudity harmonizing with the tranquil gayety of their attitudes and features. Venice in their midst ostentatious and yet gentle, seems like a queen whose mere rank gives the right to be happy, and whose only desire is to render those who see her happy also. On her serene head, which is thrown slightly backwards, two angels place a crown. What a miserable instrumentality is language. A tone of satiny flesh, a luminous shadow on a bare shoulder, a flickering light on floating silk, attract, recall, and retain the eye for a long time, and yet there is but a vague phrase with which to express the charm. . . . Beneath the ideal sky and behind a balustrade are Venetian ladies in the costume of the time, in low-neck dresses cut square and closely fitting the body. It is actual society, and is as seductive as the goddess. They are amazing, leaning over and smiling; the light which illuminates portions of their clothes and faces falls on them or diffuses itself in such exquisite contrasts that one is moved with transports of delight. At one time a brow, at another a delicate ear, or a necklace or a pearl, issues from the warm shadow. One, in the flower of youth, has the archest of looks; another, about forty and amply developed, glances upward and smiles in the best possible humor. This one—a superb creature, with red sleeves striped with gold, stoops, and her swelling breasts expand the chemise of her bodice. A little blonde, curly-headed girl in the arms of an old woman raises her charming little hand with the most mutinous air, and her fresh little visage is a rose. There is not one who is not happy in living, and who is not merely cheerful, but joyous. And how well these rumpled, changeable silks, these white, diaphanous pearls, accord with these transparent tints, as delicate as the petals of flowers! Away below, finally, is the restless activity of the sturdy, noisy crowd; warriors, prancing horses, grand flowing togas, a

trumpeter bedizened with drapery, a man's naked back near a cuirass, and in the intervals, a dense throng of vigorous and animated heads, and in one corner a young mother and her infant; all these objects being disposed with the facility of opulent genius, and all illuminated like the sea in summer, with superabundant sunshine. All this is what one should bear away with him in order to retain an idea of Venice. . . . I got someone to show me the way to the public garden; after such a picture one can only contemplate natural objects."

The Milanese School of Painting was founded by Vincenzo Foppa, Ambrogio Borgognoné and Bernardino Luini. The first two mentioned antedated Leonardo's coming to Milan in 1482. Luini profited by the work of Leonardo but could not be said to have imitated it in the least. One of his most charming pictures is St. Catherine carried away by Angels. The legend of her death was that angels carried the dead body to Mount Sinai, where it was entombed in a beautiful sarcophagus.

The Palazzo di Brera, built in 1651 for a Jesuit College, has become the home of the Milan art gallery—known as the Brera. Gentile Bellini's St. Mark's Preaching at Alexandria is here. It gives evidences of his sojourn at the Sultan's court when sent thither at the request of the Sublime Porte to paint the ruler's portrait. Tintoretto's Finding of the Body of St. Mark belongs to this collection.

Greatest of Milan painters was Leonardo, if he can be thus classified because of his years spent here in the service of Ludovico. Sforza. His masterpiece, The Last Supper, was painted for the Convent of St. Maria della Grazie, located in this city.

Upon the defeat of Sforza, Leonardo went to France, where he later died. The Brera contains but a small collection, but Milan possesses valuable art in other places—in churches and in private collections.

(OPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, N.Y.

[illegible] XVII

[illegible] Galleries.

Aside from the churches scattered throughout [illegible] Bruges, Antwerp and Brussels are the places to [illegible] Flemish masters. Bruges, the city of the earliest school, [illegible] sesses little art other than her own. The Hospital of St. John, organized in the twelfth century and today active in caring for the sick, contains much of Memling's painting. The large triptych, the Marriage of St. Catherine, and the smaller one, a Pietá, were both designed as [illegible]. Nothing done by this artist attracts more interest today than his paintings for the Reliquary of St. Ursula. This is a miniature Gothic chapel, approximately three feet long, three feet high and a foot in width. That its pictures may be better understood, it is well to recall the St. Ursula story. Mediæval legend related that Ursula was the only daughter of an early king of Britain. Her physical and spiritual beauty attracted many suitors, most importunate being the prince of the Picts. The Italian version pictured by Carpaccio [illegible] that Ursula made [illegible] of this insistent lover; first there he had [illegible] in the Christian faith, second that she should [illegible] to accompany her, each of these and hers[illegible] thousand additional virgins as attendants; thi[illegible] eleven thousand should visit the holy shrines to [illegible] her marriage. We are filled with admiration for [illegible] of a prince who could facilitate the transportation of maidens over land and sea. After Ursula and her [illegible] had received the blessing of the Pope, [illegible] only to be attacked and killed by barbar[illegible] came the patroness of all young girls a[illegible] for and instructed them. The northern [illegible] what from this one. It sets forth that Ursula [illegible] of virgins who wished to accompany her, [illegible] of Britain to escape the unceasing importuning [illegible] rn prince. Except for his part, the subseque[illegible]

DORDRECHT ROAD—HOLLAND.

PHOTOGRAPH taken from life on the dike road west of Dordrecht. Here we get a glimpse of life in Holland—the milk cart drawn by a dog in charge of a [illegible] peasant who, with her industrious compatriot knitting as she walks along, have [illegible] for the picture, the old style windmill forming a fitting background to the scene.

the same. The slanting roof of this tiny chapel, done in carven oak, has three medallions on either side representing the Coronation of the Virgin, glory of St. Ursula and four angels. On either side are three archings. They show the Ursula story thus:

(1) The arrival of the pilgrims at Cologne, where they land; (2) Arrival at Basle, Ursula standing on the wharf as the rest disembark; (3) the Pope and his court at Rome, Ursula kneeling; (4) the Pope and his Cardinals accompanying the pilgrims back to Basle; (5) The attack on the virgins on the banks of the Rhine; (6) Martyrdom of St. Ursula, the Cologne Cathedral in the distance. One end of the chapel is adorned with a figure of the Madonna and Child, worshipped by two of the hospital nuns; the other end, by Ursula sheltering the ten virgins by her cloak. This delicate work, more wonderful when seen with a magnifying glass, was executed by Memlinc after 1480 when he had become familiar with the scenery of the Rhine. The variety of landscape and costume renders the whole peculiarly attractive. It stands today on a revolving table allowing one to inspect each picture in turn. Some of the bones of the saint are supposed to be preserved within this reliquary.

The Academy of Bruges contains two of Jan Van Eyck's paintings: the Madonna of the Canon Van der Paele, and a portrait of his wife. The first was made as an altarpiece for the Cathedral of Bruges. Memlinc and David are also represented.

In 1488 David was commissioned to paint two pictures for the walls of the town-hall, these to be of such a nature that they would serve as reminders to officers of the trust imposed in them. David selected a story related by Herodotus and supposed to have happened during the occupation of Egypt by Cambyses. A judge was proved to have accepted a bribe and because of it rendered a false verdict. Cambyses, who delighted in cruelty, had him put to death and his skin thrown over the judge's chair—whereupon he appointed the son to succeed his father. David pictures the first part of the tale in the first panel, and terror is plainly depicted on the face of the accused man, while a bag of gold in the distance indicates the cause of his undoing. The second represents the son in

CHAPTER XVIII.

Belgium Galleries.

Aside from the churches scattered throughout Belgium, Bruges, Antwerp and Brussels are the places to study the Flemish masters. Bruges, the city of the earliest school, possesses little art other than her own. The Hospital of St. John, organized in the twelfth century and today active in caring for the sick, contains much of Memlinc's painting. The large triptych, the Marriage of St. Catherine, and the smaller one, a Pietá, were both designed as altarpieces. Nothing done by this artist attracts more interest today than his paintings for the Reliquary of St. Ursula. This is a miniature Gothic chapel, approximately three feet long, three feet high and a foot in width. That its pictures may be better understood, it is well to recall the St. Ursula story. Mediæval legend related that Ursula was the only daughter of an early king of Britain. Her physical and spiritual beauty attracted many suitors, most importunate being the prince of the Picts. The Italian version, pictured by Carpaccio, says that Ursula made three conditions attendant upon her acceptance of this insistent lover: first that he and his friends should be baptized in the Christian faith, second that she should have ten virgins to accompany her, each of these and herself to have one thousand additional virgins as attendants; thirdly, that these eleven thousand should visit the holy shrines together before her marriage. We are filled with admiration for the resources of a prince who could facilitate the transportation of so many maidens over land and sea. After Ursula and her betrothed had received the blessing of the Pope, they started homeward, only to be attacked and killed by barbarians. St. Ursula became the patroness of all young girls and those who cared for and instructed them. The northern story differs somewhat from this one. It sets forth that Ursula and a multitude of virgins who wished to accompany her, left the isle of Britain to escape the unceasing importunings of this northern prince. Except for his part, the subsequent story is much

This Gallery offers abundant opportunity to study Rubens in the various periods of his unfolding genius. Christ between two Thieves and the Incredulity of Thomas are among his best religious subjects. The Adoration of the Kings, painted in 1624 for the high altar of the Abbey of St. Michael is entirely by his hand. It should be remembered in connection with Rubens that he developed pupils, after the fashion of Raphael, so imbued with his spirit and manner of treatment that only part of many so-called Rubens' are wholly his work. He invented the design and assigned to his skillful figure painters the laying in of the figures, to those gifted in landscape, other portions. Thus his School was able to supply an astonishing number of orders in a comparatively short time. This Adoration of the Kings is done in the master's bold, fearless manner. The Last Communion of St. Francis, painted as an altarpiece for a Franciscan Chapel, is now here, but the head of St. Francis is not satisfactory. The Prodigal Son is a forceful picture. Grooms are feeding and caring for their horses in the stable; a servant throws a bucket of food to the pigs, glancing with compassion at the Prodigal who kneels with his face bathed in tears. In the picture entitled the Education of the Virgin, the face of Helen Fourment looks forth in the person of the Madonna.

Mythological themes are here as well, in these rooms of Rubens. Jupiter and Antiope, and The Hunt are both well known.

The two pictures generally thought to embody Rubens' best rendering of religious subjects are in the Antwerp Cathedral—the Elevation of the Cross and Descent from the Cross. He is buried in the Rubens Chapel in St. Jacques, its altarpiece being his own work.

Van Dyck's father was attended during his last illness by the Dominican Sisters and he asked his son to paint a picture for their chapel. It was finished in 1629 and remained there until it was sold to the academy in 1785. Its subject is the Crucifixion. Two of his Entombments are here also.

The Antwerp Academy is fortunate in possessing two of Giotto's paintings, one of Fra Angelico's and one Titian.

During the Napoleonic Period, it was decided that France should establish fifteen departmental museums, Brussels being

one of the towns determined upon. An artist was sent to Paris to select works of art from the number previously stolen from Flanders. In 1807 the Museum was opened with a collection of five hundred paintings. Since that time it has continued to grow and in 1880 the entire collection was transferred to the new Palace of Fine Arts.

The two missing panels of Van Eyck's Adoration of the Lamb—those of Adam and Eve—are here. Little of Memlinc is to be seen, his work largely confined to Bruges and Antwerp. A small Pietá and the Head of a Weeping Woman are representative of Roger Van der Weyden. Although more completely represented at Antwerp, Rubens may well be studied in the Brussels Gallery. An Adoration of the Magi, Madonna of the Forget-me-not; an Assumption of the Virgin and Coronation of the Virgin are all here as are also some of his well-known mythological productions. Venus at the Forge of Vulcan, Meleager and Atlanta and Juno setting Argus' Eyes in the Peacock's Tail are of great importance.

Christ Carrying the Cross, or as it is sometimes called, the Ascent to Calvary, is Rubens' own work and a characteristic painting. The centurion on horseback is Rubens himself. Fromentin says of it: "Here we have movement, tumult and agitation in the form, gesture, face, disposition of groups, and oblique cast from below upwards, and from right to left. Christ falls beneath his cross, the mounted escort, the two thieves held and pushed on by their executioners, are all proceeding along the same line, and seem to be scaling the narrow staircase that leads to the execution. Notwithstanding that tree of infamy, those women in tears and grief, that condemned man crawling on his knees, with panting mouth, humid temples and haggard eyes that excite pity, notwithstanding the cries, the terror, the imminent death, it is clear, to whomsoever cares to see, that this equestrian pomp, these flying banners, this cuirassed centurion who turns around on his horse with a graceful gesture,—all this makes us forget the execution, and gives the most manifest idea of a triumph."

Many of the Dutch artists are here represented and this gallery is fortunate in possessing many excellent modern pictures.

CHAPTER XIX.

GALLERIES OF HOLLAND.

The Royal Museum of The Hague contains approximately seven hundred pictures. The nucleus of its splendid collection was a group of paintings acquired by the Princes of Orange, who early encouraged artists by their generous commissions. During the Napoleonic period, with the confidence so characteristic of the time, the French removed the finest pictures from the various galleries of Europe and carried them home to France as spoils. After the Napoleonic spell was broken and each came again into his own, the different countries very properly insisted that their art treasures be returned to them, and in the majority of cases, this was conceded. In spite of the refusal of the king's sanction for the removal of Dutch paintings by the committee of citizens dispatched for them, they were nevertheless obtained, and on the 20th of November, 1815, they reached The Hague, while the pealing of glad bells proclaimed the joy of the populace.

In July of the year 1821 the collection was transferred by the king to the State, numbering then but few more than one hundred paintings. In 1829 King William I. purchased Rembrandt's Lesson in Anatomy. After that until 1874 few pictures were added; latterly the accumulation of works of art has been considerable.

They are housed in what is known as the Mauritshuis, a building with an interesting history. It was originally the palace of Prince John Maurice of Nassau, the governor of Brazil, at the time a Dutch colony. He returned from Brazil in 1664 and erected this building at great cost. Its interior was beautified by costly Brazilian woods. After his death it came into the possession of the Government and in 1704 burned, the walls alone remaining. It was rebuilt on the former plan but while its exterior appearance is the same the interior is simple indeed as compared to the magnificent palace once the pride of Maurice of Nassau. In 1820 by royal decree it was set aside for the uses of art, the collection of the Princes of Orange being transferred to it.

About one-fourth of the paintings are the work of foreign artists—Flemish, German, French and Italian. Several of Rubens are here. a few of Van Dycks, Memlinc and van der Weyden.

Doubtless the Rembrandt room has greatest attraction for visitors. The Anatomy Lesson is one of the master's strongest creations. Beside this are two of his portraits, one of his mother, one of his wife Saskia, and the portrait of an old man, thought to have been his brother. Certain of his biblical scenes are here: Simeon in the Temple and David before Saul being most important. Susanna is his also.

Potter's Bull and the Mirrored Cow belong to this museum. The first hardly deserves the extravagant praise, nor perhaps the scathing criticism, that it has received. It should be remembered that Potter was but twenty-two when he produced it and that his training had been very indifferent. The picture gives remarkable indications of promise and it cannot be doubted that had Potter lived, he would have come into remarkable power.

Having no work of Frans Hals, the government bought two of his pictures in 1881: the portraits of Jacob Olycan and his wife. They are done in the artist's characteristically bold style.

Ferdinand Bol, while under the influence of Rembrandt, occupied himself with biblical subjects some of which are shown here. However, ambitious painters of those years soon found portrait work most alluring from a remunerative standpoint. Before the age of photography, the wealthy burgher liked to have his portrait and those of his family to hang upon the walls of his dwelling; a successful portrait painter always received plenty of commissions and his compensation was commensurate with his abilities and reputation.

Maes is seen to best advantage in Amsterdam but the Royal Museum has two of his pictures. Two landscapes are among the treasures of the collection: the first, Ruisdael's Distant View of Haarlem; the second, Vermeer's View of Delft—his native town. It has been said that all the light he saw fall upon it he concentrated in this one picture. Dou's Household is among the best of the genre paintings.

The Municipal Museum of The Hague devotes two rooms

to the masters, but the majority of its pictures are by modern artists. The largest canvas executed by Jan van Goyen, called *The Hague,* is famous. The Barbizon School is well represented, allowing one to compare men of similar conceptions who developed in nineteenth-century France and Holland.

The Boijmans (or Boymans) Museum in Rotterdam was founded by the bequest of a citizen by that name who died in 1847. He had accumulated over three hundred paintings, most of them by the Dutch masters. A disastrous fire in 1864 destroyed the greater number of them, a loss which can never be compensated. In 1867 a new building was finished for the remaining pictures and since then others have been added until the collection again numbers perhaps four hundred. The ground floor of the building is used by the Rotterdam Public Library, part of it is reserved for the portraits and drawings belonging to the Art Collection.

The collection is rich in landscapes, which fall into two divisions: those which are purely Dutch in style and spirit and those which were done by artists who had become imbued with Italian spirit, either from extended study in Italy or at least extended study of Italian art. Only the first are interesting to the student of Dutch art unless the subject is to be exhaustively explored.

Several of Ruisdael's are here: his Wheatfield, where one sees the harvesters resting from the morning work, while a half-mown field testifies to their earnest labor. The picture shows the influence of Rembrandt. The Shady Road, and Old Fish Market at Amsterdam are both important.

Hobbema has two views, the first a wooded landscape, and so entitled. The sun is piercing through black clouds, lighting the center, while both back and foreground lie in shadow. A woman and boy are fording a stream, bordered with willows. The second is a water scene; people are fishing in light boats and beyond can be seen a peasant's cottage.

Albert Cuyp, whose tastes were broad and varied, is represented by The Stable and a View of the River in the Morning: Van Goyen by a river scene, Nicholas Maes by the Portrait of a Gentleman and Lady.

Jan Steen is happily shown by two of his humorous pictures: The Feast of St. Nicholas, wherein a little girl has

found plenty of sweets and dainties in her stocking and the little boy only a switch; and the Operator—an amusing picture wherein a quack surgeon pretends to have removed a stone from a dullard's head to the latter's deep perplexity and the bystanders' intense amusement.

Four rooms are given up to the masters and two to modern painters. Mauve is represented among these.

The largest art gallery in Holland is the Rijks (or Ryks) Museum in Amsterdam. It boasts three thousand pictures. This collection dates back to a decree of Louis Bonaparte in 1808 sanctioning its establishment. Some ninety paintings which the French had spared in their plundering were collected as a nucleus. Others were later recovered. The collection in time outgrew its building and a new one was begun in 1877, being completed in 1885.

The ground floor contains much that has historic interest. It is devoted to Industrial Arts and its museum includes musical instruments, furniture, household utensils and costumes which have been known in Holland from earliest times.

The distinctive feature of the picture gallery is the Gallery of Honor, at the end of which until recently hung Rembrandt's Night Watch. Here it was displayed to great advantage and was particularly effective when viewed at a distance. Recently, there being some dissatisfaction with the light supplied to it, the picture has been given a room to itself, the difficulty now being that it has no prospective and is, as it were, closeted.

Four rooms open off the Gallery of Honor on either side. In the first Jan Steen's Devil's Safeguard and Potter's Bear-Hunt are best known; in the second, Ruisdael's beautiful Waterfall and pictures of Jan van Goyen. The third has many of Nicholas Maes' paintings—noteworthy among them the Endless Prayer, showing him still under the influence of his teacher, Rembrandt. Dead poultry, by Weenix and the Dance of Salome by Bol claim attention. In the fifth, Bol's allegorical work Education and his Naaman the Syrian; Cuyp's Fighting Fowl in the sixth; Frans Hals and his wife in the seventh and Weenix's Dead Game in the eighth—all these are pictures of rare qualities.

Besides the Hals mentioned, his Jolly Toper and a copy

of his Jester—the original being in the possession of Baron Rothschild in Paris—are important. Dou and Van Steen are both well represented and one of Rembrandt's masterpieces, the Syndics of the Guild of Drapers, is satisfying to many who find the Night Watch perplexing.

Hobbema's Water-mill is one of his most gratifying productions. "The composition offers on the right a large overshot water-mill, and an adjoining red-tiled house, backed with clusters of trees. A stream flows along the front, beyond which is some level ground, where a man and a boy are seen approaching and a woman standing at a tub washing. The distance is terminated with clumps of trees and low hedges, enclosing meadows, over which passes a gleam of sunshine."

A view of Amsterdam by Van der Veldes, gives a survey of the city, with its ships, docks and prominent buildings.

The Municipal Museum (called also the Stedekijk) was established to display the work of nineteenth century artists. Ten of Israels' pictures are here and Mauve's famous Sheep of the Dunes. The collection was begun in 1892 to give dutiful honor to painters of today.

The Six collection, housed in the residence of Professor Six, contains many fine examples of seventeenth century paintings. Originally a collection of family portraits, it has expanded to include pictures famous in many lands.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PRADO.

The Prado in Madrid contains the greatest collection of paintings in Spain. It is frequently called a "congress of masterpieces," being a royal collection which has been amassed to please rather than to illustrate the gradual development of art. Like all private collections, it indicates principally the personal tastes of those who helped in its accumulation. For generations pictures had been collected in the various palaces and royal residences. Finally in the reign of Ferdinand VII. it was determined to provide a place for many of the best paintings which were rapidly deteriorating in damp rooms and closets. By November, 1819, three rooms were ready with three hundred pictures. When later various convents and monasteries were suppressed, their paintings were added, and today the Prado Gallery contains more than two thousand canvases.

The presiding genius of the gallery is Titian. His works have influenced Spanish art as those of no other artist. Among native painters, far transcending the rest is Velazquez. Murillo may be studied to advantage, and Rubens is seen here as nowhere else, for his work in Spain was done in a rare mood.

Among early Spanish paintings, six of Ribalta are to be found. His *St. Jerome* and *St. Paul the Hermit* are among his strongest. Zuburan, while seen better in Seville, is represented by the *Vision of San Pedro Nolasco* and the paintings of several of the saints. These are among his most successful productions. He attempted the *Labor of Hercules* but soon showed that he was ill adapted to other than religious subjects.

One room is given over to the work of Joseph de Ribera. His masterpiece, the *Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew,* shows to advantage his free, bold drawing. Subjects of this kind were greatly in demand at the time, although Ribera occasionally showed that he could paint in a less tragic vein.

To see El Greco to fullest satisfaction one should go to Toledo. The Prado possesses several of his portraits, even in these his capacity for dramatic composition being visible.

The earliest painters are seldom represented in this col-

lection. It should be remembered that art was everywhere the handmaid of the Church but in no country more truly so than in Spain. Pacheco wrote: "The chief end of works of art is to persuade men to piety and bring them to God." So long as artists clung slavishly to this belief or so long as they were compelled to observe it in order to obtain commissions, any free expression was impossible. This largely accounts for the general absence of the *genre* pictures, so popular in Holland. The early Spanish painters may be studied today in churches, for which their principal paintings were made. To be sure, some of these paintings later found their way into the various galleries but few of them are shown to advantage at the Prado.

Spain is fortunate to have kept most of Velazquez's productions at home. *The Surrender of Breda* is regarded as one of his finest triumphs.

"A vast and spacious sky full of light and vapour, richly laid in with pure ultramarine, mingles its azure with the blue distances of an immense landscape where sheets of water gleam with silver. Here and there incendiary smoke ascends from the ground in fantastic wreaths and joins the clouds of the sky. In the foreground on each side, a numerous group is massed; here the Flemish troops, there the Spanish troops, leaving for the interview between the vanquished and victorious generals an open space which Velazquez has made a luminous opening with a glimpse of the distance where the glitter of the regiments and standards is indicated by a few masterly touches.

"The Marquis of Spinola, bareheaded with hat and staff of command in hand, in his black armour damascened with gold, welcomes with a chivalrous courtesy that is affable and almost affectionate, as is customary between enemies who are generous and worthy of mutual esteem, the Governor of Breda, who is bowing and offering him the keys of the city in an attitude of noble humiliation.

"Flags quartered with white and blue, their fold agitated by the wind, break in the happiest manner the straight lines of the lances held upright by the Spaniards. The horse of the Marquis, represented almost foreshortened from the rear and with its head turned, is a skilful invention to tone down military symmetry, so unfavorable to painting.

"It would not be easy to convey in words the chivalric pride and the Spanish grandeur which distinguish the heads of the officers forming the General's staff. They express the calm joy of triumph, tranquil pride of race, and familiarity with great events. These personages would have no need to bring proofs for their admittance into the orders of Santiago and Calatrava. Their bearing would admit them, so unmistakably are they hidalgos. Their long hair, their turned-up moustaches, their pointed beards, their steel gorgets, their corselets or their buff doublets render them in advance ancestral portraits to hang up, with their arms blazoned on the corner of the canvas, in the galleries of old castles. No one has known so well as Velazquez how to paint the gentleman with the superb familiarity, and, so to speak, as equal to equal."[1]

Quite as interesting will always be his portraits of the royal family. Philip IV. and his idolized son Prince Balthazar Carlos he painted again and again. The Infanta Margarita was likewise a favorite subject. The dwarfs and curious creatures maintained at the Court for diversion were often subjects for his brush, and one of his most charming pictures is *Las Meninas*—the Maids of Honor—who stand by the little princess, forming a picturesque and natural group.

The Tapestry Weavers is a wonderful picture. "The foreground, bathed in warm and transparent shadows, shows a workshop in which women are employed in spinning thread. In a second room at the back, communicating with it by a wide arcade, female visitors to the factory are examining a tapestry of mythological subject that is illuminated by a flood of sunlight. It is hot outside, and the air inside is stifling; so the workers have taken off their outer garments for greater comfort. All are occupied at some task or other. In the center, a superb old woman, with the figure of a fate, holds a distaff and with her foot turns a wheel so rapidly as to make the spokes invisible. On the left, a girl is pulling aside a large red curtain; on the right another, whose facial beauty is left to the imagination, is winding off a skein on a frame—her chemise, clinging to her humid back, leaves one shoulder exposed and reveals a neck bathed with perspiration. Two other girls are carding and winding thread. That is all; and

[1] Gautier.

this scene, so simple so intimately familiar, has sufficed for Velazquez to produce a masterpiece.

"We know of no picture in which the perfect and sudden action is more vitally surprised on the spot, or more fully expressed. We feel that the artist has taken less pains to render women occupied in some task than in rendering a piece of nature, an *ensemble* seized and copied at a particular moment under a determined light.

"He saw in this scene an entire picture, with its planes, gradations, backgrounds and aerial envelope. Here, as in physical life, the atmosphere and the individuals share in the same movement and vibration. Therefore what reality there is here! And how everything holds together in this astonishing painting! It all lives and palpitates; and Art has never succeeded in giving the illusion of reality to such a degree."[1]

When compared to the universal art of Velazquez, Murillo is provincial. Whereas the master belongs to all times and will remain understood of all men, Murillo belonged to a definite age and was best understood by his townsmen. He expressed the ecstatic joy of pious folk in the region of Seville and among them he has always been fondly loved. The Prado possesses many of his pictures, four of his Immaculate Conceptions alone being here. The Christ Child pictured as a Shepherd, one arm tenderly encircling a lamb, the other clasping a crook, robed in a red tunic and a garment of sheepskin, and another showing him fast asleep with his head pillowed on a cross are among Murillo's most popular subjects.

Raphael, Correggio, Paul Veronese and numerous Italians of worldwide fame may be seen in this collection. Fewer of the Dutch and German productions are here.

Goya is to be seen in his designs for tapestries for the royal palaces as well as in portraits of the royal family and Spanish nobles.

The Museo Provincial in Seville was once the home of a wealthy monastery. Today its old convent church is used as an art gallery. Most important of its rooms is the Salon de Murillo. Twenty of the gentle painter's pictures are hung upon its walls. One of the best is the one in which St. Thomas is shown giving aid to the poor. The *Vision of St. Anthony* is well known.

[1] Lafond.

CHAPTER XXI.

GERMAN ART GALLERIES.

Dresden has been called the Florence of Germany because of its superb masterpieces. Perhaps the most wonderful picture ever painted is here in a room reserved for it alone: Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Green curtains are drawn apart to reveal the heavenly vision—the Mother offering the Child to the world. Pope Sixtus kneels on one side—whence the name—St. Barbara on the other. Only by their downward glances are we made aware of the world of men beneath, for which they are importuning. The expression of the Madonna is of deepest, truest spiritual insight. If ever man painted *soul,* Raphael did so on this occasion. And the Babe, mutely eloquent in the far-seeing eyes, renders language inadequate. Clouds of cherub faces surround Mother and Child, transcending the glory of the vision. The cherubs below were probably added as an afterthought, the clouds evidently having been painted underneath them.

This picture was painted at the order of the Benedictine monks of San Siste at Piocenza. Later, not appreciating its rare worth, they sold it to the Elector of Saxony, from whose collection it became a part of the Dresden Gallery.

Excepting this matchless canvas, none other is more universally loved than Correggio's Holy Night, or Nativity. Scores of artists have painted their dream of that night when two thousand years ago was born to Mary a son destined to change the history of the world. It matters little whether one finds the miracle of birth sufficient, or whether it is felt to be enhanced by legends that have come to cluster around it. Historically it happened that a Jewish peasant and his wife came into Bethlehem one winter night, and finding the inns crowded, took refuge in a stable, where a child was born. The Jews at this time were paying tribute to the Romans and there was much dissatisfaction rife among them. They were looking for one whom their prophets had said should come to reclaim the nation and bring them once more into their own.

They awaited a king who might revive the splendor of Solomon's court and give them once more a standing among the nations. Instead a religious and moral teacher developed among them. He taught peace and good will; he advocated fraternal love among men, fair dealing, and justice tempered with mercy; simplicity of heart and gentleness of spirit; and it must always be regretted that for two thousand years many of his followers have proved themselves ever ready to center their attention upon details of his life which, whether true or false, were of small moment, and reluctant to give even slight attention to the spirit of his teaching, which was fundamental. Long after his ministry was ended, when the wonder of his kindliness, compassion and humility were marvelled upon in a cruel, sordid and selfish age, no miracle was deemed too great to have accompanied his advent, and the stories which have charmed for centuries were told—of the brilliant star, the chorus of angels that heralded glad tidings that a Prince of Peace had been born among men. And each year as a Christian world celebrates a festival in memory of this coming, it little matters that it falls, not upon the exact date, as scholars have determined it; or whether the pretty stories interlinked with it are emphasized or not, for it means the sanctification of birth and little children and the loving care which they require; the dawn of a new attitude toward others—which has resulted not alone in philanthropic institutions but in an altruism that has made, and is still making, the world a better place in which to live.

No two Nativities are alike; many are wholly different from this; and it is apparent that the painter has felt no obligation to adhere to history. No mother who had toiled up the way to Bethlehem could have exemplified such a carefree tranquillity as this. But it is a beautiful picture, and its light, breaking on the hills in the distance, is significant of the light that was to break upon the gloom of hating, warring men throughout the earth.

Two other Correggios should be mentioned: the Madonna of St. Francis painted in 1514 for the Franciscans of Correggio (the painter is remembered by the name of his native town), and the Madonna of St. Sebastian.

Titian's Tribute Money is one of the famous pictures

of the Dresden collection. He caught the moment when the crafty Pharisee thought to entrap the gentle teacher, of whom the Roman official afterwards said "I find no fault in this man," into some expression which might be interpreted as treason to Roman sovereignty. Divining his purpose, with a grave look of compassion upon one who wished his injury, he made reply, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

Titian's daughter, Lavina, is here to be seen, once with a fan—probably a bride; once as a matron. This tireless painter never wearied of placing his daughter, who was his pride upon canvas. His busy life of more than ninety-five years was finally cut short before its natural falling off by the plague that harassed Venice. His words to the monks of Frari, wherein he was buried, are significant. "The mountains of Cadore are dear to me; the rushing water of the Pleve are dear to me; and the murmur of the wind in the pine trees in my far-away home. But bury me not there. Promise to bury me here, in the city where I have done my life's work, bury me in this Church, where first I was successful, and I will live on that promise long enough to paint you yet another Christ—the Christ of pity! It shall be nearer to the real Christ than any I have yet painted, for I am the nearer to him myself!"

Dresden possesses some twenty-five hundred paintings and few can be mentioned here. Paul Veronese is represented by his Marriage at Cana and the Finding of Moses. Many other Italians are given place, the collection supplying fair opportunity for studying the Renaissance of Italy.

Dutch paintings are many. Rembrandt may be seen to advantage and Ruisdael, Hobbema, Vermeer of Delft and Jan Steen are all represented.

We are particularly concerned with German art as it is revealed by the German art galleries, and three of Dürer's—a Crucifixion, a portrait of Bernard van Orley and the Dresden altar—may be seen. A German mother bends over a babe of no nationality whatever: the babe is one of Dürer's sorriest figures. On one side is St. Anthony, on the other, St. Sebastian. Dürer's genius is rather to be seen in the details. His work as a goldsmith made him painstaking and accurate in the slightest particular.

to the townhall at Haarlem, Frans Hals is best seen here. His famous Witch of Haarlem is one of the ten masterpieces proudly included in this collection. The Dutch landscape and genre painters are well illustrated. Among the genre pictures Jan Vermeer's Lady with the Pearl Necklace and Maes' Peeling Apples deserve special note.

In addition to this splendid gallery Berlin has also the Royal National Gallery, housed in a structure resembling a Corinthian temple. This was founded in 1861 and does honor to modern artists, whose works alone are shown. More than one thousand paintings, two hundred sculptures, and thousands of water colors are exhibited, most of them the work of Germans, although for the past twenty years others from other countries have been added.

Diaz, Millet, and Constable may be seen to advantage, also Adolf Menzel (1815-1905), who had considerable influence upon art in the later part of the nineteenth century. Albert Brendel (1827-1895), an excellent cattle painter, is represented.

Boecklin's most popular painting, The Hermit and Spring Day, reveals his creative power and idealism. The first is deservedly loved. At break of day an old hermit takes his violin and goes before the Virgin's shrine to pour forth his flood of melody, nor is he, in his rapt devotion, aware of the three little bright winged angels who have drawn near to listen. The changing light of the dawn is transforming the world into fresh beauty and soon the morning pæon of the birds will swell the measure of his praise.

After these two magnificent centers of art, Dresden and Berlin, the galleries of Munich seem less resplendent. Yet the collection of the old masters, known as the Pinakothek Collection, contains priceless pictures. A little masterpiece of Meister Wilhelm of Cologne is here: St. Veronica with the Handkerchief. The legend was told in the Middle Ages that Veronica wiped the brow of the suffering Christ, bowed under the burden of the cross, whereupon an imprint of his thorn-crowned face was immediately stamped upon her kerchief. This is the story of the painting.

The Four Apostles, done by Dürer for his native town and afterwards shamelessly sold by it, are in Munich.

"What masterly finish there is in the execution! Such as is only suited to a subject of such sublime meaning. What dignity and sublimity pervade these heads of varied character! What simplicity and majesty in the lines of the drapery! What sublime and statue-like repose in their movements! The colouring, too, is perfect: true to nature in its power and warmth. Well might the artist now close his eyes. He had in this picture attained the summit of art: here he stands side by side with the greatest masters known in history."[1]

Portraits by him and by Holbein are important, as are many Dutch and Italian paintings which well repay the visitor a journey thither.

The modern gallery, although complete in no department and in the works of even the best artists, is sadly deficient, nevertheless has much to interest the student of nineteenth-century painting.

[1] Crowe.

CHAPTER XXII.

ART IN THE LOUVRE.

The Louvre was once a French palace; its history is lost in uncertainty, yet modern investigation has cleared up many facts in connection with the contributions and changes made in the building itself by succeeding kings. It was finally joined to the Palace of the Tuileries, which was destroyed during the French Revolution. The famous collection of paintings which now occupies the first floor, with three additional rooms recently added on the second, is one of the most valuable in the world. While other picture galleries contain single paintings of greater worth than any here, the Louvre is distinguished as being probably the most representative of all painters and periods. The collection was begun by Francis I., who induced several Italian painters of note to assemble at his court. Subsequent rulers added to the nucleus of pictures he had accumulated, and before the time of Napoleon the collection had grown to large proportions. Napoleon's pillages have been frequently mentioned in connection with countries whose art treasures he shamelessly exported to France, yet we seldom realize how tremendous were these wholesale appropriations of priceless paintings.

"From Italy, Holland, Austria, and Spain came the caravans of precious objects which he had pillaged. Immense wagons, carts, vans of every description were laden with boxes and bales to the number of thousands. As they were landed from the ships on the Seine, the Parisians swarmed over the quays in vast herds, greeting each new arrival with cheers. The huge crates were all marked with the names of the contents, and as one after another was carried away, the crowds would fall in behind, screaming a welcome to the pictures or statues, and escort them in triumph to the Louvre. These processions have been likened to Cæsar's triumphal returns to Rome, laden with the spoils and captives of his conquered countries."

It is gratifying to all art lovers to know that after the hopes of the aspiring world-conqueror were shattered at Waterloo,

the victorious nations insisted upon the return of the greater portion of these spoils, in spite of the indignation in France attendant upon their removal.

Of the three thousand paintings today in the Louvre, it is possible to mention only the gems of the gallery and a few paintings of French artists. Before the recent disappearance of Mona Lisa, six of Leonardo's oil-paintings were here—the Madonna of the Rocks being second only in importance to the more famous picture. Eighteen of Titian's are shown, the Entombment being regarded generally as the most remarkable among them. The Madonna of the Rabbit, the Pilgrims of Emmaus, and, among mythological subjects, Jupiter and Antiope, are all striking examples of his genius. Only two by Correggio have found their way thither—one a mythological subject, the other, his Marriage of St. Catherine. The story was told of St. Catherine that in youth she was widely sought in marriage but found none of her suitors to her liking. In a dream one night the Christ Child placed a ring upon her finger and awakening in the morning she found it still there. She interpreted this to imply that she should spend her life in religious work, which thereafter engrossed her.

Raphael's Madonna of the Garden is best known of his thirteen productions in Paris. Del Sarto's Holy Family; Ghirlandajo's Visitation, and two of Paul Veronese's paintings; the Marriage at Cana and Feast in the House of Simon the Pharisee, both acquisitions of the Napoleonic period, are rarely prized. Under names of this kind Veronese painted scenes of his own day and it has been thought that many of the faces seen in both pictures are portraits of his contemporaries. "Thus, among the guests in the Marriage of Cana, some have recognized, or thought they recognized, Francis I., Charles V., the Sultan Soliman I., Eleanor of Austria, the Queen of France, Mary Queen of England, the Marquis of Guastella, the Marquis of Pescara, the celebrated Vittoria Colonna, etc. In the group of musicians placed in the center of the long table, in the shape of a horse-shoe, may be recognized with more certainty Paul Veronese himself, dressed in white silk, seated and playing on the violoncello."

Here is Murillo's Holy Family, and, more beautiful still, his Immaculate Conception which one feels to be almost in-

spired. In spite of a sentimentalism that renders his work secondary to much that is less pleasing but more sincere, people are as a rule attracted by these pictures.

Twenty-three of Van Dyck's, including his famous portrait of Charles the First with his horse, the unfortunate king's children, and several portraits, one of the artist himself, may be seen. Ruben's portrait of Helen Fourment, with her little son and daughter, is given place in the Salon Carré, where are hung only the finest paintings. Rubens is further represented by fifty-three paintings, thirty of them forming the Maria de Medici series, executed by the Flemish artist for the queen's apartments in the Luxembourg Palace, and now hung in the Rubens Salon. With an exaggerated conception of her importance, Maria de Medici, queen of France, commissioned Rubens to present her life in a series of scenes, these to exemplify the trend of her career. Fulsome flattery thus required of the artist, he fulfilled her order to the letter. Beginning with the Fates measuring out her portion, she is shown to have been educated by Minerva, Apollo and the Graces, or more truthfully, her presence with these deities is symbolic of her education. Juno and Jupiter are present at her marriage, and thus the incidents of importance are recorded. These pictures were done in Rubens' studio in Antwerp and are largely the work of his pupils, although the master himself finished them, retouching here and there, and his designs were used throughout.

Two rooms are devoted largely to Rembrandt's pictures, showing him in every phase of his work. The Home of the Carpenter—a rendering of the Holy Family—Christ at Emmaus, and several of his portraits are well known.

Velazquez may be studied in seven paintings—the greatest being the Infanta Marguerita, wonderfully sweet and simple, and one of the best child portraits ever executed.

Aside from works of the greatest masters, those whose time is limited should give special attention to the study of French painters, whose works are frequently shown incompletely in other galleries. There is much satisfaction to be gained from viewing a painter's work in his native land.

Among the French Primitives, the Last Judgment by Jean Cousin deserves mention—less because of any intrinsic value of the picture itself than because he belongs to the earliest

PRINCE CHARLES.—VELASQUEZ.

French school. Two portraits by François Clouet—Charles IX. and Elizabeth of Austria—are among the earliest French productions.

Le Sueur (1616-1655) was a contemporary of Le Brun, who far outshadowed him. Le Sueur's pictures illustrating the life of St. Bruno, founder of the Carthusian Order, are in the Louvre. Lebrun's scenes from the life of Alexander, in which guise he glorified the career of Louis XIV. appear theatrical and extravagant in comparison.

Nicholas Poussin is represented by nearly forty pictures—religious, historical, mythological, as well as landscapes. His Rape of the Sabines is forceful. The Four Seasons are allegorically represented by biblical scenes: Spring, by Adam and Eve in Paradise; Summer by Ruth in the field of Boaz; Autumn by the great clusters of grapes, brought by the spies in Canaan; Winter by the Deluge. These have been popular and highly praised by the French but less favorably by foreign critics.

Poussin, it will be remembered, studied for years in Italy and when he returned to Paris by invitation of the king, French painters uninfluenced by the Italian masters so derided his work that he shortly went back to Italy, never to return. Before taking leave of France he painted a picture as a last shot to his enemies: Time Rescuing Truth from the Attacks of Envy and Discord. This is unique among his productions.

Claude Lorrain created his own serene world, far remote from the hard lot of humanity. His pictures are often characterized by groups of trees, arranged like curtains on either side of the scene. Limitless vistas rest the eye and delectable mountains rise—criticized by some as unlike real ranges, but wholly appropriate for his scenes, which are quite as unreal. The landing of Cleopatra at Tarsus, the Village Dance and many of his Seaports are found in this collection.

During the first portion of the eighteenth century art reflected the insincerity of the age. Louis XV. had succeeded, and the rigid rule of his illustrious predecessor given way to a laxity and license previously unknown. Madame Pompadour exercised the controlling voice and she favored Boucher (1704-1779), whose work was now greatly in demand. Watteau transferred to canvas the spirit of the times as reflected in the

gay life of the court, light and unsubstantial, like the very basis upon which it stood. Confining his subjects to those pertaining to the *noblesse,* they supplied his patronage. The Embarkment for Cythera is best among his pictures in the Louvre.

"Observe all that ground lightly coated with a transparent and golden varnish, all that ground covered with rapid strokes of the brush lightly laid on with a delicate touch. Notice that green of the trees shot through with red tones, penetrated with quivering air, and the vaporous light of autumn. Notice the delicate water-colour effect of thick oil, the general smoothness of the canvas, the relief of this pouch or hood; notice the full modelling of the little faces with their glances in the confused outlines of the eye and their smiles in the suggested outlines of the mouth. . . . And the spirit and the gallantry of touch of Watteau's brush in the feminine trifles and headdresses and finger tips—and everything it approaches! And the harmony of those sunlit distances, those mountains of rosy snow, those waters of verdurous reflections; and again those rays of sunlight falling upon robes of rose and yellow, mauve petticoats, blue mantles, shot-coloured vests, and little white dogs with fiery spots. For no painter has equalled Watteau in rendering beautifully coloured objects transfigured by a ray of sunlight, their soft fading and that kind of diffused blossoming of their brilliancy under the full light. Let your eyes rest for a moment on that band of pilgrims of both sexes hurrying, beneath the setting sun, towards the galley of love that is about to set sail: there is the joyousness of the most adorable colours in the world surprised in a ray of the sun, and all that haze and tender silk in the radiant shower involuntarily remind you of those brilliant insects, that we find dead, but with still living colours, in the golden glow of a piece of amber. This picture is the wonder of wonders of this master.[1]"

In strong contrast to these visions of thistledown lightness were the productions by a genre painter of different mind—Chardin, who found his themes among the simple people. The Blessing, the Busy Mother, the Housekeeper—these are subjects similar to those of Dou and other of the Dutch genre painters. In the clear judgment of an age more than one hundred years removed, we find far greater satisfaction in these

[1] De Goncourt.

commonplace subjects, charming in composition and true to nature, than in all the artificiality of court life, however enticing the scenes. Watteau, who concealed his life-long suffering in much the manner of Stevenson, pictured the life around him with grace and charm, but we can see the unrest that the nobles try in vain to dispel and hear the ominous words of the king: "After me the deluge!" In Chardin's naïve canvases we find elements common to all countries and all ages and the truth of his portrayals appeal to us deeply.

The Napoleonic period produced many of the masterpieces of David. He was a devout follower of the antique, and his work reveals the bent of the sculptor as well as the painter. The Coronation of Napoleon is regarded as his most important work. The painter, too near the event to see it in its true relation, could not know that the triumphal moment he had recorded was destined to be of fleeting significance, nor to imagine that a future generation would smile in recalling the conqueror's words when he viewed the painting completed. "C'est bien, tres bien; David, je vous salue."

Gerard and Ingres were pupils of David. Gerard was rated more highly in his own day than at present. He painted portraits, and several historical pieces as well. His Cupid and Psyche is widely known. Ingres ever maintained the principles of David and the classic school. He believed that "in Nature all is form." But the romantic movement under the leadership of Delacroix was destined to overthrow the theories of the older school and to substitute contemporaneous life and nature in place of the antique.

For years the war between classic and romantic schools waged bitterly. The Academy was for a long time under the control of the classicists and impressionists were practically excluded from the yearly exhibitions. Meantime a new school arose, made up for the most part of landscape painters, and known as the School of 1830 or the Barbizon School. Several painters left Paris, where French art centered, and went into the Forest of Fontainebleau to study nature and follow the guidance of her teaching rather than attempt longer to adhere to rules and principles which failed to satisfy them. The little town of Barbizon, so simple and devoid of comfort that an old barn served some years as a rallying place, became their

home. From the first dawn of morning until the last ray had darkened at night they were at work. Then canvases and brushes were stowed away in hollow trunks of trees until they should be needed next day. Surely in modern times no group of men ever lived more thoroughly in harmony with Nature.

All at work upon trees, vistas and skies, the differences among their pictures are explained by the difference in temperament existing in the men themselves. Rousseau painted proud, gnarled trees, in russet yellow foliage. Always impersonal, he was the only one of the group of whom it could not be said: to them landscape was not a scene but a condition of soul. He chose to let Nature manifest herself through his pictures, as Holbein had chosen to let character reveal itself in his portraits. A master of drawing, possessing qualities of the sculptor as well as the painter, he continued to experiment, turning restlessly from one phase of Nature to another. Several of his paintings are in the Louvre: An Opening in the Forest at Fontainebleau, The Marsh, The Storm, and Along the River are perhaps best known.

Rousseau loved to paint on cold, gray days, when shadows were dark and forms of objects striking. Avoiding people, finding companionship in trees more to his liking, he placed them on canvas as no one else has ever done.

In decided contrast are the landscapes of Corot, who never set up his easel upon days best suited to his friend Rousseau. Corot's life was happy and genial. He never grew old. Warm-hearted, content to paint, indifferent to compensation and using it when received largely for the relief of friends, all who came in contact with him shared his generous, whole-hearted sympathy and joy. He loved the springtime best, when trees were just leafing out in shimmering mists of green. He seldom painted the oak—Rousseau's favorite tree—liking better the aspen, the willow, and the silver birch, whose tremulous leaves reflected fleeting, shimmering glimpses of the light. In the Louvre may be seen his Dance of the Nymphs, wherein Nature dances with them in leaf and bough. To fully appreciate Corot one should recall his love of music and the sense of rhythm that his compositions suggest. Early morning or twilight—these were his favorite hours. The joyous songs of birds can be felt in his pictures of the dawn; the soothing murmur of

drowsiness in those of closing day. Evening, Morning, Landscape with Cows and many others are here.

Diaz, another of the little group, was of Spanish birth, and Spanish tendencies and characteristics frequently manifest themselves in his pictures. It has well been said these are not landscapes—for there is no land. Trees are everywhere, painted always in the full flood of summer or the rich warmth of autumn. Light scintillates and sparkles among the leaves as when caught by precious gems. Under the Trees, The Bohemians, A Birch Tree Study—these are important and characteristic of his genius. He expostulated with Millet for his selection of themes. "You paint stinging nettles and I prefer roses," he insisted. Yet Millet's "stinging nettles," if so they may be characterized, are destined to live, while Diaz' roses are forgotten.

Duprè supplies the minor note—the wail of the violin in its deepest grief. A passionate creature, who was keenly sensible and acutely conscious of the tragic element in Nature, he painted the forest when a wild tempest tortured the trees and bent their boughs, tearing the leaves and scattering them broadcast; the sky lurid with angry light or threatening with clouds; the set when lashed into fury; the desolate steeple when around it wailed and moaned the wind, vibrating with all the sounds of agony and grief and suffering it had heard as it swept over land and main. Even in his Sun Smiling After the Storm it is the storm one feels rather than the peace that followed. This and several of his Oaks are in the Louvre.

Daubigny, influenced by these men of original genius, is perhaps rightly included with them. He loved the country as they loved Nature. Fields of corn, wide reaches of waving grasses, glorious apple trees in snowy bloom, farm houses, old mills—country scenes where one feels rather than sees humanity, supplied his subjects. And sometimes the tenants are included in the pictures. The Louvre contains some of his Springtimes and river scenes. Much of his life was spent on the Oise, mooring wherever his fancy led him.

Constant Troyon (1810-1865) was primarily a cattle painter. He studied in Holland and found Cuyp a safer guide than Potter. His Oxen Going to Work hangs in the Louvre; the animals seem to breathe as they patiently move over the

steaming earth. The Return to the Farm was presented to the French government by his mother after the painter's death.

Greatest of the Barbizon school was Millet, whose rare talents are today everywhere recognized. His noblest production, the Gleaners, is here, together with Burning Weeds, The Winnower, and others.

"Burning Weeds is one of the single-figure compositions Millet was so fond of, where a solitary woman stands in a landscape that tells its own story and so helps to tell hers. Here she is leaning on her three-pronged rake, looking down at a burning mound of dry leaves and twigs. She has been clearing the ground and all about her is the dry, hubbly earth, and back, against which she is silhouetted, is the illimitable sky, enveloping all. There is infinite patience, a calmness born of long experience, a oneness with stern nature in this admirably drawn and poised figure, which is in a shadow that is only lightened on her left shoulder and down the left half of her heavy apron. Scarcely any of Millet's pictures are fuller of poetry than is this little canvas. . . .

"The Winnower is still another interior, and one with even less light is the barn wherein is the winnower. Coming from the left, which is the direction from which comes the light also, is the man, bent almost double backwards under the weight of an enormous flat, scuttle-shaped basket. This is filled with grain and from it a cloud of chaff arises. The laborer is in strict profile, dressed in a gray waistcoat and blue overalls. As he staggers across the barn the light strikes against his back and hits his left hand, thus making a spot of brilliancy toward the center of the picture and helping to balance the composition. It is only the simplest sort of scene, of a bit of rough peasant life. But by the arrangement of light, by the choice of sympathetic if very quiet colors, by very excellent and very forceful drawing, it would be a splendid piece of work even without the attribute that was in everything Millet did,—that soul-quality without which none of his canvases would be truly his."[2]

"MONA LISA."

"*La Giaconda* is, in the truest sense, Leonardo's masterpiece, the revealing instance of his mode of thought and work.

[2] Potter.

In suggestiveness, only the *Melancholia* of Dürer is comparable to it; and no crude symbolism disturbs the effect of its subdued and graceful mystery. We all know the face and hands of the figure, set in the marble chair, in that cirque of fantastic rocks, as in some faint light under sea. Perhaps of all ancient pictures time has chilled it least. As often happens with works in which invention seems to reach its limit, there is an element in it given to, not invented by, the master. In that inestimable folio of drawings, once in the possession of Vassaria, were certain designs by Verrocchio, faces of such impressive beauty that Leonardo in his boyhood copied them many times. It is hard not to connect with these designs of the elder by-past master, as with its germinal principle, the unfathomable smile, always with a touch of something sinister in it, which plays over all Leonardo's work. Besides, the picture is a portrait. From childhood we see this image defining itself on the fabric of his dreams; and but for express historical testimony, we might fancy that this was but his ideal lady, embodied and beheld at last. What was the relationship of a living Florentine to this creature of his thought? By what strange affinities had she and the dream grown thus apart, yet so closely together? Present from the first, incorporeal in Leonardo's thought, dimly traced in the designs of Verrocchio, she is found present at last in Il Giocondo's house. That there is much of mere portraiture in the picture is attested by the legend that by artificial means, the presence of mimes and flute players, that subtle expression was protracted on the face. Again, was it in four years and by renewed labor never really completed, or in four months and as by stroke of magic, that the image was projected?

The presence that thus so strangly rose beside the waters is expressive of what in the ways of a thousand years man had come to desire. Hers is the head upon which all "the ends of the world are come," and the eyelids are a little weary. It is a beauty wrought out from within upon the flesh, the deposit, little cell by cell, of strange thoughts and fantastic reveries and exquisite passions. Set it for a moment beside one of those white Greek goddesses or beautiful women of antiquity, and how would they be troubled by this beauty into which the soul with all its maladies has passed? All the thoughts and experi-

ence of the world have etched and moulded there in that which they have of power to refine and make expressive the outward form, the animalism of Greece, the lust of Rome, the reverie of the middle age with its spiritual ambition and imaginative loves, the return of the pagan world, the sins of the Borgias. She is older than the rocks among which she sits; like the vampire, she has been dead many times, and learned the secrets of the grave; and has been a diver in deep seas, and keeps their fallen day about her; and trafficked for strange webs with Eastern merchants; and, as Leda, was mother of Helen of Troy, and as Saint Anne, the mother of Mary; and all this has been to her but as the sound of lyres and flutes, and lives only in the delicacy with which it has moulded the changing lineaments and tinged the eyelids and the hands. The fancy of a perpetual life, sweeping together ten thousand experiences, is an old one; and modern thought has conceived the idea of humanity as wrought upon by, and summing up in itself, all modes of thought and life. Certainly Lady Lisa might stand as the embodiment of the old fancy, the symbol of the modern idea."[8]

[8] Walter Pater.

CHAPTER XXIII.

London Art Galleries.

The National Gallery is another important art repository. Comparable in many respects to the Louvre, it does not contain the priceless canvases which are the portion of Italian collections, but it is valuable for its completeness and for the historical sequence it exemplifies.

Deserving of special mention are a series of portraits uncovered by Petrie in his excavations in the Fayoum, attributed to the third or fourth century before the Christian era. They were used to cover the faces of Egyptian dead and were painted to resemble as closely as possible the deceased. These are examples of Greek workmanship and are highly valued.

The student finds the National Gallery most instructive for an understanding of growth in Italian painting; beginning with the time of Cimabue, the collection includes representative pictures of Raphael, Leonardo, Titian and other important artists as well as those of lesser fame. Much the same may be said of the Flemish and Dutch collections. Poussin is better seen in the National Gallery than in the Louvre and early French art is fairly well shown. Pictures by Velasquez, Murillo and Goya are here and work illustrative of the German Schools, beginning with Meister Wilhelm, is included.

Of greater interest in this connection are examples of British painting. Eighteenth century art is to be seen in the National, while that of the nineteenth century is found in the Tate Gallery.

British art sprang suddenly into bloom in the creations of Hogarth. Tired of the imitation around him, filled with the idea that Nature alone was worthy of study, he broke entirely with the traditions which were adhered to by servile painters who emulated foreign art, and began to paint life as he saw it. His words ring clear and true: "Instead of burdening the memory with musty rules, or tiring the eye with copying dry or damaged pictures, I have ever found studying from Nature

the shortest and safest way of obtaining knowledge in my art."

Hogarth is best appreciated today for pictures which received slight attention at first—The Shrimp Girl, Self-portrait and the Portrait of His Sister—all of which are in the National Gallery. However, his contemporaries were far more interested in his art-criticisms of society. Literary qualities in pictures are no longer valued and present critics rate his work high in spite, not because, of its moralizing tendencies. The profligacy of society life was as conspicuous in Hogarth's day as it is now, and in the rôle of a satirist, deeply imbued with humor, he prepared several series of pictures. Eight depicted *The Rake's Progress.* Those are at present in the Soane Museum. The youth, suddenly inheriting a large amount of wealth, casts off his love of college days and determines to cut quite a dash. For a time his money holds out and he is a frequenter of the taverns where boisterous rollicking and coarse jests enliven the drinking bouts. Destitute at length, he forges a note and falls into disgrace. At last he becomes a helpless lunatic and fails to recognize the faithful one who, regardless of his gross conduct, comes to comfort him in his distress. Marriage à la Mode was done in six scenes. In the first—the Marriage Contract—the fathers are seen driving hard terms. An impoverished nobleman wishes to replenish his fortunes by marrying his son to the daughter of a rich alderman wishing a title for his plebeian child. The superficial youth has turned wholly away from the bride to admire himself in the mirror; she gives indication of inferior breeding and finds a lawyer of her own social stratum alone interesting. The second scene makes manifest the idea that each will go his way and in the end she takes her life upon hearing that her paramour is held for the murder of her husband.

It is surprising that Hogarth, largely self-taught, should have become such a master in drawing and so accomplished in technique. Copies give no adequate conception of his wonderful skill with the brush. The excellencies of his pictures outweigh the blemishes—for he is offensively graphic, leaving little to the imagination. It is curious to find that such a bold and original painter did not found a school. Yet subsequent artists were to a marked extent influenced by his originality.

Reynolds emulated the old masters and was deeply influenced by the classicists, although he belongs with the eclectics. In spite of faulty drawing, his superb use of color and instinctive ability for depicting beauty and grace of women and character of men give him rank with the best portrait painters. He was the first to paint children as children. Previously they had been painted as little men and women.

Among his pictures in the National Gallery, The Graces is a favorite. Three daughters of Sir William Montgomerie—Barbara, Elizabeth and Anne—were engaged to be married. Reynolds painted them in a graceful group, each with a hand on a long garland of flowers which is to deck the figure of Hymen, god of marriage, standing behind them in the garden.

The Age of Innocence—a sweet little girl, wrapped in a childish revery, with a landscape background—and a Holy Family, wherein the Christ Child and his cousin, John the Baptist, are shown with Mary and Joseph, may be chosen as characteristic. The well-known portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse is also in this collection.

Gainsborough was for the most part self-taught. He was a life-long admirer of Van Dyck, whose influence is stamped upon his portraits. His years were spent in England and it was the beautiful English scenery that inspired his landscapes. He substituted rustics and cattle for the Arcadian figures which it was customary to place in such scenes. The Watering Place, View of Dedham and the Market Cart are typical of his art.

He was as much in demand for portraits as his contemporary rival, Reynolds, and painted nobles, famous actors, and social aspirants of the times. The Gainsborough portrait of Mrs. Siddons is even better known than the one by Reynolds.

Romney (1734-1802) was also a painter of portraits. Although not the equal of either Reynolds or Gainsborough, he was nevertheless very popular. He had the faculty of idealizing his subjects while still making them look natural; people flocked to him because he made them look as they wished to be seen. This very ability, so esteemed by his patrons, renders his work trivial and superficial. His "divine lady"—later Lady Hamilton—he painted in many poses. She is to be seen as a Bacchante in this gallery, where his Parson's Daughter is even more bewitching.

Wilson, Constable and Turner are most important among the landscape painters. Richard Wilson (1714-1782) belonged to the old school. He modeled his style after that of Claude Lorrain. Similar effects of sunlight, far-reaching vistas and use of trees or classic ruins are to be seen in his pictures. Wilson was underrated in his day, like many another artist. He finally died neglected in an almshouse. In modern times he has received due appreciation. Nine of his landscapes are here: View in Italy, Hadrian's Villa, The Destruction of Niobe's Children, and The Ruins of the Villa Maecenas at Tivoli being best among them. His use of light had a marked effect later upon Turner.

John Constable (1776-1837) was a painter of rare individuality. Like Hogarth, he turned against the traditions of art as he found them. Landscape painters had long painted Nature in broad shades, as though the trees they placed in their pictures had always been found in autumnal hues. Constable looked about him and found the world quite unlike the landscape pictures he saw exhibited. He resolved to paint only what he saw. To one who maintained that the hue of an old violin was the suitable brown for Nature, he silently replied by placing the instrument upon the lawn—in vivid contrast to the rich, green carpet. His pictures were ridiculed and for some time he worked against bitter criticism.

It is somewhat difficult today for the one who views Constable's pictures—somewhat old-fashioned, as they certainly appear—to understand the influence they had in France, where his genius was first recognized. His independence in abandoning traditions and turning to Nature for guidance and his placing of what he saw upon canvas as he saw it had much to do with the stand taken by the French School of 1830. The Hay Wain, first exhibited in France, but today in the possession of the National Gallery, and the Salisbury Cathedral are characteristic of his work.

Turner is regarded by many as England's greatest painter. Ruskin was of this opinion and wrote extensively to place him adequately before the public. It is to be regretted that he found it necessary to underrate earlier artists—particularly Claude—in order to sufficiently extol this eccentric genius, but it must be admitted that much of his enthusiasm was justifiable. On

the other hand, there have not been lacking those minded like Taine, who characterized his pictures thus: "An extraordinary jumble, a sort of churned foam,—place a man in a fog, in the midst of a storm, the sun in his eyes, and his head swimming, and depict, if you can, his impressions on canvas."

Turner left the greater number of his paintings to the government on condition that a suitable building should be provided wherein they might be exhibited alone. The pictures were accepted and the condition set aside. They are shown in the Turner Room of the National Gallery, but to some disadvantage, and it is expected that sooner or later other arrangements will be made for them.

Nineteenth century art is gradually being accumulated in what is generally called the Tate Gallery, although it bears the official name: National Gallery of British Art. In 1890 Mr. Henry Tate (later knighted) offered more than fifty of his carefully acquired pictures to the English government, providing a separate and appropriate place was secured for their preservation. Delays and objections followed, and in the end he himself gave $400,000 to erect a building, the site donated by the government. In 1897 the new building was formally opened. It is in Italian Renaissance style with Greek motives. A broad flight of stairs leads to the imposing entrance. The paintings are shown in wings on either side. Circular stairs lead to the Statuary Hall above. There are here sixty-five pictures given by Mr. Tate; seventeen presented by Watts to the nation; the Chantrey collection, purchased from time to time by the Royal Academy from the revenues of the Chantrey bequest, which provides that the income from an estate valued at ninety thousand pounds be used to purchase pictures by artists who have "actually resided in Great Britain during the execution and completion" of the painting. In addition to pictures thus accounted for, the National Gallery continues to place the works of late artists here as loans. Many private donations have been made and will doubtless continue to enlarge this excellent collection.

Some of Millais' best work is here. The North-West Passage is a strong picture; an old mariner listens while his daughter reads of a search made for the fabled "north-west passage." "It might be done, and England should do it," he

murmurs. Maps and charts strewn about indicate his keen interest.

Ophelia is plainly in the style of those years when Millais held to the tenets of the Pre-Raphaelites. It was finished in 1851. The lines from the play best tell the story of the picture:

"Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes
As one incapable of her own distress."

The Vale of Rest is placed in the cemetery of a convent; a young nun removes earth for a grave; an elderly sister watches calmly while she works. In the sky are clouds, a superstition obtaining in Scotland that when coffin-shaped clouds hover in the heavens a death is imminent.

The Knight-Errant, Millais' only nude life-size figure, shows a maiden bound to a tree, where she has been left in pitiable plight by robbers, who can be discerned retreating in the distance. A knight in armour approaches from behind the tree and is about to cut her bonds asunder.

No modern painter has stamped his work with mental vision more admirable and high-minded than George Frederick Watts (1817-1904): "My intention has been not so much to paint pictures that will charm the eye as to suggest great thoughts that will appeal to the imagination and the heart, and kindle all that is best and noblest in humanity." This he has accomplished, although the eye is nevertheless charmed. His Orpheus and Eurydice is wonderful and makes us mourn with Orpheus that he could not wait until he had reached the upper world ere he turned to view his almost recovered bride.

Burne-Jones (1833-1898) may well be called a poet-painter. He studied with Rossetti, whose ideas were wholly in harmony with his own. "I mean by a picture, a beautiful, romantic dream of something that never was, never will be, in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember—only desire." It is scarcely possible to better describe his own pictures. A certain sadness hovers over them, as if that which was desired always evaded and escaped when its realization seemed near. King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid and the Annunciation are here. Each of his pictures

recalls Rossetti's praise: that he had proved that "the noblest painting is a painted poem."

Chaucer supplied one of Burne-Jones' founts of inspiration. Both poet and painter loved Nature rarely well.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828-1882), born in England of Italian parents, was nurtured in the atmosphere of Dante, who almost became his guide. His Beata Beatrix is probably best known of all his paintings. Dante is seen in the distance, while a bird bearing a poppy in its beak—a harbinger of death —flies into the lap of the "Blessed Beatrice."

Leighton (1830-1895) was a profound classical student and found many subjects for his creations in classic lore. The Bath of Psyche is in pure Greek style in so far as it exemplifies beauty of form. Andromache is another of his best known paintings.

Landseer is well represented in the Tate Gallery. High Life—a pampered staghound; Low Life, a common type of bull in meager surroundings, and Uncle Tom and His Wife for Sale, two bulldogs with almost too human expressions—are excellent examples of his art.

The Fighting Temeraire.

"The flag which braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her."

"Exhibited at the Academy in 1839, with the above lines cited in the Catalogue. Of all Turner's pictures in the National Gallery this is perhaps the most notable. For, *first* it is the last picture he ever painted with *perfect* power—the last in which his execution is as firm and faultless as in middle life; the last in which lines requiring exquisite precision, such as those of the masts and yards of shipping, are drawn rightly at once. When he painted the *Téméraire* Turner could, if he liked, have painted the *Shipwreck* or the *Ulysses* over again; but when he painted the *Sun of Venice,* though he was able to do different, and in some sort more beautiful things, he could not have done *those* again. His period of central power thus begins with the *Ulysses* and closes with the *Téméraire.* The one picture, it will be observed, is of sunrise, the other of sunset. The one of a ship entering on its voyage and the other

of a ship closing its course forever. The one, in all the circumstance of the subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its triumph, the other, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its decline. Accurately as the first sets forth his escape to the wild brightness of Nature, to reign amidst all her happy spirits, so does the last set forth his returning to die by the shore of the Thames. And besides having been painted in Turner's full power, the *Téméraire* is of all his large pictures the best preserved. *Secondly,* the subject of the picture is, both particularly and generally, the noblest that in an English National Gallery could be. The *Téméraire* was the second ship in Nelson's line at the Battle of Trafalgar; and this picture is the last of the group which Turner painted to illustrate that central struggle in our national history. And, generally, she is a type of one of England's chief glories. It will be always said of us, with unabated reverence, 'They built ships of the Line.' Take it all in all, a ship of the Line is the most honorable thing that man as a gregarious animal has ever produced. By himself, unhelped, he can do better things than ships of the line; he can make poems and pictures, and other such concentrations of what is best in him. But as a being living in flocks, and hammering out, with alternate strokes and mutual agreement, what is necessary for him in those flocks to get or produce the ship of the line is his first work. And as the subject was the noblest Turner could have chosen, so also was his treatment of it. Of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin; but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be so, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage and glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel: nor less her organized perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and

cannot be added to or diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death—surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports, whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life-blood, like press planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war-ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped—steeped in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-clouds of human souls at rest,—surely, for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts, some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters? Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage-garden, the tired traveler may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old *Téméraire*. And, *lastly*, the pathos of the picture—the contrast of the old ship's past glory with her present end; and the spectacle of the 'old order' of the ship of the line, whose flag had braved the battle and the breeze, yielding place to the new, in the little steam-tug—these pathetic contrasts are repeated and enforced by a technical *tour de force* in the treatment of the colors, which is without a parallel in art. And the picture itself thus combines the evidences of Turner's supremacy alike in imagination and in skill. The old masters, content with one simple tone, sacrificed to its unity all the exquisite gradations and varied touches of relief and change by which Nature unites her hours with each other.

They gave the warmth of the sinking sun, overwhelming all things in its gold, but they did not give those gray passages about the horizon, where, seen through its dying light, the cool and the gloom of night gather themselves for their victory. . . . But in this picture, under the blazing veil of vaulted fire, which lights the vessel on her last path, there is a blue, deep, desolate hollow of darkness, out of which you can hear the voice of the night wind, and the dull boom of the disturbed sea; the cold, deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment, as you look, you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has risen over the vastness of the departing form."—*Ruskin.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

Books and Antiquities in the British Museum.

When in the eighteenth century the English nation found itself in possession of several important private collections of books and carefully accumulated manuscripts, it became necessary to provide a suitable place for them and the British Museum was founded. In order to understand the value and extent of its possessions, some brief consideration of the collections themselves is necessary.

Sir Robert Cotton (1571-1631) early manifested a fondness for collecting manuscripts and rare books. So firmly was his reputation as a trustworthy antiquarian established that when Queen Elizabeth and the King of Spain were about to negotiate a treaty and the delicate question of whose ambassadors should be given the preference arose, he was appointed by the realm to make diligent research and the proofs he submitted—to the effect that to the English diplomats preference belonged—were accepted without question. From this time forward, he was constantly involved in matters of state, and the quiet, peaceful life among his well loved books had to be largely set aside for the less welcome and more exacting duties of the statesman. At last, unluckily, he fell under the suspicion of the court, and during the tumultuous reign of Charles I. was imprisoned, his library being closed by royal seals. Even when released, access to this library was denied until just before his death—hastened beyond doubt by his grief for his treasured books. The library was restored to his son, Sir Thomas Cotton and descended in line to Sir John, who in 1700 presented the magnificent collection to the nation.

English historians have been more indebted to this fine collection of manuscripts than to all other sources. Particularly has the rare accumulation of Saxon charters made possible the reconstruction of the period prior to Norman occupation.

Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, another famous collector, was born in 1661 of stern Puritan stock. His ancestors had taken part in the destruction of early church art in England,

acting with excellent intentions in this most reprehensible work. Harley is said by his detractors to have found his library a means of gratifying his pride rather than his love of learning. However that may have been, his son Edward continued the labor his father began and the collection of manuscripts became famed for its completeness and choice parchments. At the death of Edward Harley the library included about fifty thousand printed volumes, eight thousand volumes of manuscripts, medals, prints, and portraits. All but the manuscripts were allowed to pass into the possession of a dealer for thirteen thousand pounds—less than the bindings of the books would have cost; but the collection of manuscripts was preserved intact and in course of time was purchased by the government for ten thousand pounds, it being stipulated by the Harley heirs that it should be kept together, as an addition to the Cottonian Library.

Sir Hans Sloane (1660-1753), the third of those great collectors whose life work now remains a lasting contribution to England, was born in Ireland. He was educated as a physician and shortly after completing his training, was taken by the Duke of Albemarle, then governor-general of Jamaica, to that island as his physician. Here he occupied himself in getting together specimens of the flora of this favored region. When he returned home he carried with him a remarkable botanical collection. To this nucleus he gradually added shells, insects, minerals and ores, curious coins, ornaments from many lands, as well as specimens of literary concern.

In 1748 it so happened that the Prince and Princess of Wales visited his home and were entertained by a display of his remarkable treasures. An account of this visit was published, giving an excellent idea of his private museum. Having described the minerals, ores, coins and ornaments, the narrative continues: "The galley, 110 feet in length, presented a most surprising prospect; the most beautiful corals, crystals and figured stones; the most brilliant butterflies, and other insects, shells painted with as great variety as the precious stones, and feathers of birds vying with gems; here the remains of the Antideluvian world excited the awful idea of the great catastrophe, so many evident testimonies of the truth of Moses' history; the variety of animals shows us the great beauty of all parts of the creation.

"Then a noble vista presented itself through several rooms filled with books, among these many hundred volumes of dried plants; a room full of choice and valuable manuscripts; the noble present sent by the present French king to Sir Hans, of his collections of paintings, medals, statues, palaces, etc., in 25 large atlas volumes; besides other things too many to mention here."

Before his death Sloane provided that his museum with its library of forty thousand volumes and three thousand manuscripts should become the property of the nation upon the payment of twenty thousand pounds to his heirs, this amount being, he admitted, less than one-fourth of what it had cost him.

To provide a place adequate for these valuable collections an act was passed in 1753 to the end that there should be founded a British Museum, which was provided and opened to the public in January, 1759. In contrast with the splendid assistance cheerfully supplied the most obscure visitor today in this great Museum, the rules obtaining for the first fifty years supply a startling example of man's power to thwart avowed purposes by much legislation. So much difficulty was put in the way of the visitor that many waited six months and even then were unable to hurriedly scan the interior of the building. Few at best accomplished more than this, for guides were provided for small parties and the time allowed for their visits was short. The mere matter of being able to remember "when the museum was open when it was open," as one writer exclaims, after enumerating the days it was closed, was beyond the scope of the vast majority. Fortunately all this unnecessary difficulty has been eliminated and all commend the efficient and scholarly attention which the Museum today provides for the service of the public.

So many bequests were received and minor purchases made that ere long floor space was insufficient. In 1847 the present building was erected; in 1857 the circular reading-room—the inner court—added; and in 1884, through the substantial bequest of William White, the White Wing built. Yet with such expansion the Museum of Natural History was crowded out and taken to South Kensington.

While it would be wearisome to mention all the valuable

cited of the opportunity thus afforded the public to study these antiquities. Josiah Wedgwood copied certain of the vases there exhibited and shortly produced his famous Wedgwood ware which it has been said brought into England several times the amount of money expended for the entire collection.

The beginnings of Egyptian Antiquities, now particularly complete and valuable, were closely linked with European history. It will be remembered that one of Napoleon's cherished plans was to establish French colonies in Egypt. To that end he took thither many French savants for the purpose of studying the ancient monuments which everywhere attracted his attention. A collection of antiques was begun and had reached some importance when the British overcame the French in 1801, taking possession of the country. While the antiques were claimed by the French, the English general regarded them as spoils of war and they were sent to England. This accounts for the presence of the Rosetta Stone here rather than in the Louvre.

In the rooms given over to classical remains are found elucidating specimens from Greece and Rome. The Archaic room —illustrative of the ninth, eighth and seventh centuries before Christ—contains Mycanaean remains. Votives from Crete and Mycenae and early sculptures are here preserved. These show primitive attempts to fashion deities and figures from stone. Often neither feet nor hands were attempted by the sculptor of these remote times.

The Elgin room contains the famous Elgin marbles. So much has been said in disparagement of Elgin's action in obtaining these that it is well to take into consideration the conditions under which he acted. Sent as ambassador to Turkey, he determined before departing from England that he would try to obtain casts of existing Greek statues for his country. At first permission to have these made in Athens was grudgingly given by the Sublime Porte. However, relations with England became more conducive to favorable consideration of her diplomats and ere long Lord Elgin received permission to "take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures upon them."

For years travelers had carried away as trophies whatever they had found it possible to remove. The Mohammedans had not hesitated to grind statues to powder for the purpose of

THE ARTIST DÜRER.

making mortar; a bomb from a Venetian ship had fallen in the Parthenon, which the Turks were using as a magazine, and had blown the beautiful temple into ruins. Lord Elgin argued that if this condition of affairs continued, two centuries might see entire obliteration of Greek monuments. Granted the justice of this conclusion, all that he later did was logical and consistent. He engaged men to pry metopes from the Parthenon and to loosen such portions of the immortal frieze as he thought practical. Lord Byron wrote a scathing poem regarding his procedure and it is safe to say that every classical student who views the Parthenon shorn of its ornaments, forgets Elgin's provocation and consigns his memory to oblivion. Yet, while these Greek fragments are out of their element under dull English skies, their effect upon those who might never have seen them in their native home should not be forgotten. Keats was inspired by them to intense power and poetic flight. They have beyond question exerted marked influence.

The last three centuries before the Christian era—called the Graeco-Roman in art because of the mingled ideas and conceptions of both countries—show decadence. One of the statues of particular beauty belonging to this period is the Sleeping Endymion.

The Hall of Roman busts, including many of the Roman princes—and the Hall of Greek and Roman inscriptions have special attraction for the classical student.

In addition to its fifty thousand objects of ancient Egyptian life and its classical remains just cited, the collection of Babylonian and Assyrian monuments attracts the lover of history. Alabaster friezes, depicting scenes from every day life, bring the civilization of Mesopotamian countries more vividly before us than any descriptive matter can possibly do. Nor are abundant evidences of prehistoric civilization lacking. Here may be seen and studied examples of man's earlier attempts at expression and his growing skill in fashioning weapons, implements, and utensils.

Such a repository of the past has untold value. It portrays history, and fortunate indeed are the students who can be conducted thither to see man's continual journey forward from savagery into broader light and civilization thus vividly illustrated.

MODERN FICTION.

CHAPTER I.—RISE OF MODERN FICTION

The dawn of the eighteenth century found England bitterly divided on the subject of worship and its legitimate forms. Dissenters were assailed by High Churchmen and the war waxed merrily. One Daniel Defoe wrote a treatise entitled: *The Shortest Way with Dissenters.* In it he maintained that all dissenting preachers should be hanged and their congregations outlawed Not one suggestion of humor gave a clue to the satire; for a time all took him seriously; then angry at the mistake, both sides turned against him and he was fined and sentenced to a year's imprisonment. However, greater distinction attended the server of sentences in those times; when he came forth again into the free light of day, the lesson most forcefully impressed upon Defoe had been that he could lie so as to give the impression of truth. Fortunately for himself, he subsequently lied to greater personal profit.

In 1719 the adventures of Robinson Crusoe appeared. This was presented in the same way; the book purported to be the actual experiences of one who, wrecked upon an island, made the best of the plight in which he found himself. Probably the average person who now reads it imagines it to have historical foundation; such would be the natural impression given by the story. Defoe's last production was entitled *Journal of the Plague,* and though wholly a fictitious and imaginary writing, it has so completely given the impression of recorded fact that it is today classified as history in nearly every library.

Moll Flanders and *Roxana* were written after *Robinson Crusoe.* They portray crime and vice, and although graphically pictured, are not now widely read. Those who find Defoe most satisfactory must often wish that he had chosen more worthy themes; but the coarseness and cruditv of his writings

were faults of his age. Bluff and outspoken, he nevertheless dealt with topics which polite society did not frown upon.

It is customary at present to speak of novels of incident, manners, character, depending upon whether the author emphasizes one or the other of these. According to this classification, *Robinson Crusoe* would be considered a novel of incident, the characters being subordinated. We are struck with the wealth of detail and the vividness with which they are set before us. No writer has given deeper insight into motive; Defoe is almost brutal in laying bare the motive which prompts to the act.

There are no fine descriptions of scenery nor waste of words in his masterpiece—one of the few lasting contributions to the enduring monument of English literature. Details are related, incident follows upon incident. Sentiment is not aroused, and admiration is awakened only by Crusoe's undaunted courage and pluck.

"He is typically Anglo-Saxon in his stolid endurance of fate, his practical grasp of circumstances, his ingenuity, his fertility of resource, his determination to make the best of his unfortunate situation. He behaves after the manner of his race. Having by chance become monarch of a desert island, he sets himself to govern it to the best of his ability, and to arrange his life with decent orderliness. There is something much more affecting in the indomitable courage of Crusoe than there would be in any amount of sentiment. One supreme imaginative incident illumines the book—the finding of the footstep on the sand; but, apart from this, Defoe is content to kindle the imagination by mere truthfulness of detail in common things. And he does this so successfully that we are affected quite as deeply by Crusoe's painful attempts to keep house and record the passage of time as we are by what may be regarded as the supreme imaginative incident of the book."*

Swift was the great imitator of Defoe, and in his *Gulliver's Travels* he succeeded in producing much the same result: that is, making what was purely fanciful appear as truth. However, this difference is immediately apparent; Defoe confined himself to the world he knew; Swift created an entirely new

*Dawson: Makers of English Fiction, p. 12.

and imaginative world. Moreover, the bitterness of the later writer is always forced upon one; he satirized the world of men which he seems to have hated with strange and unexplained hatred. Defoe saw the unworthy motives which too often actuated to the seemingly innocent deed, but his clear and penetrating vision was combined with a nature and temperament in harmony with life—not discordant.

Because he was first among English writers to discover the uses of imaginative creations, Defoe is properly called the "Father of English Fiction."

THE FOOT-PRINT IN THE SAND.

IT happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand: I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition; I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther; I went up the shore and down the shore, but it was all one; I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy; but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel and every part of a foot; how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as we say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man; nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted imagination represented things to me in; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued; whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember: for never frighted hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night; the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil; and reason joined with me upon this supposition; for how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? and how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think that Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and that even for no purpose too (for he could not be sure I should see it); this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me, than this of the single print of a foot; that as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not; and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil; and I presently concluded then, that it must be some more dangerous creature, viz., that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes; and, either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island; and had been on shore, but were gone away

again to sea, being as loath, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them.

While these reflections were rolling upon my mind, I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded that some inhabitants had been in the place, and, perhaps, have searched further for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imaginations about their having found my boat, and that there were people here; and that, if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me; that, if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my inclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my stock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want.

How strange a chequer-work of Providence is the life of man! and by what secret differing springs are the affections hurried about, as differing circumstances present! To-day we love what to-morrow we hate; to-day we seek what to-morrow we shun; to-day we desire what to-morrow we fear, nay, even tremble at the apprehensions of. This was exemplified in me at this time in the most lively manner imaginable; for I, whose only affliction was, that I seemed banished from human society; that I was alone, circumscribed by the boundless ocean, cut off from mankind, and condemned to what I call a silent life; that I was as one whom Heaven thought not worthy to be numbered among the living, or to appear among the rest of his creatures; that to have seen one of my own species would have seemed to me a raising me from death to life, and the greatest blessing that Heaven itself, next to the supreme blessing of salvation, could bestow; I say, that I should now tremble at the very apprehension of seeing a man, and was ready to sink into the ground at but the shadow or silent appearance of a man's having set his foot on the island.

CRUSOE AND FRIDAY.

ABOUT a year and a half after I had entertained these notions, and by long musing had, as it were, resolved them all into nothing, I was surprised one morning early with seeing no less than five canoes all on shore together, on my side the

island, and the people who belonged to them all landed and out of my sight. The number of them broke all my measures; for seeing so many, and knowing that they always came four or six or sometimes more in a boat, I could not tell what to think of it, or how to take my measures, to attack twenty or thirty men single-handed; so I lay still in my castle, perplexed and discomforted; however, I put myself into all the same postures for an attack that I had formerly provided, and was just ready for action, if anything had presented itself, having waited a good while listening to hear if they made any noise. At length, being very impatient, I set my guns at the foot of my ladder, and clambered up to the top of the hill by my two stages as usual; standing so, however, that my head did not appear above the hill: so that they could not perceive me by any means. Here I observed, by the help of my perspective glass, that there were no less than thirty in number, that they had a fire kindled, and that they had meat dressed; how they cooked it, that I knew not, or what it was; but they were all dancing in I know not how many barbarous gestures and figures, their own way, round the fire.

When I was thus looking on them, I perceived by my perspective two miserable wretches dragged from the boats, where it seems they were laid by, and were now brought out for the slaughter. I perceived one of them immediately fall, being knocked down, I suppose, with a club or wooden sword, for that was their way; and two or three others were at work immediately, cutting him open for their cookery, while the other victim was left standing by himself till they should be ready for him. In that very moment, this poor wretch seeing himself a little at liberty, nature inspired him with hopes of life, and he started away from them, and ran along the sand, with incredible swiftness directly towards me; I mean towards that part of the coast where my habitation was.

I was dreadfully frighted (that I must acknowledge) when I perceived him to run my way; and especially when, as I thought, I saw him pursued by the whole body. There was between them and my castle the creek, which I mentioned often at the first part of my story, when I landed my cargoes out of the ship; and this I knew he must necessarily swim

over, or the poor wretch would be taken there; but when the savage escaping came thither, he made nothing of it, though the tide was then up; but plunging in, swam through in about thirty strokes or thereabouts, landed, and ran on with exceeding strength and swiftness. When the three pursuers came to the creek, I found that two of them could swim, but the third could not, and that he, standing on the other side, looked at the others, but went no farther, and soon after went softly back again; which, as it happened, was very well for him in the main.

I observed that the two who swam were yet more than twice as long swimming over the creek than the fellow was that fled from them; it came now very warmly upon my thoughts, and indeed irresistibly, that now was my time to get me a servant, and perhaps a companion or assistant, and that I was called plainly by Providence to save this poor creature's life. I immediately got down the ladder with all possible expedition, fetched my two guns, for they were both at the foot of the ladder, as I observed above; and getting up again with the same haste to the top of the hill, I crossed towards the sea; and, having a very short cut, and all down hill, clapped myself in the way between the pursuers and the pursued, hallooing aloud to him that fled, who, looking back, was at first perhaps as much frightened at me as at them; but I beckoned with my hand to him to come back; and in the meantime I slowly advanced towards the two that followed; then rushing at once upon the foremost, I knocked him down with the stock of my piece: I was loath to fire, because I would not have the rest hear; though at that distance it would not have been easily heard; and being out of sight of the smoke too, they would not have easily known what to make of it. Having knocked this fellow down, the other who pursued him stopped, as if he had been frightened, and I advanced a pace towards him; but as I came nearer, I perceived presently he had a bow and arrow, and was fitting it to shoot at me; so I was then necessitated to shoot at him first, which I did, and killed him at the first shot. The poor savage who fled, but had stopped, though he saw both his enemies fallen and killed (as he thought), yet was so frighted

with the fire and noise of my piece, that he stood stock-still, and neither came forward nor went backward, though he seemed rather inclined to fly still than to come on. I hallooed again to him and made signs to come forward, which he easily understood, and came a little way, then stopped again, and then a little farther, and then stopped again; and I could then perceive that he stood trembling, as if he had been taken prisoner, and had just been to be killed, as his two enemies were. I beckoned him again to come to me, and gave him all the signs of encouragement that I could think of; and he came nearer and nearer, kneeling down every ten or twelve steps, in token of acknowledgment for saving his life. I smiled at him and looked pleasantly, and beckoned to him to come still nearer. At length he came close to me, and then he kneeled down again, kissed the ground, and laid his head upon the ground, and taking me by the foot, set my foot upon his head: this, it seems, was in token of swearing to be my slave forever. I took him up, and made much of him, and encouraged him all I could. But there was more work to do yet; for I perceived the savage whom I knocked down was not killed, but stunned with the blow, and began to come to himself; so I pointed to him, and showed him the savage, that he was not dead; upon this he spoke some words to me, and though I could not understand them, yet I thought they were pleasant to hear, for they were the first sound of a man's voice that I had heard (my own excepted) for above five-and-twenty years: but there was no time for such reflections now: the savage who was knocked down recovered himself so far as to sit up upon the ground; and I perceived that my savage began to be afraid; but when I saw that, I presented my other piece at the man, as if I would shoot him; upon this my savage, for so I call him now, made a motion to me to lend him my sword, which hung naked in a belt by my side; so I did: he no sooner had it but he runs to his enemy, and at one blow cut off his head so cleverly, no executioner in Germany could have done it sooner or better; which I thought it very strange for one who, I had reason to believe, never saw a sword in his life before, except their own wooden swords; however, it seems, as I learned afterwards, they made their

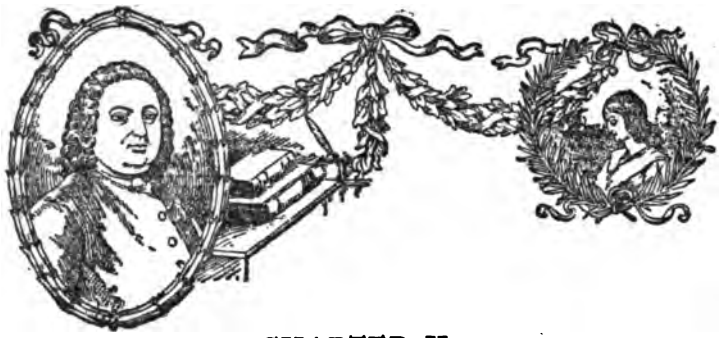
wooden swords so sharp, so heavy, and the wood is so hard, that they will cut off heads even with them, ay, and arms, and that at one blow, too. When he had done this, he comes laughing to me in sign of triumph, and brought me the sword again; and with abundance of gestures, which I did not understand, laid it down, with the head of the savage that he had killed just before me.

But that which astonished him most was, to know how I had killed the other Indian so far off: so pointing to him, he made signs to me to let him go to him: so I bade him go as well as I could. When he came to him he stood like one amazed, looking at him; turning him first on one side, then on the other; looked at the wound the bullet had made, which, it seems, was just in his breast, where it had made a hole, and no great quantity of blood had followed; but he had bled inwardly, for he was quite dead. Then he took up his bow and arrows and came back; so I turned to go away, and beckoned to him to follow me, making signs to him, that more might come after them.

Upon this he signified to me, that he should bury them with sand, that they might not be seen by the rest, if they followed; and so I made signs again to him to do so. He fell to work, and in an instant he had scraped a hole in the sand with his hands big enough to bury the first in, and then dragged him into it and covered him; and did so also by the other. I believe he had buried them both in a quarter of an hour. Then calling him away, I carried him, not to my castle, but quite away to my cave, on the farther part of the island. Here I gave him bread and a bunch of raisins to eat, and a draught of water, which I found he was indeed in great distress for by his running; and having refreshed himself, I made signs for him to go lie down and sleep, pointing to a place where I had laid a great parcel of rice straw, and a blanket upon it, which I used to sleep upon myself sometimes; so the poor creature lay down and went to sleep.

He was a comely, handsome fellow, perfectly well-made, with straight long limbs, not too large, tall and well-shaped; and, as I reckon, about twenty-six years of age. He had a very good countenance, not a fierce and surly aspect, but

seemed to have something very manly in his face, and yet he had all the sweetness and softness of an European in his countenance, too, especially when he smiled; his hair was long and black, not curled like wool; his forehead very high and large, and a great vivacity and sparkling sharpness in his eyes. The color of his skin was not quite black, but very tawny, and yet not of an ugly, yellow, nauseous tawny, as the Brazilians and Virginians, and other natives of America are, but of a bright kind of a dun olive color, that had something in it very agreeable, though not very easy to describe. His face was round and plump, his nose small, not flat like the Negroes; a very good mouth, thin lips, and his teeth fine, well set, and white as ivory. After he had slumbered rather than slept about half an hour, he waked again, and comes out of the cave to me, for I had been milking my goats, which I had in the inclosure just by. When he espied me, he came running to me, laying himself down again upon the ground, with all the possible signs of an humble thankful disposition, making many antic gestures to show it. At last he lays his head flat upon the ground, close to my foot, and sets my other foot upon his head, as he had done before; and after this, made all the signs to me of subjection, servitude and submission imaginable, to let me know how much he would serve me as long as he lived. I understood him in many things, and let him know I was very well pleased with him. In a little time I began to speak to him, and teach him to speak to me; at first I made him know his name should be Friday, which was the day I saved his life, and I called him so in memory of the time. I likewise taught him to say, "Master," and then let him know that was to be my name; I likewise taught him to say Yes and No, and to know the meaning of them; I gave him some milk in an earthen pot, and let him see me drink it before him, and sop my bread in it, and I gave him a cake of bread to do the like, which he quickly complied with, and made signs that it was very good for him.



CHAPTER II.

RICHARDSON, FIELDING AND SMOLLETT.

The general reader who attempts to wade through the prolix volumes of Richardson may easily be perplexed as to why talented writers have accorded him unstinted praise. Balzac, de Musset, George Sand, Macauley—how many might one cite with words of admiration and hearty appreciation for this man of narrow horizon, limited moral outlook, and scant intellectual attainments. The real explanation is to be found in the fact that Richardson introduced sentiment into fiction. He is often called the founder of the novel of sentiment. People are won through their emotions—not their intellects. Pathos, which the world knows too well; sympathy, the only balm for it—these were the new qualities which caught the affection of readers and made Richardson their idol.

Pamelia; or, Virtue Rewarded was the first production, and it was at once popular. Written in the form of letters, it fills four large volumes. And what is this story, over which we read that various members of families, it being read aloud, would repair to private chambers to weep, then assemble again to continue this strain upon their emotions? Pamela, a poor little serving maid, possessing a pretty face and some native grace, comes under the notice of the young master of

the estate who proceeds to thrust himself upon her in the most objectionable ways, at any and all hours, in every conceivable manner. Concealing himself in the most unlikely places, he keeps her in floods of tears and swoons that seem sometimes almost continuous. Having for an unthinkable time made himself thus obnoxious and to no avail—for some timely swoon or miraculous interruption always saves Pamela from his power at the critical moment, virtue is rewarded. And how? He makes an honorable proposal and marries her! The modern reader who has devoted many hours in following this struggle of frail virtue against brute force, who has felt any fate too mild for this scoundrel, has in the end the satisfaction of seeing him thrust upon Pamela for life, and finds the picture of domestic tranquillity and wifely pride quite as marvellous as the earlier portions of the story.

However, there is small profit in viewing an eighteenth century novel from a twentieth century standpoint, and we are more likely to underrate the work of Richardson than to overrate it. It is difficult today to realize the helpless position of an eighteenth-century serving maid in the household of the great. The rights of the humblest are so guarded, the law throws its protection around the weak so assuringly, that conditions which were taken for granted two hundred years ago appear far-fetched and absurd today.

Clarissa Harlowe, completed in the seventh volume, and *Sir Charles Grandison,* of the same number, were later products. Delicate ladies, we are told, needed the encouragement of the stronger sex to sustain them while they perused these books. Richardson was flooded with letters imploring him not to allow his hero or heroines to die; various endings were suggested to him. It became a serious matter to readers as to how these long-drawn out stories were to terminate.

Sterne and Goldsmith were imitators of Richardson, or better, it may be said that they belonged to the same school. Sterne played upon the emotions similarly, but one feels that he secretly laughs at the tears he produces. Goldsmith in a far truer way appeals to the heart. Critics go so far as to call *The Vicar of Wakefield* the finest sentimental novel found in English literature.

pose. It is a thousand pities, he says, that such worthy hearts should not have better luck in the world! and wonders that you, my father, who are so well able to teach, and write a good hand, succeeded no better in the school you attempted to set up; but was forced to go to such hard labour. But this is more pride to me, that I am come of such honest parents, than if I had been born a lady.

I hear nothing yet of going to Lady Davers; and I am very easy at present here: for Mrs. Jervis uses me as if I were her own daughter, and is a very good woman, and makes my master's interests her own. She is always giving me good counsel, and I love her next to you two, I think, best of anybody. She keeps so good rule and order, she is mightily respected by us all; and takes delight to hear me read to her; and all she loves to hear read is good books, which we read whenever we are alone; so that I think I am at home with you. She heard one of our men, Harry, who is no better than he should be, speak freely to me; I think he called me his pretty Pamela, and took hold of me, as if he would have kissed me; for which, you may be sure, I was very angry: and she took him to task and was as angry at him as could be; and told me she was very well pleased to see my prudence and modesty, and that I kept all the fellows at a distance. And indeed I am sure I am not proud, and carry it civilly to everybody; but yet, methinks, I cannot bear to be looked upon by these men servants; for they seem as if they would look one through; and, as I generally breakfast, dine, and sup with Mrs. Jervis (so good she is to me), I am very easy that I have so little to say to them. Not but they are very civil to me in the main, for Mrs. Jervis' sake, who they see loves me; and they stand in awe of her, knowing her to be a gentlewoman born, though she has had misfortunes.

I am going on again with a long letter, for I love writing, and shall tire you. But, when I began, I only intended to say, that I am quite fearless of any danger now; and, indeed, cannot but wonder at myself (though your caution to me was your watchful love), that I should be so foolish as to be uneasy as I have been: for I am sure my master would not demean himself, so as to think upon such a poor girl as I, for my harm. For such a thing would ruin his credit, as well as mine, you know: who, to be sure, may expect one of the best ladies in the land. So no more at present, but that I am,

Your ever dutiful daughter.

Dear Father and Mother.—I am sorry to write you word, that the hopes I had of going to wait on Lady Davers are quite over. My lady would have had me; but my master, as I heard by the by, would not consent to it. He said her nephew might be taken with me, and I might draw him in, or be drawn in by him; and he thought, as his mother loved me, and committed me to his care, he ought to continue me with him; and Mrs. Jervis would be a mother to me. Mrs. Jervis said the lady shook her head, and said, *Ah, brother!* and that was all. And as you have made me fearful by your cautions, my heart at times misgives me. But I say nothing yet of your caution, or my own uneasiness, to Mrs. Jervis; not that I mistrust her, but for fear she should think me presumptuous, and vain and conceited, to have any fears about the matter, from the great distance between such a gentleman and so poor a girl. But yet Mrs. Jervis seemed to build something upon Lady Daver's shaking her head, and saying *Ah, brother!* and no more. God, I hope, will give me His grace; and so I will not, if I can help it, make myself too uneasy; for I hope there is no occasion. But every little matter that happens I will acquaint you with, that you may continue to me your good advice, and pray for

Your sad-hearted Pamela.

Dear Mother.—Well, I can't find my last letter, and so I'll try to recollect it all, and be as brief as I can. All went well enough in the main for some time after my letter but one. At last, I saw some reason to suspect; for he would look upon me, whenever he saw me, in such a manner as showed not well; and one day he came to me, as I was in the summer-house in the little garden, at work with my needle, and Mrs. Jervis was just gone from he: and I would have gone out, but he said, No, don't go, Pamela; I have something to say to you; and you always fly me when I come near you, as if you were afraid of me.

I was much out of countenance, you may well think; but said, at last, It does not become your poor servant to stay in your presence, sir, without your business required it; and I hope I shall always know my place.

Well, says he, my business does require it sometimes; and I have a mind you should stay to hear what I have to say to you.

I stood still confounded, and began to tremble, and the more when he took me by the hand; for now no soul was near us.

My sister Davers, said he and seemed, I thought, to be as much at a loss for words as I, would have had you live with her; but she would not do for you what I am resolved to do, if you continue faithful and obliging. What say'st thou, my girl? he said with some eagerness; had'st thou not rather stay with me, than go to my sister Davers? He looked so, as filled me with affrightment; I don't know how; wildly, I thought.

I said, when I could speak, Your honor will forgive me; but as you have no lady for me to wait upon, and my good lady has been now dead this twelve-month, I had rather, if it would not displease you, wait upon Lady Davers, because—

I was proceeding, and he said, a little hastily—*Because* you are a little fool, and know not what's good for yourself. I tell you I will make a gentlewoman of you, if you be obliging, and don't stand in your own light; and so saying, he put his arm about me, and kissed me!

Now, you will say, all his wickedness appeared plainly. I struggled, and trembled, and was so benumbed with terror that I sunk down, not in a fit, and yet not myself; and I found myself in his arms, quite void of strength; and he kissed me two or three times, with frightful eagerness.—At last I burst from him, and was getting out of the summer-house; but he held me back, and shut the door.

I would have given my life for a farthing. And he said, I'll do you no harm, Pamela; don't be afraid of me. I said, I won't stay. You won't, hussy! said he; do you know whom you speak to? I lost all fear, and all respect, and said, Yes, I do, sir, too well!—Well may I forget that I am your servant, when you forget what belongs to a master.

I sobbed and cried most sadly. What a foolish hussy you are! said he; have I done you any harm?—Yes, sir, said I, the greatest harm in the world: You have taught me to forget myself and what belongs to me, and have lessened the distance that fortune has made between us by demeaning yourself to be so free to a poor servant. Yet, sir, I will be bold to say, I am honest, though poor; and if you was a prince, I would not be otherwise.

He was angry, and said, Who would have you otherwise, you foolish slut! Cease your blubbering. I own I have demeaned myself; but it was only to try you: If you can keep this matter secret, you'll give me the better opinion of your prudence; and here's something, said he, putting some gold in my hand, to make you amends for the fright I put you in. Go,

take a walk in the garden, and don't go in till your blubbering is over: and I charge you say nothing of what is past and all shall be well, and I'll forgive you.

I won't take the money, indeed, sir, said I, poor as I am; I won't take it. For, to say the truth, I thought it looked like taking earnest, and so I put it on the bench; and as he seemed vexed and confused at what he had done, I took the opportunity to open the door and went out of the summer-house.

He called to me, and said, Be secret, I charge you, Pamela; and don't go in yet, as I told you.

Oh how poor and mean must those actions be, and how little they make the best of gentlemen look, when they offer such things as are unworthy of themselves, and put it into the power of their inferiors to be greater than they!

I took a turn or two in the garden, but in sight of the house, for fear of the worst; and breathed upon my hand to dry my eyes, because I would not be disobedient. My next shall tell you more.

Pray for me, my dear father and mother; and don't be angry I have not yet run away from this house, so late my comfort and delight, but now my terror and anguish. I am forced to break off hastily.

Your dutiful and honest Daughter.

My Dear Father and Mother.—We had a great many neighboring gentlemen and their ladies, this day at dinner; and my master made a fine entertainment for them: and Isaac, and Mr. Jonathan, and Benjamin waited at table; and Isaac tells Mrs. Jervis that the ladies will by and by come to see the house, and have the curiosity to see me; for, it seems, they said to my master, when the jokes flew about, Well, Mr. B—, we understand you have a servant-maid who is the greatest beauty in the country; and we promise ourselves to see her before we go.

The wench is well enough, said he; but no such beauty as you talk, I'll assure you. She was my mother's waiting-maid, who on her death-bed, engaged me to be kind to her. She is young, and every thing is pretty that is young.

Ay, ay, said one of the ladies, that's true; but if your mother had *not* recommended her so strongly, there is so much merit in beauty, that I make no doubt such a fine gentleman would have wanted no inducement to be kind to it.

They all laughed at my master: And he, it seems, laughed for company; but said, I don't know how it is, but I see with

different eyes from other people; for I have heard much more talk of her prettiness than I think it deserves: She is well enough, as I have said; but her greatest excellence is, that she is humble, and courteous, and faithful, and makes all her fellow-servants love her: My housekeeper, in particular, doats upon her; and you know, ladies, she is a woman of discernment: and as for Mr. Longman and Jonathan here, if they thought themselves young enough, I am told, they would fight for her. Is it not true, Jonathan? Troth, sir, said he, an't please your honor, I never knew her peer, and all your honor's family are of the same mind. Do you hear now? said my master.—Well, said the ladies, we will make a visit to Mrs. Jervis by and by, and hope to see this paragon.

I believe they are coming; and will tell you the rest by and by. I wish they had come, and were gone. Why can't they make their game without me?

Well, the fine ladies have been here, and are gone back again. I would have been absent if I could, and did step into the closet; so they saw me when they came in.

There were four of them, Lady Arthur at the great white house on the hill, Lady Brooks, Lady Towers, and the other, it seems, a countess, of some hard name, I forget what.

So, Mrs. Jervis, says one of the ladies, how do you do? We are all come to inquire after your health. I am much obliged to your ladyships, said Mrs. Jervis: Will your ladyships please to sit down? But, said the countess, we are not *only* come to ask after Mrs. Jervis's health neither; but we are come to see a rarity besides. Ah, says Lady Arthur, I have not seen your Pamela these two years, and they tell me she is grown wondrous pretty in that time.

Then I wished I had not been in the closet; for when I came out, they must needs know I heard them; but I have often found, that bashful bodies owe themselves a spite, and frequently confound themselves more by endeavoring to avoid confusion.

Why, yes, says Mrs. Jervis, Pamela is very pretty indeed; she's but in the closet there:—Pamela, pray step hither. I came out, all covered with blushes, and they smiled at one another.

The countess took me by the hand: Why, indeed, she was pleased to say, report has not been too lavish, I'll assure you. Don't be ashamed, child (and stared full in my face); I wish

I had just such a face to be ashamed of. Oh how like a fool I looked!

Lady Arthur said, Ay, my good Pamela, I say as her ladyship says: Don't be so confused; though, indeed, it becomes you, too. I think your good lady departed made a sweet choice of such a pretty attendant. She would have been mighty proud of you, as she always was praising you, had she lived till now.

Ah, madam, said Lady Brooks, do you think that so dutiful a son as our neighbor, who always admired what his mother loved, does not pride himself, for all what he said at table, in such a pretty maiden?

She looked with such a malicious sneering countenance, I can't abide her. Lady Towers said with a free air (for it seems she is called a wit), Well, Mrs. Pamela, I can't say I like you so well as these ladies do; for I should never care, if you were *my* servant, to have you and your master in the same house together. Then they all set up a great laugh.

I know what I could have said, if I durst. But they are ladies—and ladies may say anything.

Says Lady Towers, Can the pretty image speak, Mrs. Jervis? I vow she has speaking eyes! Oh you little rogue, said she, and tapped me on the cheek, you seem born to undo, or to be undone!

God forbid, and please your ladyship, said I, it should be *either!*—I beg, said I, to withdraw; for the sense I have of my unworthiness renders me unfit for such a presence.

I then went away, with one of my best courtesies; and Lady Towers said, as I went away, Prettily said, I vow!—And Lady Brooks said, See that shape! I never saw such a face and shape in my life; why, she must be better descended than you have told me!

And so they run on for half an hour more in my praises, as I was told; and glad was I, when I got out of hearing of them. . . .

As soon as I have dined, I will put on my new clothes. I long to have them on. I know I shall surprise Mrs. Jervis with them; for she shan't see me till I am full dressed.—John is come back, and I'll soon send you some of what I have written.—I find my master is going early in the morning; and so I'll close here, that I am Your most dutiful Daughter.

FIELDING.

It was not to be expected that all eighteenth-century readers were to view these sweetly sad and sadly sweet stories, in which the good are always rewarded and the bad punished, in the same light as did Richardson's enthusiastic admirers. Some were made of sterner stuff. Henry Fielding was the first to seize the opportunity to inaugurate a reaction. His Joseph Andrews was a burlesque upon Pamela, and greatly discomforted the author. Fielding knew life and portrayed it. Gifted with a subtle humor, he won admirers in a wholly different way. One desiring to gain a mastery of style cannot do better than study Fielding, who might with much truth be called the first realist in English fiction.

Tom Jones and *Amelia* were other of his stories. Fielding developed a tenderness of treatment beyond anything promised in his first book. Amelia makes a stronger appeal to us than some of Richardson's characters, and Tom Jones is still a favorite.

Smollett followed Fielding, but was more avowedly a humorist, whose fun must always be broad and mirth noisy. Both writers give evidence of the license permitted in conversation in their generation. The most scrupulous then found no fault with such freedom of expression; but the world has become more delicately attuned during the flight of twenty decades, and this fault becomes glaring the moment we forget the usages of an age which produced the early group of novelists.

SQUIRE WESTERN AND SOPHIA'S LOVERS.

MR. WESTERN took care to waylay Blifil at his exit from his mistress. He found him so elevated with his success, so enamoured with his daughter, and so satisfied with her reception of him, that the old gentleman began to caper and

dance about his hall, and by many other antic actions, to express the extravagance of his joy; for he had not the least command over any of his passions; and that which had at any time the ascendant in his mind, hurried him to the wildest excesses.

As soon as Blifil was departed, which was not till after many hearty kisses and embraces bestowed on him by Western, the good squire went instantly in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her choose what clothes and jewels she pleased; and declaring that he had no other use for fortune but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again with the utmost profusion of fondness, called her by the most endearing names, and protested she was his only joy on earth.

Sophia, perceiving her father in this fit of affection, which she did not absolutely know the reason of (for fits of fondness were not unusual to him, though this was rather more violent than ordinary), thought she should never have a better opportunity of disclosing herself than at present, as far at least as regarded Mr. Blifil; and she too well foresaw the necessity which she should soon be under of coming to a full explanation. After having thanked the squire, therefore, for all his professions of kindness, she added, with a look full of inexpressible softness, "And is it possible my papa can be so good to place all his joy in his Sophia's happiness?" which Western having confirmed by a great oath, and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and, falling on her knees, after many warm and passionate declarations of affection and duty, she begged him "not to make her the most miserable creature on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. This I entreat of you, dear sir," said she, "for your sake, as well as my own, since you are so very kind to tell me your happiness depends on mine."—"How! what!" says Western, staring wildly. "O, sir!" continued she, "not only your poor Sophy's happiness, her very life, her being, depends upon your granting her request. I cannot live with Mr. Blifil. To force me into this marriage, would be killing me." —"You can't live with Mr. Blifil!" says Western. "No,

upon my soul I can't," answered Sophia. "Then die and be ———," cries he, spurning her from him. "Oh! sir," cries Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, "take pity on me, I beseech you. Don't look and say such cruel——Can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this dreadful condition? Can the best of fathers break my heart? Will he kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death?"—"Pooh! pooh!" cries the squire; "all stuff and nonsense; all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you?"—"Oh! sir," answered Sophia, "such a marriage is worse than death. He is not even indifferent; I hate and detest him."—"If you detest un never so much," cries Western, "you shall ha' un." This he bound by an oath too shocking to repeat; and, after many violent asseverations, concluded in these words: "I am resolved upon the match, and, unless you consent to it, I will not give you a groat, not a single farthing; no, though I saw you expiring with famine in the street, I would not relieve you with a morsel of bread. This is my fixed resolution, and so I leave you to consider on it." He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor; and he burst directly out of the room, leaving poor Sophia prostrate on the ground.

When Western came into the hall, he there found Jones; who, seeing his friend looking wild, pale, and, almost breathless, could not forbear inquiring the reason of all these melancholy appearances. Upon which the squire immediately acquainted him with the whole matter, concluding with bitter denunciations against Sophia, and very pathetic lamentations of the misery of all fathers, who are so unfortunate as to have daughters.

Jones, to whom all the resolutions which had been taken in favor of Blifil were yet a secret, was at first almost struck dead with this relation; but recovering his spirits a little, mere despair, as he afterwards said, inspired him to mention a matter to Mr. Western, which seemed to require more impudence than a human forehead was ever gifted with. He desired leave to go to Sophia, that he might endeavor to gain her concurrence with her father's inclinations.

If the squire had been as quick-sighted as he was remark

able for the contrary, passion might at present very well have blinded him. He thanked Jones for offering to undertake the office, and said, "Go, go, prithee, try what canst do;" and then swore many execrable oaths that he would turn her out of doors unless she consented to the match.

Jones departed instantly in quest of Sophia, whom he found just risen from the ground, where her father had left her, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He presently ran to her, and, with a voice at once full of tenderness and terror, cried, "Oh, my Sophia, what means this dreadful sight?" She looked softly at him for a moment before she spoke, and then said, "Mr. Jones, for Heaven's sake, how came you here?—Leave me, I beseech you, this moment."—"Do not," says he, "impose so harsh a command upon me—my heart bleeds faster than those lips. O Sophia! how easily could I drain my veins to preserve one drop of that dear blood."—"I have too many obligations to you already," answered she, "for sure you meant them such." Here she looked at him tenderly almost a minute, and then bursting into an agony, cried, "Oh, Mr. Jones, why did you save my life? my death would have been happier for us both."—'Happier for us both!" cried he. "Could racks or wheels kill me so painfully as Sophia's ——I cannot bear the dreadful sound. Do I live but for her?" Both his voice and look were full of inexpressible tenderness when he spoke these words; and at the same time he laid gently hold on her hand, which she did not withdraw from him: to say the truth, she hardly knew what she did or suffered. A few moments now passed in silence between these lovers, while his eyes were eagerly fixed on Sophia, and hers declining towards the ground: at last she recovered strength enough to desire him again to leave her, for that her certain ruin would be the consequence of their being found together; adding, "Oh, Mr. Jones, you know not, you know not what hath passed this cruel afternoon."—"I know all, my Sophia," answered he; "your cruel father hath told me all, and he himself hath sent me hither to you."—"My father sent you to me!" replied she: "sure you dream." "Would to Heaven," cries he, "it was but a dream! Oh! Sophia,

your father hath sent me to you, to be an advocate for my odious rival, to solicit you his favor. I took any means to get access to you. Oh, speak to me, Sophia! comfort my bleeding heart. Sure no one ever loved, ever doated, like me. Do not unkindly withhold this dear, this soft, this gentle hand—One moment, perhaps, tears you forever from me —Nothing less than this cruel occasion, could, I believe, have ever conquered the respect and awe with which you have inspired me." She stood a moment silent, and covered with confusion; then, lifting up her eyes gently towards him, she cried, "What would Mr. Jones have me say?"—"Oh, do but promise," cries he, "that you never will give yourself to Blifil." "Name not," answered she, "the detested sound. Be assured, I never will give him what is in my power to withhold from him."—"Now then," cries he, "while you are so perfectly kind, go a little farther, and add that I may hope." —"Alas!" says she, "Mr. Jones, whither will you drive me? What hope have I to bestow? You know my father's intentions."—"But I know," answered he, "your compliance with them cannot be compelled."—"What," says she, "must be the dreadful consequence of my disobedience? My own ruin is my least concern. I cannot bear the thoughts of being the cause of my father's misery."—"He is himself the cause," cries Jones, "by exacting a power over you which nature hath not given him. Think on the misery which I am to suffer, if I am to lose you, and see on which side pity will turn the balance."—"Think of it!" replied she: "can you imagine I do not feel the ruin which I must bring on you, should I comply with your desire? It is that thought which gives me resolution to bid you fly from me for ever, and avoid your own destruction."—"I fear no destruction," cries he, "but the loss of Sophia. If you will save me from the most bitter agonies, recall that cruel sentence. Indeed, I can never part with you, indeed I cannot."

The lovers now stood both silent and trembling, Sophia being unable to withdraw her hand from Jones, and he almost as unable to hold it. . . .

But now the squire, having burst open the door, beheld an object which instantly suspended all his fury against Jones:

this was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms. This tragical sight Mr. Western no sooner beheld, than all his rage forsook him: he roared for help with his utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia, never considering in whose arms she then was, nor perhaps once recollecting that there was such a person in the world as Jones; for indeed, I believe, the present circumstances of his daughter were now the sole consideration which employed his thoughts.

Mrs. Western and a great number of servants soon came to the assistance of Sophia with water, cordials, and every thing necessary on those occasions. These were applied with such success, that Sophia in a very few minutes began to recover, and all the symptoms of life to return. Upon which she was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western: nor did that good lady depart without leaving some wholesome admonitions with her brother, on the dreadful effects of his passion, or, as she pleased to call it, madness.

The squire, perhaps, did not understand this good advice, as it was delivered in obscure hints, shrugs, and notes of admiration; at least, if he did understand it, he profited very little by it; for no sooner was he cured of his immediate fears for his daughter, than he relapsed into his former frenzy, which must have produced an immediate battle with Jones, had not Parson Supple, who was a very strong man, been present, and by mere force restrained the squire from acts of hostility.

Lieutenant Le Fevre at the Inn.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies—which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town, in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe—when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glass or two of sack. "It is for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything until just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast. 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he, "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good."

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host." "And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him." "Step after him," said my uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the corporal; "but I can ask his

son again." "Has he a son with him, then?" said my uncle Toby. "A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day; he has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," says my uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow: my uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal!" said my uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure and paying a visit to this poor gentleman." "Your honor's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin." "I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?" "Leave it, an it please your honor, to me," quoth the corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly, and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour." "Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant." "I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion.

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.' 'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, very devoutly, 'and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.' 'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate. A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world." —"It was well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.— "But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged for months together in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow; detached here; countermanded there; resting this night upon his arms; beat up in his shirt the next; benumbed in his joints; perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on,—he must say his prayers how and when he can. I believe, said I, for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army; I believe—an't please your reverence, said I—that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, corporal—at the day of judgment and not till then—it will be seen who has done their duties in this world and who has not, and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly." "I hope we shall," said Trim. "It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow. In the meantime we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one." "I hope not," said the corporal. "But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do, until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean, white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed, and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside: 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with

my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me. If he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant (I told him your honor was), 'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but it is most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant, in Angus's. But he knows me not,' said he, a second time, musing; 'possibly he may know my story,' added he; 'pray, tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.' 'I remember the story, an' t please your honor,' said I, 'very

well.' 'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee took the ring in his hand and kissed it, too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh; "I wish, Trim, I was asleep." "Your, honor," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?" "Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other—I forget what—was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon."

"It is finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer; so wished his honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join their regiment in Flanders. But alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over." "Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in between a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly attached at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously, that they scarcely allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to

have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good, and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son. That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim: In the first place, when thou made an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse, because had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself." "Your honor knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders." "True," quoth my uncle Toby, "Thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man."

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby, "when thou offered him whatever was in my house, thou should have offered him my house too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."—"He will never march, an' please your honor, in this world," said the corporal. "He will march!" said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. "An' please your honor," said the corporal, "he will never march but to his grave." "He shall march!" cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; "he shall march to his regiment!" "He cannot stand it," said the corporal. "He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby. "He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?" "He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly. "A-well-o'day, do what we can

for him, said Trim, maintaining his point; "the poor soul will die." "He shall not die, by G—!" cried my uncle Toby.

The *Accusing Spirit,* which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in, and the *Recording Angel,* as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavily upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle when my uncle Toby, who had risen an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him."

"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary, and the corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my uncle Toby had half-finished the kind offers he was making to the father, the son had insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling

it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel—the heart—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment, he looked up wistfully in my uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy, and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again —moved—stopped—shall I go on? No.

Uncle Toby and Widow Wadman.

As soon as the corporal had finished the story of his amour —or rather my uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbor, replaced the pin in her mob, passed the wicker-gate, and advanced slowly towards my uncle Toby's sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my uncle Toby's mind was too favorable a crisis to be let slip.

The attack was determined upon: it was facilitated still more by my uncle Toby's having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer's shovel, the spade, the pick-axe, the piquets, and other military stores which lay scattered upon the ground where Dunkirk stood.—The corporal had marched—the field was clear.

Now consider, sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting, or writing, or anything else (whether in rhyme to it or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever Plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold (I mean in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the plan of Mrs. Wadman's attack of my uncle Toby in his sentry-box, by plan. Now, the plan hanging up in it at this juncture being the plan of Dunkirk, and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it opposed every impression she could make; and besides, could she have gone upon it, the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine's, in Trim's story, that just then, that particular attack, however successful before, became the most heartless attack that could be made.

Oh! let woman alone for this. Mrs. Wadman had scarce opened the wicker-gate when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

She formed a new attack in a moment.

I am half distracted, Captain Shandy, said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambric handkerchief to her left eye, as she approached the door of my uncle Toby's sentry-box,—a mote, or sand, or something—I know not what—has got into this eye of mine; do look into it; it is not in the white.

In saying which Mrs. Wadman edged herself close in beside my uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, she gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up. "Do look into it," said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart as ever child looked into a raree show box; and 'twere as much a sin to have hurt thee.

If a man will be peeping of his own accord into things of that nature, I have nothing to say to it.

My uncle Toby never did, and I will answer for him that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rhodope's beside him, without being able to tell whether it was a black or a blue one.

The difficulty was to get my uncle Toby to look at one at all. 'Tis surmounted. And,—

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling out of it, looking—and—looking—then rubbing his eyes and looking again, with twice the good nature that ever Galileo looked for a spot in the sun.

In vain! for, by all the powers which animate the organ —Widow Wadman's left eye shines this moment as lucid as her right; there is neither mote, nor sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—there is nothing, my dear, paternal uncle! but one lambent, delicious fire furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine.

If thou lookest, uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer thou art undone.

An eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect. That it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye, and the carriage of the cannon, by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one. However, as 'tis made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

"I protest, Madam," said my uncle Toby, "I can see nothing whatever in your eye."

"It is not in the white," said Mrs. Wadman. My uncle Toby looked with might and main into the pupil.

Now, of all the eyes which ever were created, from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself—which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all so fitted to rob my uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking. It was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one; nor was it an eye sparkling, petulant or imperious, of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature of which my uncle Toby was made up; but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations and soft responses, speaking, not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse, but whispering soft, like the last low accents of an expiring saint. "How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on or trust your cares to?"

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself if I say another word about it.

It did my uncle Toby's business. . . .

The world is ashamed of being virtuous. My uncle Toby knew little of the world, and therefore when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gapped knife across his

finger. Had it been otherwise—yet as he ever looked upon Trim as an humble friend, and saw fresh reasons every day of his life to treat him as such—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

"I am in love, corporal!" quoth my uncle Toby.

In love! said the corporal; your honor was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honor the story of the King of Bohemia.—Bohemia, said my uncle Toby, musing a long time,—what became of that story, Trim?

We lost it, an' please your honor, somehow betwixt us, but your honor was as free from love then as I am. 'Twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow—With Mrs. Wadman, quoth my uncle Toby—she has left a ball here—added my uncle Toby, pointing to his breast.

She can no more, an' please your honor, stand a siege than she can fly, cried the corporal.

But as we are neighbors, Trim, the best way I think is to let her know it civilly first, quoth my uncle Toby.

Now if I might presume, said the corporal, to differ from your honor—

Why else do I talk to thee, Trim? said my uncle Toby, mildly.—

Then I would begin, an' please your honor, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return, and telling her civilly afterwards; for if she knows anything of your honor's being in love beforehand—

L—d help her!—She knows no more at present of it, Trim, said my uncle Toby—than the child unborn—

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances to Mrs. Bridget twenty-four hours before, and was at that very moment sitting in council with her touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum.*

A Jolly Toper—Franz Hals.

CHAPTER III.

JANE AUSTEN: SCOTT AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849) deserves mention in any consideration of the English novel both for her personal accomplishment and for the influence which she exerted upon her generation. Precocious as a child, her literary work throughout was hampered by pedantry. She was the first to portray Irish life from the Irish standpoint. Previously the Irish had been introduced into stories for the purpose of creating humorous situations and attracting attention to an amusing brogue. In *The Absentee* and *Castle Rackrent* she showed the people of the Emerald Isle as they really were—as they acted and thought and felt. This sympathetic treatment revealed their conditions in a new light. No higher tribute has been paid to Miss Edgeworth than that of Scott, in his generous acknowledgment of having been inspired by her Irish tales to undertake to do for Scotland what she had so happily done for Ireland.

More gifted by far was Jane Austen, born the year that witnessed the opening of our great war for independence. Daughter of a clergyman, Miss Austen lived throughout her life among the middle class and generally amid village surroundings. Few literary persons have ever followed such a humdrum existence more securely hedged in by the commonplace, dull and prosaic. Nevertheless, her clear vision and penetrating insight permitted her to make the most of the world she knew. Like a miniature painter, to whose efforts she likened her work, she achieved her results by delicate care and painstaking. In all, she wrote six novels; four were published before her death; two subsequently. Extremely modest and restricted by the binding sense of propriety under which she grew up, she never allowed her name to be used in connection with her published volumes nor was their true authorship generally known until after her death.

It is idle to judge literary productions by ages other than that which produced them. Acknowledging her limitations, it

must be admitted that few have since equalled Miss Austen and none excelled her. Her career is almost phenomenal. She wrote as easily and quietly as she lived. Those who knew her best were scarcely aware of her labor or conscious of her unusual powers. Simplicity characterized her life, and the even tenor of her surroundings is reflected in her books. Lacking intensity and deep passion, they are illuminated with humor and satire equalled only by that of Thackeray. These two English novelists present several similarities. Both abound in detail, both understand the failings and foibles of the day, both strikingly picture contemporary manners.

Scott belonged to the romanticists; Miss Austen with the realists. None since Fielding had so satirized the sentimentalists. Jane Austen's first book, published in 1811, cleared the atmosphere for a more natural type of story. In *Sense and Sensibility,* two sisters are brought before us; one acts reasonably and rationally; the other, filled with romantic extravagances, seeks misery and creates it. None could read the tale and not feel the blow so delicately but forcefully dealt to writers of the sentimental order. *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion,* her last novels, exemplify changes in the writer; a deeper vein is reached; more and more is the motive revealed. Yet he seeks in vain who would find the author in these stories. Not even Shakespeare wrote more impersonally. Whilst at first thought a comparison between the great dramatist and this gentle writer may seem surprising, critics have repeatedly pointed out a similarity between her characters and those of the light Shakespearean comedies; moreover, social manners largely prevail in both.

Her closely woven story, definite plot, details that fitted in together like pieces of a wonderful puzzle, awakened the admiration of Scott. He produced his effects by bold mastery, broad canvases, a wealth of characters; Miss Austen, by her quietly developed story, in which each polished mosaic fitted into its place and contributed to the harmonious whole.

Walter Scott is inseparably associated with the historical novel. Attempted by others, he first gave it an assured place in literature. Since his time and particularly in the closing years of the nineteenth century, historical novels have been produced in lavish abundance. Yet never since the days of

Scott has anyone approached the novel from the same standpoint.

As a boy, frail health prevented Walter Scott from participating in the rugged sports and pastimes that otherwise might have been his enjoyment. Rather, he found his pleasure in the legends and traditions of the border. He was in point of time not far removed from the years when clans in the Highland kilts and plaids had roused quickly to the call of their chieftains and gone forth to evince their strength. The spirit of the earlier independence survived and the rocks and crags abounded in tales which roused the imagination of the already imaginative youth. Steeped in history and developing in surroundings which impressed the past upon his mind, Scott became more at home in the past than in the age in which he lived. The organization of the feudal state laid hold of him; his temperament responded to it. His own later life was spent in a vain attempt to revive feudal life, its limitless hospitality, its responsibility over its retainers.

Scott's first writings were couched in verse. *The Lady of the Lake, Marmion,* and *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* are today read by every schoolboy. Critics have often claimed that they are but novelettes in rhyme. But the stirring border poems have a charm which insures them a place in literature for some time to come.

The authorship of the Waverley novels was at first unrevealed. It is not unlikely that Scott delayed claiming them until he might be assured of his success as a novelist. Successful they were and popular from the beginning. It has been observed that Scott wrote historical novels because he could write no other kind. He gave his stories historical settings, although, to be sure, he used history to serve his ends quite as freely as Shakespeare had done in his historical plays. Events that preceded or followed by fifty years are made simultaneous if so the ends of the story are met. Fact and fancy, sober truth and fiction, history and romance—all are interwoven and a wonderful tapestry produced which so pleases by its picture and gratifies by its harmonious blendings that only when we have enjoyed it to the utmost do we care to dissect it and separate the threads. In fact, it is safe to say that he who yields to the story seldom pauses to think which portions are attributable to history and which to Scott.

Within a comparatively few years, Scott completed more than thirty novels. A glance at their size and volume will immediately apprise one of the stupendous task. Scott wrote easily, tirelessly and one might almost add, heedlessly. His mind was deeply engrossed upon the story, but he built upon no previously constructed plot. Slight study of his stories will enable the general reader to see that characters intended for first place not infrequently become lost and others supersede them; the main thread of the story is often abandoned for the purpose of allowing the author to trace out a new incident or explore to the end a strange and untraveled path. Moreover, he rarely reveals to us the true mentality of his characters; we know how they are dressed, equipped, and how they acquit themselves; but we rarely know how they feel—what motives are actuating them, what untold anguish or joy they are experiencing. One exception must be made, and that is in the instance of the abnormal creatures who people his pages. These we grow to understand from almost every point of view.

Some of the less familiar among Scott's novels are superior to the ones more widely read. *Ivanhoe* is far from strongest, although, perhaps, best known. *Kenilworth* and *The Talisman* will continue to live and hold their readers. But *The Abbot, The Monastery,* and particularly *The Bride of Lammermoor* have qualities which give them superiority over others.

THE STORMING OF FRONT-DE-BOEUF'S CASTLE.

(From "Ivanhoe.")

THE noise within the castle, occasioned by the defensive preparations which had been considerable for some time, now increased into tenfold bustle and clamor. The heavy, yet hasty, step of the men-at-arms, traversed the battlements, or resounded on the narrow and winding passages and stairs which led to the various bartisans and points of defence. The voices of the knights were heard, animating their followers, or directing means of defence, while their commands were often drowned in the clashing of armor, or the clamorous shouts of those whom they addressed. Tremendous as these sounds were, and yet more terrible from the awful event which they presaged, there was a sublimity mixed with them, which Rebecca's high-toned mind could feel even in that moment of terror. Her eye kindled, although the blood fled from her cheeks; and there was a strong mixture of fear, and of a thrilling sense of the sublime, as she repeated, half whispering to herself, half speaking to her companion, the sacred text,—"The quiver rattleth—the glittering spear and the shield—the noise of the captains and the shouting!"

But Ivanhoe was like the war-horse of that sublime passage, glowing with impatience at his inactivity, and with his ardent desire to mingle in the affray of which these sounds were the introduction. "If I could but drag myself," he said, "to yonder window, that I might see how this brave game is like to go—If I had but bow to shoot a shaft, or battle-axe to strike were it but a single blow for our deliverance!—It is in vain—it is in vain—I am alike nerveless and weaponless!"

sight!—Those who advance first bear huge shields and defences made of plank; the others follow, bending their bows as they come on.—They raise their bows!—God of Moses, forgive the creatures thou hast made!"

Her description was here suddenly interrupted by the signal for assault, which was given by the blast of a shrill bugle, and at once answered by a flourish of the Norman trumpets from the battlements, which, mingled with the deep and hollow clang of the nakers (a species of kettle-drum), retorted in notes of defiance the challenge of the enemy. The shouts of both parties augmented the fearful din, the assailants crying, "St. George for merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of "*En avant, De Bracy! Beauseant! Beauseant! Front-de-Bœuf à la rescousse!*" according to the war-cries of their different commanders.

It was not however, by clamor that the contest was to be decided, and the desperate efforts of the assailants were met by an equally vigorous defence on the part of the besieged. The archers, trained by their woodland pastimes to the most effective use of the long-bow, shot, to use the appropriate phrase of the time, so "wholly together," that no point at which a defender could show the least part of his person, escaped their cloth-yard shafts. By this heavy discharge, which continued as thick and sharp as hail, while, notwithstanding, every arrow had its individual aim, and flew by scores together against each embrasure and opening in the parapets, as well as at every window where a defender either occasionally had post, or might be suspected to be stationed, —by this sustained discharge, two or three of the garrison were slain, and several others wounded. But, confident in their armor of proof, and in the cover which their situation afforded, the followers of Front-de-Bœuf, and his allies, showed an obstinacy in defence proportioned to the fury of the attack, and replied with the discharge of their long cross-bows, as well as with their long-bows, slings, and other missile weapons, to the close and continued shower of arrows; and, as the assailants were necessarily but indifferently protected, did considerably more damage than they received at

their hand. The whizzing of shafts and of missiles on both sides was only interrupted by the shouts which arose when either side inflicted or sustained some notable loss.

"And I must lie here like a bed-ridden monk," exclaimed Ivanhoe, "while the game that gives me freedom or death is played out by the hand of others! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but beware that you are not marked by the archers beneath. Look out once more, and tell me if they yet advance to the storm."

With patient courage, strengthened by the interval which she had employed in mental devotion, Rebecca again took post at the lattice, sheltering herself, however, so as not to be visible from beneath.

"What dost thou see, Rebecca?" again demanded the wounded knight.

"Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to dazzle mine eyes, and to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

"That cannot endure," said Ivanhoe; "if they press not right on to carry the castle by pure force of arms, the archery may avail but little against stone walls and bulwarks. Look for the Knight of the Fetterlock, fair Rebecca, and see how he bears himself; for as the leader is so will the followers be."

"I see him not," said Rebecca.

"Foul craven!" exclaimed Ivanhoe; "does he blench from the helm when the wind blows highest?"

"He blenches not! he blenches not!" said Rebecca; "I see him now; he leads a body of men close under the outer barrier of the barbican. They pull down the piles and palisades, they hew down the barriers with axes. His high black plume floats abroad over the throng like a raven over the field of the slain. They have made a breach in the barriers —they rush on—they are thrust back!—Front-de Bœuf heads the defenders; I see his gigantic form above the press.— They throng again to the breach, and the pass is disputed hand to hand and man to man. God of Jacob! it is the meeting of two fierce tides—the conflict of two oceans moved by adverse winds!"

She turned her head from the lattice, as if unable longer to endure a sight so terrible.

"Look forth again, Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, mistaking the cause of her retiring; "the archery must in some degree have ceased, since they are now fighting hand to hand.—Look again; there is now less danger."

Rebecca again looked forth and almost immediately exclaimed—"Holy Prophets of the Law! Front-de-Bœuf and the Black Knight fight hand to hand in the breach amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the strife. Heaven strike with those who strike for the cause of the oppressed and the captive!" She then uttered a loud shriek, and exclaimed—"He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "for our dear Lady's sake, tell me which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca, faintly; then instantly again shouted with joyful eagerness—"But no—but no! the name of the Lord of Hosts be blessed! he is on foot again, and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he snatches an axe from a yeoman—he presses Front-de-Bœuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops and totters like an oak under the steel of the woodman—he falls—he falls!"

"Front-de-Bœuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Bœuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to the rescue, headed by the haughty Templar; their united force compels the champion to pause. They drag Front-de-Bœuf within the walls."

"The assailants have won the barriers, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have—they have!" exclaimed Rebecca; "and they press the besieged hard upon the outer wall. Some plant ladders, some swarm like bees, and endeavor to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. . . Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads; and as fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the assault. Great God! hast thou given men thine own image that it should be thus cruelly defaced by the hands of their brethren!"

"Think not of that," said Ivanhoe, "this is no time for such thoughts. Who yield? Who push them away?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, shuddering; "the soldiers lie grovelling under them like crushed reptiles. The besieged have the better."

"Saint George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight. "Do the false yeomen give way?"

"No!" exclaimed Rebecca; "they bear themselves right yeomanly. The Black Knight approaches the postern with his huge axe—the thundering blows which he deals you may hear above all the din and shouts of the battle. Stones and beams are hailed down upon the bold champion—he regards them no more than if they were thistledown or feathers."

"By Saint John of Acre," said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed!"

"The postern-gate shakes," continued Rebecca; "it crashes—it is splintered by his blows; they rush in—the outwork is won. O God! they hurl the defenders from the battlements—they throw them into the moat! O men, if indeed ye be men—spare them that can resist no longer!"

"The bridge—the bridge which communicates with the castle—have they won that pass?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca, "the Templar has destroyed the plank on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle; the shrieks and the cries which you hear tell the fate of the others. Alas! I see it is still more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe; "Look forth yet again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is over for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends strengthen themselves within the outwork which they have mastered, and it affords them so good a shelter from the foeman's shot that the garrison only bestow a few bolts on it from interval to interval, as if rather to disquiet than effectually to injure them."

"Our friends," said Wilfred, "will surely not abandon an enterprise so gloriously begun and so happily attained.—O no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe hath rent heart-of-oak and bars of iron.—Singular," he again muttered to himself, "if there be two who can do a deed of such

derring-do!—a fetterlock, and a shacklebolt on a field sable—what may tha tmean?—Seest thou naught else, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"Nothing," said the Jewess; "all about him is black as the wing of the night raven. Nothing can I spy that can mark him further—but having once seen him put forth his strength in battle, methinks I could know him again among a thousand warriors.—He rushes to the fray as if he were summoned to a banquet. There is more than mere strength, there seems as if the whole soul and spirit of the champion were given to every blow which he deals upon his enemies. God assoilzie him of the sin of blood-shed!—it is fearful, yet magnificent, to behold how the arm and heart of one man can triumph over hundreds."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "thou hast painted a hero; surely they rest but to refresh their force, or to provide the means of crossing the moat.—Under such a leader as thou hast spoken this knight to be, there are no craven fears, no cold-blooded delays, no yielding up a gallant emprize; since the difficulties which render it arduous render it also glorious. I swear by the honor of my house—I vow by the name of my bright lady-love, I would endure ten years' captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side in such a quarrel as this!"

"Alas," said Rebecca, leaving her station at the window, and approaching the couch of the wounded knight, "this impatient yearning after action—this struggling with and repining at your present weakness, will not fail to injure your returning health.—How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou thyself hast received?"

"Rebecca," he replied, "thou knowest not how impossible it is for one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest, or a woman, when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the *mêlée* is the breath of our nostrils! We live not—we wish not to live—longer than while we are victorious and renowned—Such, maiden, are the laws of chivalry to which we are sworn, and to which we offer all that we hold dear."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND AMY ROBSART.

(From "Kenilworth.")

IT chanced upon that memorable morning, that one of the earliest of the huntress train, who appeared from her chamber in full array for the chase, was the princess, for whom all these pleasures were instituted, England's Maiden Queen. I know not if it were by chance, or out of the befitting courtesy due to a mistress by whom he was so much honored, that she had scarcely made one step beyond the threshold of her chamber ere Leicester was by her side, and proposed to her, until the preparations for the chase had been completed, to view the Pleasance, and the gardens which it connected with the Castleyard.

To this new scene of pleasure they walked, the earl's arm affording his sovereign the occasional support which she required, where flights of steps, then a favorite ornament in a garden, conducted them from terrace to terrace, and from parterre to parterre. The ladies in attendance, gifted with prudence, or endowed perhaps with the amiable desire of acting as they would be done by, did not conceive their duty to the queen's person required them, though they lost not sight of her, to approach so near as to share, or perhaps disturb, the conversation betwixt the queen and the earl, who was not only her host but also her most trusted, esteemed, and favored servant. They contented themselves with admiring the grace of this illustrious couple, whose robes of state were now exchanged for hunting suits, almost equally magnificent.

Elizabeth's sylvan dress, which was of a pale blue silk, with silver lace and *aiguillettes*, approached in form to that of the ancient Amazons; and was, therefore, well suited at once to her height, and to the dignity of her mien, which her conscious rank and long habits of authority had rendered in some degree too masculine to be seen to the best advantage in ordinary

female weeds. Leicester's hunting-suit of Lincoln-green, richly embroidered with gold, and crossed by the gay baldric, which sustained a bugle-horn, and a wood-knife instead of a sword, became its master, as did his other vestments of court or of war. For such were the perfections of his form and mien, that Leicester was always supposed to be seen to the greatest advantage in the character and dress which for the time he represented or wore.

The conversation of Elizabeth and the favorite earl has not reached us in detail. But those who watched at some distance (and the eyes of courtiers and court ladies are right sharp) were of opinion, that on no occasion did the dignity of Elizabeth, in gesture and motion, seem so decidedly to soften away into a mien expressive of indecision and tenderness. Her step was not only slow, but even unequal, a thing most unwonted in her carriage; her looks seemed bent on the ground, and there was a timid disposition to withdraw from her companion, which external gesture in females often indicates exactly the opposite tendency in the secret mind. The Duchess of Rutland, who ventured nearest, was even heard to aver, that she discerned a tear in Elizabeth's eye, and a blush on the cheek: and still farther, "She bent her looks on the ground to avoid mine," said the duchess; "she who, in her ordinary mood, could look down a lion." To what conclusion these symptoms led is sufficiently evident; nor were they probably entirely groundless. The progress of private conversation, betwixt two persons of different sexes, is often decisive of their fate, and gives it a turn very different perhaps from what they themselves anticipated. Gallantry becomes mingled with conversation, and affection and passion come gradually to mix with gallantry. Nobles, as well as shepherd swains, will, in such a trying moment, say more than they intended; and queens, like village maidens, will listen longer than they should.

Horses in the meanwhile neighed, and champed the bits with impatience in the base-court; hounds yelled in their couples, and yeomen, rangers, and prickers lamented the exhaling of the dew, which would prevent the scent from lying. But Leicester had another chase in view, or, to speak more

justly towards him, had become engaged in it without premeditation, as the high-spirited hunter which follows the cry of the hounds that have crossed his path by accident. The queen—an accomplished and handsome woman—the pride of England, the hope of France and Holland, and the dread of Spain, had probably listened with more than usual favor to that mixture of romantic gallantry with which she always loved to be addressed; and the earl had, in vanity, in ambition, or in both, thrown in more and more of that delicious ingredient, until his importunity became the language of love itself.

"No, Dudley," said Elizabeth, yet it was with broken accents—"No, I must be the mother of my people. Other ties, that make the lowly maiden happy, are denied to her sovereign.—No, Leicester, urge it no more—Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness—then, indeed—but it cannot —cannot be.—Delay the chase—delay it for half an-hour—and leave me, my lord."

"How, leave you, madam!" said Leicester,—"Has my madness offended you?"

"No, Leicester, not so!" answered the queen hastily; "it is but madness, and must not be repeated. Go—but go not far from hence—and meantime let no one intrude on my privacy."

While she spoke thus, Dudley bowed deeply and retired with a slow and melancholy air. The queen stood gazing after him, and murmured to herself—"Were it possible—were it *but* possible!—but no—no—Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone."

As she spoke thus, and in order to avoid some one whose step she heard approaching, the queen turned into the grotto in which her hapless, and yet but too successful, rival lay concealed.

The mind of England's Elizabeth, if somewhat shaken by the agitating interview to which she had just put a period, was of that firm and decided character which soon recovers its natural tone. It was like one of those ancient druidical monuments, called rocking-stones. The finger of Cupid, boy as he is painted, could put her feelings in motion, but the power of

Hercules could not have destroyed their equilibrium. As she advanced with a slow pace towards the inmost extremity of the grotto, her countenance, ere she had proceeded half the length, had recovered its dignity of look, and her mien its air of command.

It was then the queen became aware, that a female figure was placed beside, or rather partly behind, an alabaster column, at the foot of which arose the pellucid fountain, which occupied the inmost recess of the twilight grotto. The classical mind of Elizabeth suggested the story of Numa and Egeria, and she doubted not that some Italian sculptor had here represented the Naiad, whose inspirations gave laws to Rome. As she advanced, she became doubtful whether she beheld a statue or a form of flesh and blood. The unfortunate Amy, indeed, remained motionless, betwixt the desire which she had to make her condition known to one of her sex, and her awe for the stately form which approached her, and which, though her eyes had never before beheld, her fears instantly suspected to be the personage she really was. Amy had arisen from her seat with the purpose of addressing the lady who entered the grotto alone, and, as she at first thought, so opportunely. But when she recollected the alarm which Leicester had expressed at the queen's knowing aught of their union, and became more and more satisfied that the person whom she now beheld was Elizabeth herself, she stood with one foot advanced and one withdrawn, her arms, head, and hands, perfectly motionless, and her cheek as pallid as the alabaster pedestal against which she leaned. Her dress was of pale sea-green silk, little distinguished in that imperfect light, and somewhat resembled the drapery of a Grecian Nymph, such an antique disguise having been thought the most secure, where so many maskers and revellers were assembled; so that the queen's doubt of her being a living form was well justified by all contingent circumstances, as well as by the bloodless cheek and fixed eye.

Elizabeth remained in doubt, even after she had approached within a few paces, whether she did not gaze on a statue so cunningly fashioned, that by the doubtful light it could not be distinguished from reality. She stopped, therefore, and fixed

PORTRAIT OF HIS MOTHER—REMBRANDT.

upon this interesting object her princely look with so much keenness, that the astonishment which had kept Amy immovable gave way to awe, and she gradually cast down her eyes and dropped her head under the commanding gaze of the sovereign. Still, however, she remained in all respects, saving this slow and profound inclination of the head, motionless and silent.

From her dress, and the casket which she instinctively held in her hand, Elizabeth naturally conjectured that the beautiful but mute figure which she beheld was a performer in one of the various theatrical pageants which had been placed in different situations to surprise her with their homage, and that the poor player, overcome with awe at her presence, had either forgot the part assigned her, or lacked courage to go through it. It was natural and courteous to give her some encouragement; and Elizabeth accordingly said, in a tone of condescending kindness,—"How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm. Speak, we command thee."

Instead of answering her by speech, the unfortunate countess dropped on her knee before the queen, let her casket fall from her hand, and clasping her palms together, looked up in the queen's face with such a mixed agony of fear and supplication, that Elizabeth was considerably affected.

"What may this mean?" she said; "this is a stronger passion than befits the occasion. Stand up, damsel—what wouldst thou have with us?"

"Your protection, madam," faltered forth the unhappy petitioner.

"Each daughter of England has it while she is worthy of it," replied the queen; "but your distress seems to have deeper root than a forgotten task. Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?"

Amy hastily endeavored to recall what she were best to say, which might secure herself from the imminent dangers that surrounded her, without endangering her husband; and plunging from one thought to another, amidst the chaos

which filled her mind, she could at length, in answer to the queen's repeated inquiries in what she sought protection, only falter out, "Alas! I know not."

"This is folly, maiden," said Elizabeth, impatiently; for there was something in the extreme confusion of the suppliant which irritated her curiosity, as well as interested her feelings, "The sick man must tell his malady to the physician, nor are WE accustomed to ask questions so oft, without receiving an answer."

"I request—I implore," stammered forth the unfortunate countess,—"I beseech your gracious protection—against—against one Varney." She choked well-nigh as she uttered the fatal word, which was instantly caught up by the queen.

"What, Varney,—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester!—What, damsel, are you to him, or he to you?"

"I—I—was his prisoner—and he practised on my life—and I broke forth to—to——"

"To throw thyself on my protection, doubtless," said Elizabeth. "Thou shalt have it—that is if thou art worthy; for we will sift this matter to the uttermost.—Thou art," she said, bending on the countess an eye which seemed designed to pierce her very inmost soul,—"Thou art Amy, daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?"

"Forgive me—forgive me—most gracious princess!" said Amy, dropping once more on her knee from which she had arisen.

"For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?" said Elizabeth; "for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick, surely. Well, I see I must wring the story from thee by inches.—Thou didst deceive thine old and honored father—thy look confesses it—cheated Master Tressilian—thy blush avouches it—and married this same Varney."

Amy sprung on her feet, and interrupted the queen eagerly, with, "No, madam, no—as there is a God above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would make me! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—of that most deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!"

The queen, overwhelmed in her turn by Amy's vehemence, stood silent for an instant, and then replied, "Why, God ha' mercy, woman!—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee. Nay, tell me, woman," she continued, for to the impulse of curiosity was now added that of an undefined jealousy that some deception had been practiced on her, —"tell me, woman—for by God's day, I WILL know—whose wife or whose paramour art thou? Speak out, and be speedy.—Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth."

Urged to this extremity, dragged as it were by irresistible force to the verge of a precipice, which she saw but could not avoid,—permitted not a moment's respite by the eager words and menacing gestures of the offended queen, Amy at length uttered in despair, "The Earl of Leicester knows it all."

"The Earl of Leicester!" said Elizabeth, in utter astonishment—"The Earl of Leicester!" she repeated, with kindling anger,—"Woman, thou art set on to this—thou dost belie him—he takes no keep of such things as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord and the truest-hearted gentleman in England! But were he the right hand of our trust, or something yet dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence. Come with me—come with me instantly!"

As Amy shrunk back with terror, which the incensed queen interpreted as that of conscious guilt, Elizabeth rapidly advanced, seized on her arm, and hastened with swift and long steps out of the grotto, and along the principal alley of the Pleasance, dragging with her the terrified countess, whom she still held by the arm, and whose utmost exertions could but just keep pace with those of the indignant queen.

Leicester was at this moment the centre of a splendid group of lords and ladies assembled together under an arcade, or portico, which closed the alley. The company had drawn together in that place, to attend the commands of her majesty when the hunting party should go forward, and their astonishment may be imagined, when instead of seeing Elizabeth advance towards them with her usual measured dignity of motion, they beheld her, walking so rapidly, that she was in

the midst of them ere they were aware; and then observed, with fear and surprise, that her features were flushed betwixt anger and agitation, that her hair was loosed by her haste of motion, and that her eyes sparkled as they were wont when the spirit of Henry VIII. mounted highest in his daughter. Nor were they less astonished at the appearance of the pale, attenuated, half dead, yet still lovely female, whom the queen upheld by main strength with one hand, while with the other she waved aside the ladies and nobles who pressed towards her, under the idea that she was taken suddenly ill.—"Where is my Lord of Leicester?" she said, in a tone that thrilled with astonishment all the courtiers who stood around—"Stand forth, my Lord of Leicester!"

If, in the midst of the most serene day of summer, when all is light and laughing around, a thunderbolt were to fall from the clear blue vault of heaven and rend the earth at the very feet of some careless traveler, he could not gaze upon the smouldering chasm, which so unexpectedly yawned before him, with half the astonishment and fear which Leicester felt at the sight that so suddenly presented itself. He had that instant been receiving, with a political affectation of disavowing and misunderstanding their meaning, the half-uttered, half-intimated congratulations of the courtiers, upon the favor of the queen, carried apparently to its highest pitch during the interview of that morning; from which most of them seemed to augur, that he might soon arise from their equal in rank to become their master. And now, while the subdued yet proud smile with which he disclaimed those inferences was yet curling his cheek, the queen shot into the circle, her passions excited to the uttermost; and, supporting with one hand, and apparently without an effort, the pale and sinking form of his almost expiring wife, and pointing with the finger of the other to her half-dead features, demanded in a voice that sounded to the ear of the astounded statesman like the last dread trumpet-call, that is to summon body and spirit to the judgment-seat, "Knowest thou this woman?"

As at the blast of that last trumpet the guilty shall call upon the mountains to cover them, Leicester's inward thoughts invoked the stately arch which he had built in his pride, to

burst its strong conjunction, and overwhelm them in its ruins. But the cemented stones, architrave and battlement, stood fast; and it was the proud master himself, who, as if some actual pressure had bent him to the earth, kneeled down before Elizabeth, and prostrated his brow to the marble flagstones on which she stood.

"Leicester," said Elizabeth, in a voice which trembled with passion, "could I think thou has practiced on me—on me thy sovereign—on me thy confiding, thy too partial mistress, the base and ungrateful deception which thy present confusion surmises—by all that is holy, false lord, that head of thine were in as great peril as ever was thy father's!"

Leicester had not conscious innocence, but he had pride to support him. He raised slowly his brow and features, which were black and swollen with contending emotions, and only replied, "My head cannot fall but by the sentence of my peers —to them I will plead, and not to a princess who thus requites my faithful service."

"What! my lords," said Elizabeth, looking around, "we are defied, I think—defied in the castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man!—My Lord Shrewsbury, you are marshal of England, attach him of high treason."

"Whom does your grace mean?" said Shrewsbury, much surprised, for he had that instant joined the astonished circle.

"Whom should I mean, but that traitor Dudley, Earl of Leicester?—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—I say, villain, make haste!"

Hunsdon, a rough old noble, who, from his relationship to the Boleyns, was accustomed to use more freedom with the queen than almost any other dared to do, replied bluntly, "And it is like your grace might order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste. I do beseech you to be patient,"

"Patient—God's life!" exclaimed the queen, "name not the word to me—thou know'st not what of he is guilty!"

Amy, who had by this time in some degree recovered herself, and who saw her husband, as she conceived, in the utmost danger from the rage of an offended sovereign, instantly (and alas, how many women have done the same!) forgot her own

wrongs, and her own danger, in her apprehensions for him, and throwing herself before the queen, embraced her knees, while she exclaimed, "He is guiltless, madam, he is guiltless —no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester."

"Why, minion," answered the queen, "didst not thou, thyself, say that the Earl of Leicester was privy to thy whole history?"

"Did I say so?" repeated the unhappy Amy, laying aside every consideration of consistency, and of self-interest; "Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May God so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!"

"Woman!" said Elizabeth, "I will know who has moved thee to this; or my wrath—and the wrath of kings is a flaming fire—shall wither and consume thee like a weed in the furnace."

As the queen uttered this threat, Leicester's better angel called his pride to his aid, and reproached him with the utter extremity of meanness which would overwhelm him forever, if he stooped to take shelter under the generous interposition of his wife, and abandoned her, in return for her kindness, to the resentment of the queen. He had already raised his head, with the dignity of a man of honor, to avow his marriage, and proclaim himself the protector of his countess, when Varney, born, as it appeared, to be his master's evil genius, rushed into the presence, with every mark of disorder on his face and apparel.

"What means this saucy intrusion?" said Elizabeth.

Varney, with the air of a man overwhelmed with grief and confusion, prostrated himself before her feet, exclaiming, "Pardon, my liege, pardon!—or at least let your justice avenge itself on me, where it is due; but spare my noble, my generous, my innocent patron and master!"

Amy, who was yet kneeling, started up as she saw the man whom she deemed most odious place himself so near her, and was about to fly towards Leicester, when, checked at once by the uncertainty and even timidity which his looks had re-assumed as soon as the appearance of his confidant seemed to open a new scene, she hung back, and uttering a faint scream, besought of her majesty to cause her to be imprisoned in the lowest dungeon of the castle—to deal with her as the worst of criminals—"But spare," she exclaimed, "my sight and hearing, what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!"

"And why, sweetheart?" said the queen, moved by a new impulse; "What hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?"

"Oh, worse than sorrow, madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension where most there should be peace. I shall go mad if I look longer on him."

"Beshrew me, but I think thou art distraught already," answered the queen.—"My Lord Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming."

Two or three of the ladies in attendance, either moved by

compassion for a creature so interesting, or by some other motive, offered their service to look after her; but the queen briefly answered, "Ladies, under favor, no,—You have all (give God thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—our kinsman Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, look to it that none have speech of her."

"By Our Lady!" said Hunsdon, taking in his strong sinewy arms the fading and almost swooning form of Amy, "she is a lovely child; and though a rough nurse, your Grace hath given her a kind one. She is safe with me as one of my own lady-birds of daughters."

So saying, he carried her off, unresistingly and almost unconsciously; his war-worn locks and long gray beard mingling with her light-brown tresses, as her head reclined on his strong square shoulder. The queen followed him with her eye—she had already, with that self-command which forms so necessary a part of a sovereign's accomplishments, suppressed every appearance of agitation, and seemed as if she desired to banish all traces of her burst of passion from the recollection of those who have witnessed it. "My Lord of Hunsdon says well," she observed, "he is indeed but a rough nurse for so tender a babe."

ABBOTSFORD.

CHAPTER IV.

NINETEENTH CENTURY FICTION: CHARLES DICKENS.

The nineteenth century witnessed greater changes in social, economic, religious and intellectual activities than any ten previous centuries, with the exception of the Renaissance. Means of rapid communication brought distant nations in close touch with one another, and hence into better understanding. The saying of a recent college president, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know," applies in a wider sense to nations. Each has much to commend it when rightly comprehended.

In the economic world, machinery took the place of hand labor. While this immediately presented advantages, it nevertheless placed the masses more completely at the mercy of employers. Although the condition of the working people was much improved, an increasing intelligence and education enabled this body to wish for still further rights and privileges. It was seen that workmen must unite if they would hold their own against capitalists. The labor troubles of years directly following were constant, and intense bitterness resulted.

The discoveries of science threatened creeds and forced religions to become less narrow, and more inclusive, forced them to expand to broader interpretations if they were to survive. The protests raised against these scientific discoveries—that they threatened to undermine religion—only abated as nobler conceptions dawned upon human intelligence. Yet a period of change—especially religious change—entails intensity, arouses antagonisms and deepens prejudices.

The comforts of life, due to inventions and applied science, were quickly multiplied, and the lot of the commoner was substantially changed and much improved. Schools and education received new impulses and vitality, which tended further to the general uplift.

In view of these facts, it was to be expected that the novel, which like the drama reflects life, should reflect the pulsing life of the times rather than that of past ages. Although Scott's stories were printed during the first portion of the

stigated during his own lifetime, it may be said that the reformer always exaggerates the evil to make it the more glaring. People need to have wrong put before them in a clear light—not softened by a mist or modified by distant haze. Life accustoms us all to the fact that there is much misery and want and injustice and oppression in the world and we soon grow to feel that we can never hope to remedy it all; the danger is that we shall not even put forth the effort to accomplish the little that we might. The reformer sets forth the evil he hopes to lessen forcefully and mercilessly; there is no attempt to modify but rather to intensify; thus the pity of it is pressed upon the indifferent—a class comprising all unaffected by either the wrong or its redress.

It would be impossible to estimate adequately the service Dickens thus rendered to the unfortunate and oppressed of his land. Nor has his influence in this regard been limited to his native country. No one can read his stories of street-sweeps, boot-blacks, and social outcasts without a deepening desire to put forth a helping hand. Recognizing the ease with which people can repeat a creed embodying the spirit of brotherly love and in the next breath fly at one another's throats, or, if not prompted to such lengths by greed and selfishness, at least work for another's injury, he placed in their hands story after story so amusing, vivid, appealing, that none could resist and then brought home the lesson in many a way.

With an optimism as habitual as Browning's, a healthy, wholesome, manly faith in the unquestioned outcome of good, in the final triumph of noble endeavor, he created his world of fancy after the world he knew; and it is difficult in these years when the emotions have been satiated—even surfeited—to realize the tremendous hold that he held upon his readers, who received most of his books in serial form.

"We read the new novels of today, and after a fashion we discuss them; but who waits for their appearance in a fever of expectation, who weeps and laughs over them, who is kindled into vigorous love or hatred of their personages, and what modern novel could survive the dismemberment of monthly publication? Dickens achieved these miracles. Yes, he peopled the imagination of his countrymen with the creatures of his art. He created a personal bond between himself and his reader, unique in the entire history of literature."

His faults are evident. His lack of early opportunity for cultural acquirement hampered him throughout his life. Having no training for the appreciation of music and art, he found nothing in these expressions of human thought and emotion when he became older; lacking some of the finer sensibilities that are often the inheritance of men, this was not mitigated by favorable surroundings during impressionable years. Yet these deficiencies are quickly understood and count for little when the other side of the equation is heeded. Dickens pictured the uncultured without biting satire or vulgarity; he laughed with them—not at them; he became a force for good in the world and his influence is still potent.

Of his novels, *Nicholas Nickleby* had for its purpose the correction of abuses in the schools of the day; *Bleak House* was written to show the unaccountable delays that attended suits in chancery court; *David Copperfield* relates to some extent Dickens' boyhood experiences. *Pickwick Papers, Old Curiosity Shop* and *A Tale of Two Cities*—a story of the French Revolution—are all too well known to require comment.

Sam Weller's Valentine.

(From "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.")

Sam Weller sat himself down and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being always considered necessary in such case for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer,

and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—Tony Veller, Esq. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're a doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a walentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A walentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities, arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwally seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off the contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked

ven the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a deluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge o' these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter —there."

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family, and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr. Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was attained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting his pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly modified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely ———'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the inwariable, my dear."

"Very well, Sir," replied the girl; who with quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

"'Taint in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin'

day, or Warren's blackin' or Rowland's oil, or some of them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

" 'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed' "—

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't dammed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.' "

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

" 'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—.' I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'rhaps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind; wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Wenus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You ought jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

" 'Afore I see you I thought all women was alike.' "

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

" 'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar soft-hearted, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been, for there ain't nobody like you though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that raythe strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

" 'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'lem'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday—to tell you that the first and only time I see you your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was taken by the profeel macheen (wich p'r'haps you may have heerd on, Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.' "

"I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

"No it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

" 'Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I've said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.' That's all," said Sam.

"That's raythe a sudden pull up, ain't it, Sammy?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"Not a bit on it," said Sam; "she'll vish there wos more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'."

"Well," said Mr. Weller, "there's somethin' in that; and I wish your mother-in-law 'ud only conduct her conversation on the same genteel principle. Ain't you a goin' to sign it?"

"That's the difficulty," said Sam; "I don't know what *to* sign it."

"Sign it—Veller," said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

"Won't do," said Sam. "Never sign a walentine with your own name."

"Sign it 'Pickvick,' then," said Mr. Weller; "it's a wery good name, and a easy one to spell."

"The wery thing," said Sam. "I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' werses the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick
Pickwick."

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: "To Mary, House-maid, at Mr. Nupkin's Mayors, Ipswich, Suffolk;" and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

MARK TAPLEY'S VENTURE.

(From "The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit.")

Martin Chuzzlewit, being about to leave London to go to America, unexpectedly receives a note for £20.

THE final upshot of the business at that time was, that he resolved to treat himself to a comfortable but frugal meal in his own chamber; and having ordered a fire to be kindled, went out to purchase it forthwith.

He bought some cold beef, and ham, and French bread, and butter, and came back with his pockets pretty heavily laden. It was somewhat of a damping circumstance to find the room full of smoke, which was attributable to two causes: firstly, to the flue being naturally vicious and a smoker; and secondly, to their having forgotten in lighting the fire an odd sack or two and some other trifles, which had been put up the chimney to keep the rain out. They had already rem-

edied this oversight, however; and propped up the window-sash with a bundle of firewood to keep it open; so that, except in being rather inflammatory to the eyes and choking to the lungs, the apartment was quite comfortable.

Martin was in no vein to quarrel with it, if it had been in less tolerable order, especially when a gleaming pint of porter was set upon the table, and the servant-girl withdrew, bearing with her particular instructions relative to the production of something hot, when he should ring the bell. The cold meat being wrapped in a play-bill, Martin laid the cloth by spreading that document on the little round table with the print downwards; and arranging the collation upon it. The foot of the bed, which was very close to the fire, answered for a sideboard; and when he had completed these preparations, he squeezed an old arm-chair into the warmest corner, and sat down to enjoy himself.

He had begun to eat with a great appetite, glancing round the room meanwhile with a triumphant anticipation of quitting it forever on the morrow, when his attention was arrested by a stealthy footstep on the stairs, and presently by a knock at his chamber door, which although it was a gentle enough knock, communicated such a start to the bundle of firewood that it instantly leaped out of the window, and plunged into the street.

"More coals, I suppose," said Martin. "Come in!"

"It an't a liberty, sir, though it seems so," rejoined a man's voice. "Your servant, sir. Hope you're pretty well, sir."

Martin stared at the face that was bowing in the doorway; perfectly remembering the features and expression, but quite forgetting to whom they belonged.

"Tapley, sir," said the visitor. "Him as formerly lived at the Dragon, sir, and was forced to leave in consequence of a want of jollity, sir."

"To be sure!" cried Martin. "Why, how did you come here?"

"Right through the passage and up the stairs. sir," said Mark.

"How did you find me out, I mean?" asked Martin.

"Why, sir," said Mark, "I've passed you once or twice

in the street if I'm not mistaken; and when I was a looking in at the beef-and-ham shop just now, along with a hungry sweep, as was very much calculated to make a man jolly, sir —I see you a buying that."

Martin reddened as he pointed to the table, and said, somewhat hastily:

"Well! what then?"

"Why then, sir," said Mark, "I made bold to foller; and as I told 'em down stairs that you expected me, I was let up."

"Are you charged with any message, that you told them you were expected?" inquired Martin.

"No, sir, I a'n't," said Mark. "That was what you may call a pious fraud, sir, that was."

Martin cast an angry look at him; but there was something in the fellow's merry face, and in his manner—which with all its cheerfulness was far from being obtrusive or familiar—that quite disarmed him. He had lived a solitary life too, for many weeks, and the voice was pleasant in his ear.

"Tapley," he said, "I'll deal openly with you. From all that I can judge, and from all I have heard of you through Pinch, you are not a likely kind of fellow to have been brought here by impertinent curiosity or any other offensive motive. Sit down. I'm glad to see you."

"Thankee, sir," said Mark. "I'd as lieve stand."

"If you don't sit down," retorted Martin, "I'll not talk to you."

"Very good, sir," observed Mark. "Your will's a law, sir. Down it is;" and he sat down accordingly upon the bedstead.

"Help yourself," said Martin, handing him the only knife.

"Thankee, sir," rejoined Mark. "After you've done."

"If you don't take it now, you'll not have any," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," rejoined Mark. "That being your desire—now it is." With which reply he gravely helped himself, and went on eating. Martin having done the like for a short time in silence, said, abruptly,

"What are you doing in London?"

"Nothing at all, sir," rejoined Mark.

"How's that?" asked Martin.

"I want a place," said Mark.

"I am sorry for you," said Martin.

"—To attend upon a single gentleman," resumed Mark. "If from the country, the more desirable. Make-shifts would be preferred. Wages no object."

He said this so pointedly, that Martin stopped in his eating, and said, "If you mean me—"

"Yes, I do, sir," interposed Mark.

"Then you may judge from my style of living here, of my means of keeping a man-servant. Besides, I am going to America immediately."

"Well, sir," returned Mark, quite unmoved by this intelligence, "from all that ever I heard about it, I should say America's a very likely sort of a place for me to be jolly in!"

Again Martin looked at him angrily, and again his anger melted away in spite of himself.

"Lord bless you, sir, said Mark, "what is the use of us going round and round, and hiding behind the corner, and dodging up and down, when we can come straight to the point in six words! I've had my eye upon you any time this fortnight. I see well enough that there's a screw loose in your affairs. I know'd well enough the first time I see you down at the Dragon that it must be so, sooner or later. Now, sir, here I am without a sitiwation; without any want of wages for a year to come; for I saved up (I didn't mean to do it, but I couldn't help it) at the Dragon—here am I with a liking for what's wentersome and a liking for you, and a wish to come out strong under circumstances as would keep other men down; and will you take me, or will you leave me?"

"How can I take you?" cried Martin.

"When I say take," rejoined Mark, "I mean will you let me go; and when I say will you let me go, I mean will you let me go along with you; for go I will, somehow or another. Now that you've said America, I see clear at once that that's the place for me to be jolly in. Therefore, if I don't pay my own passage in the ship you go in, sir, I'll pay my own passage in another. And mark my words: if I go alone, it shall be, to carry out the principle, in the rottenest, craziest, leakingest tub of a vessel that a place can be got in for love or money. So, if I'm lost upon the way, sir, there'll be a

drowned man at your door, and always a knocking double knocks at it, too, or never trust me!"

"This is mere folly," said Martin.

"Very good, sir," returned Mark. "I'm glad to hear it, because if you don't mean to let me go, you'll be more comfortable, perhaps, on account of thinking so. Therefore, I contradict no gentleman. But, all I say is, that if I don't emigrate to America, in that case, in the beastliest old cockle-shell as goes out of port, I'm—"

"You don't mean what you say, I'm sure!" said Martin.

"Yes, I do," cried Mark.

"I tell you I know better," rejoined Martin.

"Very good, sir," said Mark, with the same air of perfect satisfaction. "Let it stand that way at present, sir, and wait to see how it turns out. Why, love my heart alive! the only doubt I have is, whether there's any credit in going with a gentleman like you, that's as certain to make his way there as a gimlet is to go through soft deal."

This was touching Martin on his weak point, and having him at a great advantage. He could not help thinking, either, what a brisk fellow this Mark was, and how great a change he had wrought in the atmosphere of the dismal little room already.

"Why, certainly, Mark," he said, "I have hopes of doing well there, or I shouldn't go. I may have the qualifications for doing well, perhaps."

"Of course you have, sir," returned Mark Tapley. "Everybody knows that."

"You see," said Martin, leaning his chin upon his hand, and looking at the fire, "ornamental architecture applied to domestic purposes can hardly fail to be in great request in that country; for men are constantly changing their residences there, and moving further off; and it's clear they must have houses to live in."

"I should say, sir," observed Mark, "that that's a state of things as opens one of the jolliest look-outs for domestic architecture that ever I heerd tell on."

Martin glanced at him hastily, not feeling quite free from a suspicion that this remark applied a doubt of the successful issue of his plans. But Mr. Tapley was eating the boiled

beef and bread with such entire good faith and singleness of purpose expressed in his visage, that he could not but be satisfied. Another doubt arose in his mind, however, as this one disappeared. He produced the blank cover in which the [£20] note had been enclosed, and fixing his eyes on Mark as he put it in his hand, said,

"Now tell me the truth. Do you know anything about that."

Mark turned it over and over; held it near his eyes; held it away from him at arm's length; held it with the superscription upwards, and with the superscription downwards; and shook his head with such a genuine expression of astonishment at being asked the question, that Martin said, as he took it from him again,

"No, I see you don't. How should you? Though, indeed, your knowing about it would not be more extraordinary than its being here. Come, Tapley," he added, after a moment's thought, "I'll trust you with my history, such as it is, and then you'll see, more clearly, what sort of fortunes you would link yourself to, if you followed me."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Mark; "but afore you enter upon it, will you take me if I choose to go? Will you turn off me—Mark Tapley—formerly of the Blue Dragon, as can be well recommended by Mr. Pinch, and as wants a gentleman of your strength of mind to look up to; or will you, in climbing the ladder as you're certain to get to the top of, take me along with you at a respectful distance? Now, sir," said Mark, "it's of very little importance to you, I know —there's the difficulty; but it's of very great importance to me; and will you be so good as to consider of it?"

If this were meant as a second appeal to Martin's weak side, founded on his observation of the effect of the first, Mr. Tapley was a skillful and shrewd observer. Whether an intentional or an accidental shot, it hit the mark full; for Martin, relenting more and more, said, with a condescension which was inexpressibly delicious to him, after his recent humiliation:

"We'll see about it, Tapley. You shall tell me in what disposition you find yourself to-morrow."

"Then, sir," said Mark, rubbing his hands, "the job's done. Go on, sir, if you please. I'm all attention."

Throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and looking at the fire, with now and then a glance at Mark, who at such times nodded his head sagely, to express his profound interest and attention, Martin ran over the chief points in his history.

Little Nell and Her Grandfather.

(From The Old Curiosity Shop.)

As he turned the key in the lock, he surveyed me with some astonishment, which was not diminished when he looked from me to my companion. The door being opened, the child addressed him as grandfather and told him the little story of our companionship.

"Why bless thee, child," said the old man, patting her on the head, "how couldst thou miss thy way—what if I had lost thee, Nell?"

"I would have found my way back to *you*, grandfather," said the child boldly; "never fear."

The old man kissed her, and then turning to me and begging me to walk in, I did so. The door was closed and locked. Preceding me with the light, he led me through the place I had already seen from without, into a small sitting room behind, in which was another door opening into a kind of closet, where I saw a little bed that a fairy might have slept in, it looked so very small and was so prettily arranged. The child took a candle and tripped into this little room, leaving the old man and me together.

"You must be tired, sir," said he, as he placed a chair near the fire, "how can I thank you?"

"By taking more care of your grandchild another time, my good friend," I replied.

"More care!" said the old man in a shrill voice, "more care of Nelly! why, who ever loved a child as I love Nell?"

He said this with such evident surprise that I was perplexed what answer to make, and the more so because coupled with something feeble and wandering in his manner, there were in his face marks of deep and anxious thought, which convinced me that he could not be, as I had at first been inclined to suppose, in a state of dotage and imbecility.

"I don't think you consider"—I began.

"I don't consider!" cried the old man, interrupting me, "I don't consider her! ah, how little you know of the truth! Little Nelly, little Nelly!"

It would be impossible for any man, I care not what his form of speech might be, to express more affection than the dealer in curiosities did, in these four words. I waited for him to speak again, but he rested his chin upon his hand and shaking his head twice or thrice fixed his eyes upon the fire.

While we were sitting thus in silence, the door of the closet opened, and the child returned, her light brown hair hanging loose about her neck, and her face flushed with the haste she had made to rejoin us. She busied herself immediately in preparing supper, and while she was thus engaged I remarked that the old man took an opportunity of observing me more closely than he had done yet. I was surprised to see that all this time everything was done by the child, and that there appeared to be no other persons but ourselves in the house. I took advantage of a moment when she was absent to venture a hint on this point, to which the old man replied that there were few grown-up persons as trustworthy or as careful as she.

"It always grieves me," I observed, roused by what I took to be his selfishness, "it always grieves me to contemplate the initiation of children into the ways of life, when they are scarcely more than infants. It checks their confidence and simplicity—two of the best qualities that Heaven gives them —and demands that they share our sorrows before they are capable of entering into our enjoyments."

"It will never check hers," said the old man, looking steadily at me, "the springs are too deep. Besides, the children of the poor know but few pleasures. Even the cheap delights of childhood must be bought and paid for."

"But—forgive me for saying this—you are surely not so very poor"—said I.

"She is not my child, sir," returned the old man. "Her mother was, and she was poor. I have nothing—not a penny—though I live as you see, but"—he laid his hand upon my arm and leaned forward to whisper, "She shall be rich one of these days, and a fine lady. Don't you think ill of me because I use her help. She gives it cheerfully, as you see, and it would break her heart if she knew that I suffered anybody else to do

know'st I love thee and dost not like that I should seem to doubt it by my question? Well, well—then let us say I love thee dearly."

"Indeed, indeed you do," replied the child with great earnestness, "Kit knows you do."

Kit, who in despatching his bread and meat had been swallowing two-thirds of his knife at every mouthful with the coolness of a juggler, stopped short in his operations on thus being appealed to, and bawled, "Nobody isn't such a fool as to say he doesn't," after which he incapacitated himself for further conversation by taking a most prodigious sandwich at one bite.

"She is poor now"—said the old man, patting the child's cheek, "but I say again that the time is coming when she shall be rich. It has been a long time coming, but it must come at last; a very long time, but it surely must come. It has come to other men who do nothing but waste and riot. When *will* it come to me?"

"I am very happy as I am, grandfather," said the child.

"Tush, tush!" returned the old man, "thou dost not know—how should'st thou?" Then he muttered again between his teeth, "The time must come, I am very sure it must. It will be all the better for coming late!"

CHAPTER V.

THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1862) differed fundamentally from his illustrious contemporary. Born of aristocratic family, no opportunity for self-improvement either through education or travel was denied him. He began to write first in the vein of the man of the world, finding everything legitimate material for his humor, taking neither himself nor others seriously. He made it his interest and concern to show that Dickens frequently overstepped the limits of truth and veracious portrayal; he brought the same charge against other writers. He was an avowed realist who held that the writer had no mission other than to picture truth and teach it. With a satire which not infrequently reminds us of Swift, he assailed the follies and foibles of men. If he had a purpose in his novels, it might be stated perhaps in this way: men and women, mistaking as worthy much that is far from being so, spend endless effort and countless days in pursuit of it; when they acquire it finally, the heartrending pathos of life is in their final realization of their deception. Crime does not come under Thackeray's scorn as much as silliness; he shows without mercy self-deception and the havoc it entails.

Dealing with the higher social classes, the people he knew and studied at close range, he saw keenly and painted just what he saw. Without the suspicious distrust and hatred of Swift, he was almost as scathing in his portrayal of human

weaknesses. *Vanity Fair* almost overwhelms one with its scheming men and designing women. Is no one then to be trusted? one exclaims. Yet Thackeray loved men scarcely less than Dickens. It was the temperament of the men which gave different expression to this love. Dickens could not use irony; it was easier to laugh with the deluded than to berate them. Thackeray felt that men and women were capable of so much finer action that he "showed them what they might be in terms of what they were."

Then, too, one wholly misunderstands Thackeray, who fails to realize that much of his irony and satire is but employed to cover the emotion he fears to show. It is one thing to listen to what he says and another to divine what he means. Few men have shrunk more uniformly from revealing their emotions, and we cannot but feel this to be the result of having been often misunderstood.

Few writers have put themselves in their writings more constantly and agreeably than he. While Scott was content to merely tell his tale, while we search in vain for personal revelations in Miss Austen's books, while Dickens only adroitly reveals himself and leaves critics to estimate this uncertain revealing, we can hardly read a chapter of Thackeray without being aware of his personal opinions. His novels are, as one has said, "one prolonged personal confession."

For purity of language, ease of expression and delightful simplicity, no one has excelled this novelist. Shunning coarseness with the instinct of high breeding, nervously sensitive in use of words, Thackeray's twenty-six volumes might be studied by all wishing to perfect their diction. Scorning Dickens' occasional forced pathos, his own is sometimes more overpowering.

While hating to the end all shams and pretenses, life grew more beautiful to Thackeray as he grew older. His later productions show a deeper appreciation of humanity. The uncultured, together with the cultured, find instant delight in Dickens; his humor and broad farcical effects are quickly apparent. It requires a somewhat different appreciation to read Thackeray, and certain it is that he who becomes a devotee of this penetrating novelist misses much if he fails to catch the sympathy and kindly feeling which underlies the most brilliant satire.

RAWDON CRAWLEY GOES HOME.

(From "Vanity Fair.")

COLONEL RAWDON CRAWLEY, who had married Becky Sharp, was arrested on Saturday night and taken to a sponging-house for a debt of £150. He wrote to his wife, begging her to get him released, if she had to pawn her jewelry, and she wrote a deceitful reply that she had made the effort without success, and was ill in bed. The prisoner then applied to his brother, Sir Pitt Crawley, whose wife came to the rescue.

WHEELS were heard whirling up to the gate—the young Janitor went out with his gate-keys. It was a lady whom he let in at the bailiff's door.

"Colonel Crawley," she said, trembling very much. He, with a knowing look, locked the outer door upon her—then unlocked and opened the inner one, and calling out, "Colonel, you're wanted," led her into the back parlor, which he occupied.

Rawdon came in from the dining-parlor where all those people were carousing, into his back room, a flare of coarse light following him into the apartment where the lady stood, still very nervous.

"It is I, Rawdon," she said, in a timid voice, which she strove to render cheerful. "It is Jane." Rawdon was quite overcome by that kind voice and presence. He ran up to her —caught her in his arms—gasped out some inarticulate words of thanks, and fairly sobbed on her shoulder. She did not know the cause of his emotion.

The bills of Mr. Moss were quickly settled, perhaps to the disappointment of that gentleman, who had counted on having the Colonel as his guest over Sunday at least; and Jane, with beaming smiles and happiness in her eyes, carried away Rawdon from the bailiff's house, and they went homewards in the cab in which she had hastened to his release. "Pitt was gone to a parliamentary dinner," she said, "when Rawdon's note came, and so, dear Rawdon, I—I came myself;" and she put her kind hand in his. Perhaps it was well for Rawdon Crawley that Pitt was away at that dinner. Rawdon thanked his sister a hundred times, and with an ardor of gratitude which touched and almost alarmed that soft-hearted woman. "Oh," said he, in his rude, artless way, "you—you don't know how I'm changed since I've known

you, and—and little Rawdy. I—I'd like to change somehow. You see I want—I want—to be—." He did not finish the sentence, but she could interpret it. And that night after he left her, and as she sat by her own little boy's bed, she prayed humbly for that poor way-worn sinner.

Rawdon left her and walked home rapidly. It was nine o'clock at night. He ran across the streets, and the great squares of Vanity Fair, and at length came up breathless opposite his own house. He started back and fell against the railings, trembling as he looked up. The drawing-room windows were blazing with light. She had said that she was in bed and ill. He stood there for some time, the light from the rooms on his pale face.

He took out his door-key and let himself into the house. He could hear laughter in the upper rooms. He was in the ball-dress in which he had been captured the night before. He went silently up the stairs, leaning against the banisters at the stair-head.—Nobody was stirring in the house besides —all the servants had been sent away. Rawdon heard laughter within—laughter and singing. Becky was singing a snatch of the song of the night before; a hoarse voice shouted "Brava! Brava!"—it was Lord Steyne's.

Rawdon opened the door and went in. A little table with a dinner was laid out—and wine and plate. Steyne was hanging over the sofa on which Becky sat. The wretched woman was in a brilliant full toilette, her arms and all her fingers sparkling with bracelets and rings; and the brilliants on her breast which Steyne had given her. He had her hand in his, and was bowing over it to kiss it, when Becky started up with a faint scream as she caught sight of Rawdon's white face. At the next instant she tried a smile, a horrid smile, as if to welcome her husband: and Steyne rose up, grinding his teeth, pale, and with fury in his looks.

He, too, attempted a laugh—and came forward holding out his hand. "What, come back! How d'ye do, Crawley?" he said, the nerves of his mouth twitching as he tried to grin at the intruder.

There was that in Rawdon's face which caused Becky to fling herself before him. "I am innocent, Rawdon," she said; "before God, I am innocent." She clung hold of his

A Man Hoeing.—Millet.

coat, of his hands; her own were all covered with serpents, and rings, and baubles. "I am innocent.—Say I am innocent," she said to Lord Steyne.

He thought a trap had been laid for him, and was as furious with the wife as with the husband. "You innocent! Damn you," he screamed out. "You innocent! Why, every trinket you have on your body is paid for by me. I have given you thousands of pounds which this fellow has spent, and for which he has sold you. Innocent, by——! You're as innocent as your mother, the ballet-girl, and your husband the bully. Don't think to frighten me as you have done others. Make way, sir, and let me pass;" and Lord Steyne seized up his hat, and, with flame in his eyes, and looking his enemy fiercely in the face, marched upon him, never for a moment doubting that the other would give way.

But Rawdon Crawley, springing out, seized him by the neck-cloth, until Steyne, almost strangled, writhed, and bent under his arm. "You lie, you dog!" said Rawdon. "You lie, you coward and villain!" And he struck the Peer twice over the face with his open hand, and flung him bleeding to the ground. It was all done before Becky could interpose. She stood there trembling before him. She admired her husband, strong, brave and victorious.

"Come here," he said.—She came up at once.

"Take off those things."—She began, trembling, pulling the jewels from her arms, and the rings from her shaking fingers, and held them all in a heap, quivering and looking up at him. "Throw them down," he said, and she dropped them. He tore the diamond ornament out of her breast, and flung it at Lord Steyne. It cut him on his bald forehead. Steyne wore the scar to his dying day.

"Come up stairs," Rawdon said to his wife. "Don't kill me, Rawdon," she said. He laughed savagely.—"I want to see if that man lies about the money as he has about me. Has he given you any?"

"No," said Rebecca, "that is—"

"Give me your keys," Rawdon answered, and they went out together.

Rebecca gave him all the keys but one; and she was in hopes that he would not have remarked the absence of that.

It belonged to the little desk which Amelia had given her in early days, and which she kept in a secret place. But Rawdon flung open boxes and wardrobes, throwing the multifarious trumpery of their contents here and there, and at last he found the desk. The woman was forced to open it. It contained papers, love-letters many years old—all sorts of small trinkets and woman's memoranda. And it contained a pocket-book with bank-notes. Some of these were dated ten years back, too, and one was quite a fresh one—a note for a thousand pounds which Lord Steyne had given her.

"Did he give you this?" Rawdon said.

"Yes," Rebecca answered.

"I'll send it to him to-day," Rawdon said (for day had dawned again, and many hours had passed in this search), "and I will pay Briggs, who was kind to the boy, and some of the debts. You will let me know where I shall send the rest to you. You might have spared me a hundred pounds, Becky, out of all this—I have always shared with you."

"I am innocent," said Becky. And he left her without another word.

What were her thoughts when he left her? She remained for hours after he was gone, the sunshine pouring into the room, and Rebecca sitting alone on the bed's edge. The drawers were all opened and their contents scattered about—dresses and feathers, scarfs and trinkets, a heap of tumbled vanities lying in a wreck. Her hair was falling over her shoulders; her gown was torn where Rawdon had wrenched the brilliants out of it. She heard him go down stairs a few minutes after he left her, and the door slamming and closing on him. She knew he would never come back. He was gone for ever. Would he kill himself?—she thought—not until after he had met Lord Steyne. She thought of her long past life, and all the dismal incidents of it. Ah, how dreary it seemed, how miserable, lonely and profitless! Should she take laudanum, and end it, too—have done with all hopes, schemes, debts and triumphs? The French maid found her in this position—sitting in the midst of her miserable ruins with clasped hands and dry eyes. The woman was her accomplice, and in Steyne's pay. "Mon Dieu, Madame, what has happened?" she asked.

What *had* happened? Was she guilty or not? She said not; but who could tell what was truth which came from those lips; or if that corrupt heart was in this case pure? All her lies and her schemes, all her selfishness and her wiles, all her wit and genius had come to this bankruptcy. The woman closed the curtains, and with some entreaty and show of kindness, persuaded her mistress to lie down on the bed. Then she went below and gathered up the trinkets which had been lying on the floor since Rebecca dropped them there at her husband's orders, and Lord Steyne went away.

Mrs. Newcome at Home.

To push on in the crowd, every male or female struggler must use his or her shoulders. If a better place than yours presents itself just beyond your neighbor, elbow him and take it. Look how a steadily-purposed man or woman at court, at a ball, or exhibition, wherever there is a competition and a squeeze, gets the best place; the nearest the sovereign, if bent on kissing the royal hand; the closest to the grandstand, if minded to go to Ascot; the best view and hearing of the Rev. Mr. Thumpington, when all the town is rushing to hear that exciting divine; the largest quantity of ice, champagne and seltzer, cold pâte, or other his or her favourite flesh-pot, if gluttonously minded, at a supper whence hundreds of people come empty away. A woman of the world will marry her daughter and have done with her, get her carriage, and be at home and asleep in bed; whilst a timid mamma has still her girl in the nursery, or is beseeching the servants in the cloak-room to look for her shawls, with which some one else has whisked away an hour ago. What a man has to do in society is to assert himself. Is there a good place at table? Take it. At the Treasury or the Home Office? Ask for it. Do you want to go to a party to which you are not invited? Ask to be asked. Ask A., ask B., ask Mrs. C., ask everybody you know; you will be thought a bore; but you will have your way. What matters if you are considered obtrusive, provided that you obtrude? By pushing steadily, nine hundred and ninety-nine people in a thousand will yield to you. Only command persons, and you may be pretty sure that a good number

will obey you. How well your money will have been laid out, O gentle reader, who purchase this; and, taking the maxim to heart, follow it through life! You may be sure of success. If your neighbour's foot obstructs you, stamp on it; and do you suppose he won't take it away?

The proofs of the correctness of the above remarks I show in various members of the Newcome family. Here was a vulgar little woman, not clever nor pretty especially; meeting Mr. Newcome casually, she ordered him to marry her, and he obeyed as he obeyed her in everything else which she chose to order through life. Meeting Colonel Newcome on the steps of her house, she orders him to come to her evening party; and though he has not been to an evening party for five-and-thirty years—though he has not been to bed the night before—though he has no multi coat except one sent him out by Messrs. Stultz to India in the year 1821—he never once thinks of disobeying Mrs. Newcome's order, but is actually at her door at five minutes past ten, having arrayed himself, to the wonderment of Clive, and left the boy to talk to his friend and fellow-passenger, Mr. Binnie, who has just arrived from Portsmouth, who has dined with him, and who, by previous arrangement, has taken up his quarters in the same hotel.

Doctor McGuffog, Professor Bodgers, Count Poski, and all the lions present at Mrs. Newcome's reunion that evening, were completely eclipsed by Colonel Newcome. The worthy soul, who cared not the least about adorning himself, had a handsome diamond brooch of the year 1801—given him by poor Jack Cutler, who was knocked over by his side at Argaum, and wore this ornament in his desk for a thousand days and nights at a time—in his shirtfrill, on such parade evenings as he considered Mrs. Newcome's to be. The splendour of this jewel, and of his flashing buttons, caused all eyes to turn to him. There were many pairs of mustachios present; those of Professor Spandau, and of Maximilien Tranchard, French exile and apostle of liberty, were the only whiskers in the room capable of vying in interest with Colonel Newcome's. Polish chieftains were at this time so common in London, that nobody (except one noble Member for Marylebone, and, once a year, the Lord Mayor) took any interest in them. The general opinion was, that the stranger was the

Wallachian Boyar, whose arrival at Mivart's the *Morning Post* had just announced. Mrs. Miles, whose delicious every other Wednesdays in Montague Square are supposed by some to be rival entertainments to Mrs. Newcome's alternate Thursdays in Bryanstone Square, pinched her daughter Mira, engaged in a polyglot conversation with Herr Schnurr, Signor Carabossi, the guitarist, and Monsieur Piver, the celebrated French chess player, to point out the Boyar. Mira Miles wished she knew a little Moldavian, not so much that she might speak it, but that she might be heard to speak it. Mrs. Miles, who had not had the educational advantages of her daughter, simpered up with "Madame Newcome pas ici—votre excellence nouvellement arrive—avez vous fait ung bong voyage? Je recis chez moi Mercredi prochaing; lonnure de vous voir—Madamasel Miles ma fille;" and Mira, now reinforcing her mamma, poured in a glib little oration in French, somewhat to the astonishment of the Colonel, who began to think, however, that perhaps French was the language of the polite world, into which he was now making his very first *entrée*.

Mrs. Newcome had left her place at the door of her drawing-room to walk through her rooms with Rummun Loll, the celebrated Italian merchant, otherwise his Highness Rummun Loll, otherwise his Excellency Rummun Loll, the chief proprietor of the diamond mines in Golconda, with a claim of three million and a half upon the East India Company—who smoked his hookah after dinner when the ladies were gone, and in whose honor (for his servants always brought a couple or more of hookahs with them) many English gentlemen made themselves sick, while trying to emulate the practice. Mr. Newcome had been obliged to go to bed by himself in consequence of the uncontrollable nausea produced by the chillum; and Doctor McGuffog, in hopes of converting his Highness, had puffed his till he was as black in the face as the interesting Indian—and now, having hung on his arm—always in the dirty gloves—flirting a fan while his Excellency consumed betel out of a silver box; and having promenaded him and his turban, and his shawls, and his kincob pellisse, and his laquered moustache, and keen brown face and opal eyeballs, through her rooms, the hostess came back to her station at the drawing-room door.

As soon as his Excellency saw the Colonel, whom he perfectly well knew, his Highness' princely air was exchanged for one of the deepest humility. He bowed his head and put his two hands before his eyes, and came creeping toward him submissively, to the wonderment of Mrs. Miles; who was yet more astonished when the Moldavian magnate exclaimed in perfectly good English, "What, Rummun, you here?"

The Rummun, still bending and holding out his hands before him, uttered a number of rapid sentences in the Hindustani language, which Colonel Newcome received, twirling his mustachios with much hauteur. He turned on his heel rather abruptly, and began to speak to Mrs. Newcome, who smiled and thanked him for coming—on his first night after his return.

The Colonel said: "To whose house should he first come but to his brother's?" How Mrs. Newcome wished she could have had room for him at dinner! And there was room after all, for Mr. Shaloony was detained at the House. The most interesting conversation. The Indian Prince was so intelligent!

"The Indian what?" asked Mr. Newcome. The heathen gentleman had gone off, and was seated by one of the handsomest women in the room, whose fair face was turned toward him, whose blond ringlets touched his shoulder, and who was listening to him as eagerly as Desdemona listened to Othello.

The Colonel's rage was excited as he saw the Indian's behaviour. He curled his mustachios up to his eyes in his wrath. "You don't mean that that man calls himself a Prince? That a fellow who wouldn't sit down in an officer's presence is . . ."

"How do you do, Mr. Honeyman? Eh, bon soir, monsieur. You are very late, Mr. Pressly. What, Barnes; is it possible that you do me the honour to come all the way from Mayfair to Marlebone. I thought you young men of fashion never crossed Oxford Street. Colonel Newcome, this is your nephew."

"How do you do, sir," said Barnes, surveying the Colonel's costume with inward wonder, but without the least outward manifestation of surprise. "I suppose you dined here to meet

the black Prince? I came to ask you and my uncle to meet him at dinner on Wednesday. Where's my uncle, ma'am?"

"Your uncle has gone to bed ill. He smoked one of those hookahs which the Prince brings, and it has made him unwell, Barnes. How is Lady Ann? Is Lord Kew in London? Is your sister better for Brighton air? I see your cousin is appointed Secretary of Legation. Have you good accounts of your aunt Lady Fanny?"

"Lady Fanny is as well as can be expected, and the baby is going on perfectly well, thank you," Barnes said dryly; and his aunt, obstinately gracious with him, turned away to some other newcomer.

"It's interesting, isn't it, sir," says Barnes, turning to the Colonel, "to see such union in families? Whenever I come here, my aunt trots out all my relations; and I send a man round in the mornin' to ask how they all are. So Uncle Hobson is gone to bed sick with a hookah? I know there was a deuce of a row made when I smoked at Marble Head. You are promised to us for Wednesday, please. Is there anybody you would like to meet? Not our friend, the Rummun? How the girls crowd him! By Gad, a fellow who's rich may have the pick of any gal in London—not here—not in this sort of thing; I mean in society, you know," says Barnes confidently. "I've seen the old dowagers crowdin' round that fellow, and the girls snugglin' up to his india-rubber face. He's known to have two wives already in India; but, by Gad, for a settlement, I believe some of 'em here would marry—I mean girls in society."

"But isn't this society?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh, of course. It's very good society and that sort of thing—but it's not, you know—you understand. I give you my honour there are not three people in the room one meets anywhere, except the Rummun. What is he at home, sir? I know he ain't a prince, you know, any more than I am."

"I believe he is a very rich man now," said the Colonel. "He began from very low beginnings, and odd stories are told about the origin of his fortune."

"That may be," says the young man;" of course, as business men, that's not our affair. But has he got the fortune? He keeps a large account with us, and, I think, wants to

have larger dealings with us still. As one of the family we may ask you to stand by us, and tell us anything you know. My father has asked him down to Newcome, and we've taken him up; wisely or not, I can't say. I think otherwise: but I'm quite young in the house, and of course the elders have the chief superintendence." The young man of business had dropped his drawl and languor, and was speaking quite unaffectedly, good-naturedly, and selfishly. Had you talked to him for a week, you could not have made him understand the scorn and loathing with which the Colonel regarded him. Here was a young fellow as keen as the oldest curmudgeon; a lad with scarce a beard to his chin that would pursue his bond as rigidly as Shylock. "If he is like this at twenty, what will he be at fifty?" groaned the Colonel. "I'd rather Clive were dead than have him such a heartless worldling as this." And yet the young man's life was as good as that of other folks he lived with. You don't suppose he had any misgivings, provided he was in the city early enough in the morning; or slept badly unless he indulged too freely overnight; or had twinges of conscience that his life was misspent? He thought his life a most lucky and reputable one. He had a share in a good business, and felt that he could increase it. Some day he would marry a good match, with a good fortune; meanwhile he could take his pleasure decorously, and sow his wild oats as some of the young Londoners sow them, not broadcast after the fashion of careless scatterbrained youth, but trimly and neatly, where the crop can come up unobserved, and be taken in without bustle or scandal. Barnes Newcome never missed going to church or dressing for dinner. He never kept a tradesman waiting for his money. He seldom drank too much, and never was late for business or huddled over his toilet, however brief had been his sleep, or severe his headache. In a word, he was as scrupuously whited as any sepulchre in the whole bills of mortality.

Whilst young Barnes and his uncle were thus holding parley, a slim gentleman of bland aspect, with a roomy forehead, or what his female admirers called "a noble brow," and a neat white neck-cloth tied with clerical skill, was surveying Colonel Newcome through his shining spectacles, and waiting for an opportunity to address him. The Colonel remarked

the eagerness with which the gentleman in black regarded him, and asked Mr. Barnes who was the padre? Mr. Barnes turned his eyeglass towards the spectacles, and said, "He didn't know any more than the dead; he didn't know two people in the room." The spectacles nevertheless made the eyeglass a bow, of which the latter took no sort of cognizance. The spectacles advanced; Mr. Newcome fell back with a peevish exclamation of "Confound the fellow, what is he coming to speak to *me* for?" He did not choose to be addressed by all sorts of persons in all houses.

But he of the spectacles, with an expression of delight in his pale-blue eyes, and smiles dimpling his countenance, pressed onwards with outstretched hands, and it was towards the Colonel he turned these smiles and friendly salutations. "Did I hear aright, sir, from Mrs. Miles," he said, "and have I the honour of speaking to Colonel Newcome?"

"The same, sir," says the Colonel; at which the other, tearing off a glove of lavender-coloured kid, uttered the words, "Charles Honeyman," and seized the hand of his brother-in-law. "My poor sister's husband," he continued, "my own benefactor; Clive's father. How strange are these meetings in the mighty world! How I rejoice to see you, and know you!"

"You are Charles, are you?" cries the other. "I am very glad, indeed, to shake you by the hand, Honeyman. Clive and I should have beat up your quarters today, but we were busy until dinner-time. You put me in mind of poor Emma, Charles," he added sadly. Emma had not been a good wife to him, a flighty, silly little woman, who had caused him when alive many a night of pain and day of anxiety.

"Poor, poor Emma!" exclaimed the ecclesiastic, casting his eyes towards the chandelier, and passing a white cambric handkerchief gracefully before them. No man in London understood the ring business or the pocket-handkerchief business better, or smothered his emotion more beautifully. "In the gayest moments, in the giddiest throng of fashion, the thoughts of the past will arise; the departed will be among us still. But this is not the strain wherewith to greet the friend newly arrived on our shores. How it rejoices me to behold you in Old England! How you must have joyed to see Clive!"

"D—— the humbug," muttered Barnes, who knew him perfectly well. "The fellow is always in the pulpit."

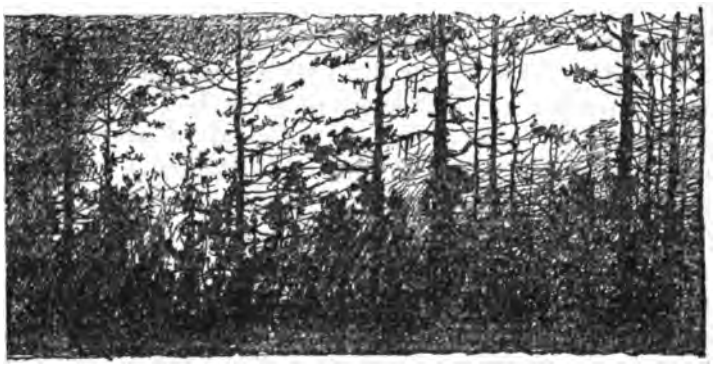
The incumbent of Lady Whittlesea's chapel smiled and bowed to him. "You do not recognize me, sir; I have the honour of seeing you in your public capacity in the City, when I have called at the Bank, the bearer of my brother-in-law's ——"

"Never mind that, Honeyman!" cried the Colonel.

"But I do mind, my dear Colonel," answers Mr. Honeyman. "I should be a very bad man, and a very ungrateful brother, if I *ever* forget your kindness."

"For God's sake, leave my kindness alone."

"He'll never leave it alone as long as he can use it," muttered Mr. Barnes in his teeth; and turning to his uncle, "May I take you home, sir? My cab is at the door, and I shall be glad to drive you." But the Colonel said he must talk to his brother-in-law for awhile; and Mr. Barnes, bowing very respectfully to him, slipped under a dowager's arm in the doorway, and retreated silently down stairs.



CHAPTER VI.

The Psychological Novel: George Eliot.

George Eliot (1819-1880) was born in the Warwickshire country which we have grown unconsciously to associate with Shakespeare. Known generally and almost invariably referred to by the *nom de plume* which she assumed in years before women had yet been recognized as vital forces in creative literature, Marian Evans knew from early years more of life's shadow than its sunshine. As a child she was impulsive and passionate, and in Maggie Tulliver there is preserved for us a virtual portrayal of her girlhood. Inclined to study and reflection, she devoted herself assiduously to acquiring wide learning. She soon evinced a natural inclination for philosophy and gave herself so completely to the subject that its calm consideration of cause and effect grew to influence her very thought.

The religious upheaval of the early nineteenth century fell within her impressionable years, and with the tendency of passionate beings to accept or repudiate, but seldom to compromise, she was plunged into the realm of unbelief. Yet no life more profoundly reflects Christian ideals nor do the writings of any other great novelists more uniformly adhere to biblical admonition that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

George Eliot did not enter upon her career as a novelist until nearly forty years of age—a maturity at which most writers of fiction have already attained first fame. For some time after the publication of her first stories, intimate friends

failed to associate these with her. They knew her learning to be somewhat heavy and ponderous and she had previously written critical reviews of a nature far removed from fiction. It was her husband, Mr. Lewes, who correctly estimated her abilities and whose encouragement induced her to try her wings in this new direction.

It is customary to divide her stories into two divisions; the first and most vitally productive period, during which *Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner* were written; and second, the later years when her first spontaneous genius had expended itself, in which her other books of fiction were produced.

During the earlier period, she confined herself in the main to the people and places she had well known—scenes of her childhood and people of the kind she had dwelt among. So adequately and truthfully did she portray Dissenters, who until this time had been introduced into literature merely to exemplify the grotesque or to serve as a warning, that it was generally believed the stories were written by one of them; for a time a Dissenter actually posed as their true author. The novelist's father was immortalized in *Adam Bede; Mill on the Floss* is closely associated with her own life and parental home, and in it her devotion to her brother is charmingly depicted with touching pathos.

Afterwards George Eliot attempted to transport her story to other lands. *Romola* was produced after a sojourn in Florence. Yet the reader is fascinated by the marvelous delineation of character, here as elsewhere in her books, while the picturesque city on the Arno remains but shadowy and fleeting. Subsequently she brought her stories back to England but her later novels give evidence of creative exhaustion.

Few writers have permitted us to look into the very souls of men as she has done. To be sure, George Meredith has done so to an unusual degree, and doubtless his novels will be more popular in the future than they have been in the past. But George Eliot excels in analysis of motive and spiritual emotion. Many novelists tell us what was done; she shows convincingly *why* it was done. Recently the well-worn theme: to what extent can one eliminate the past? has attracted dramatists and story-writers. George Eliot demonstrated in

many ways so conclusively that each must concede her right, that sooner or later, early sins demand their harvest; that he who sows the wind, reaps the whirlwind. Duty is the burden of her song; duty neglected precipitates tragedy and this tragedy, whether slight or overwhelming, cannot be averted. Duty performed brings the most abiding peace that mortals ever experience. Never in her stories does she deviate from this law which her innermost consciousness forced her to accept. Never does she modify or mitigate the inevitable consequences.

Nor did she fall into the habit of some of her contemporaries of depicting characters as wholly good or wholly bad. None knew better how much pure gold is concealed in the most forbidding—how much dross in those most commended.

Devoted to Scott's romances in early years, she returned to him in later life; but it was Dickens who aided her more than any other writer of fiction to observe keenly. A novelist, to be able to treat humanity from a comprehensive viewpoint, must be shrewdly observant, and it must be admitted that the prevailing conception that all must be taught to see only good in people, however commendable from the standpoint of ultimate perfection, is deadening to the novelist and dramatist, who must ever portray men and women as they are—the majority some considerable distance from final perfection. However, this present tendency did not hamper nor blind writers of fifty years ago.

While less widely known than Dickens and Scott, those who have ever gained acquaintance with George Eliot's characters do not forget them. Whoever has known Tom and Maggie Tulliver retain them as life-long friends. The plain country people of two generations ago are brought before us with life-likeness and force. We see the practical man in Mr. Tulliver, who looks upon matters from the usual practical standpoint.

"What I want, you know," said Mr. Tulliver—"what I want is to give Tom a good eddication; an eddication as'll be a bread to him. That was what I was thinking of when I gave notice for him to leave the academy at Lady Day. I mean to put him to a downright good school at Midsummer. The two years at th' academy 'ud ha' done well enough, if I'd

meant to make a lilier and farmer of him, for he's had a fine sight more schoolin' nor *I* ever got; all the learnin' *my* father ever paid for was a bit o' birch at one end and the alphabet at th' other. But I should like Tom to be a bit of a scholard, so as he might be up to the tricks o' these fellows as talk fine and write with a flourish. It 'ud be a help to me wi' these lawsuits and arbitrations and things. I wouldn't make a downright lawyer o' the lad—I should be sorry for him to be a raskill—but a sort o' engineer, or a surveyor, or an auctioneer and vallyer, like Riley, or one o' them smartish businesses as are all profits and no outlay, only for a big watch-chain and a high stool."

The women are shown quite as clearly, absorbed with domestic concerns beyond which they can never look. We grow to know how they administered their scrupulously kept houses and slighted nothing within their mental grasp.

"Well, Mr. Tulliver, you know best; *I've* no objections. But hadn't I better kill a couple o' fowl and have th' aunts and uncles to dinner next week, so as you may hear what sister Glegg and sister Pullet have got to say about it? There's a couple o' fowl *wants* killing!"

"You may kill every fowl i' the yard, if you like, Bessy; but I shall ask neither aunt nor uncle what I'm to do wi' my own lad," said Mr. Tulliver defiantly. . . .

"Few wives were more submissive than Mrs. Tulliver on all points unconnected with her family relations; but she had been a Miss Dodson, and the Dodsons were a very respectable family indeed—as much looked up to as any in their own parish, or the next to it. The Miss Dodsons had always been thought to hold up their heads very high, and no one was surprised the two eldest had married so well—not at an early age, for that was not the practice of the Dodson family. There were particular ways of doing everything in that family—particular ways of bleaching the linen, of making cowslip wine, curing the hams, and keeping the bottled gooseberries; so that no daughter of that house could be indifferent to the privilege of having been born a Dodson rather than a Gibson or a Watson. Funerals were always conducted with peculiar propriety in the Dodson family; the hat-bands were never of a blue shade, the gloves never split at the thumb, everybody was

a mourner who ought to be, and there were always scarfs for the bearers. When one of the family was in trouble or sickness, all the rest went to visit the unfortunate member, usually at the same time, and did not shrink from uttering the most disagreeable truths that correct family feeling dictated; if the illness or trouble was the sufferer's own fault, it was not the practice of the Dodson family to shrink from saying so."

The companionship between brother and sister, so fervently enjoyed by Maggie, taken so for granted by Tom, is never to be forgotten, and the end which leaves the reader so unsatisfied is nevertheless faithful to that childhood love.

"The boat reappeared—but brother and sister had gone down in an embrace, never to be parted; living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together. . . .

"The tomb bore the names of Tom and Maggie Tulliver, and below the names it was written—

" 'In their death they were not divided.' "

Whether or not love is ever to be found unallied with tragedy, at least we know that the two were closely mingled in the life of this great novelist.

It is difficult to find in the English language a more beautiful tale than *Silas Marner*. It contains no fine rhetoric and the characters are taken from the simple, uncultured people, yet how clearly the picture is slowly unfolded to our view!

"In the days when the spinning-wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag?—and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen threads, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure

that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the peddler or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother?"

No bewilderment in literature exceeds that of the simple, devout Silas Marner, when suddenly, the victim of a cunning and unscrupulous brother, he is accused of a crime of which he was ignorant. The little congregation of Lantern Yard knew not how to act, in view of William's accusations and Silas' protested innocence. Finally the resolve is made to depend upon prayer and the drawing of lots, which satisfies Silas' simple mind, firm in the conviction of its own innocence. Yet when the lots are drawn and his guilt announced, his suspension from the little church that made up his world declared, he turns with the intensity born of limited vision: "There is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent." Departing from the village he comes to Raveloe, and follows the weaver's calling, holding aloof from others and hence regarded by them with suspicion. The little hoard of gold which he wins by his labor slowly increases and to the miser this becomes the one precious possession of his life. Judge then of the consternation and horror that fills his heart after fifteen years of this existence, to find one night that this, too, has been taken from him! After the first frenzy of excitement comes the daze that neither sees nor hears. On a winter night a sunny-haired baby toddles away from its dead mother, who had been too muddled by drink to reach her home; she is attracted by the blaze on Silas's hearth, enters his miserable dwelling and soon is curled up fast asleep. To Silas Marner's dim perception that mass of tangled gold by the side of his hearth could suggest nothing but his lost treasure and the opening blue of baby eyes beheld him mystified beyond expression.

"Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms

for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas' blank wonderment."

The cry of a babe that has so often called one back from the blankness of despair was the first incident in Silas' regeneration. Nor could another express better than George Eliot the mission of this bit of humanity.

"In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

But this is not all of the story; there was another man whose early misdoings had led to an unfortunate union. He welcomed the death of the wife whose true relation to him had been concealed and thanked the fates that relieved him of the child. Years passed over his head and, left childless by a second happy marriage, the thought of the one abandoned forced him to reveal the wretched story to his wife. Buoyed by her encouragement and understanding, he goes to reclaim the girl from Marner, who has brought her up. Reward or punishment is not reserved for some future existence; it is proclaimed immediately. Eppie knows no father except Silas, who had cared for her.

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobodv shall ever come between him and me." . . .

" 'No,' said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech—'there's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra

for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door; it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish.'"

For masterly description and magnificent sweep of the pen, George Eliot charms, as well as for her skill in character portrayal. Many other citations might illustrate this power even more aptly than the following from Mr. Gulfil's story:

"While this poor little heart was being crushed under a weight too heavy for it, nature was holding on her calm inexorable way in unmoved and terrible beauty. The stars were rushing in their eternal courses; the tides swelled to the level of the last expectant weed; the sun was making brilliant day to busy nations on the other side of the swift earth. The stream of human thought and deed was hurrying and broadening onward. The astronomer was at his telescope; the great ships were laboring over the waves; the toiling eagerness of commerce, the fierce spirit of revolution, were only ebbing in brief rest; and sleepless statesmen were dreading the possible crisis of the morrow. What were our little Tina and her trouble in this mighty torrent, rushing on from one awful unknown to another? Lighter than the smallest centre of quivering life in the water-drop, hidden and uncared for as the pulse of anguish in the breast of the tiniest bird that has fluttered down to its nest with the long-sought food and has found the nest torn and empty."

INSIDE THE DUOMO.

When Baldassarre, with his hands bound together, and the rope round his neck and body, pushed his way behind the curtain, and saw the interior of the Duomo before him, he gave a start of astonishment, and stood still against the doorway. He had expected to see a vast nave empty of everything but lifeless emblems—side altars with candles unlit, dim pictures, pale and rigid statues—with perhaps a few worshippers in the distant choir following a monotonous chant. This was the ordinary aspect of churches to a man who never went into them with any religious purpose.

And he saw, instead, a vast multitude of warm, living faces upturned in breathless silence toward the pulpit, at the angle between the nave and the choir. The multitude was of all ranks, from magistrates and dames of gentle nurture to coarsely clad artisans and country people. In the pulpit was a Dominican friar, with strong features and dark hair, preaching with the crucifix in his hand.

For the first few minutes Baldassarre noted nothing of his preaching. Silent as his entrance had been, some eyes near the doorway had been turned on him with surprise and suspicion. The rope indicated plainly enough that he was an escaped prisoner, but in that case the church was a sanctuary which he had a right to claim; his advanced years and look of wild misery were fitted to excite pity rather than alarm; and as he stood motionless, with eyes that soon wandered absently from the wide scene before him to the pavement at his feet, those who had observed his entrance presently ceased to regard him, and became absorbed again in the stronger interest of listening to the sermon.

Among the eyes that had been turned toward him were Romola's: she had entered late through one of the side doors and was so placed that she had a full view of the main entrance. She had looked long and attentively at Baldassarre, for gray hairs made a peculiar appeal to her, and the stamp of some unwonted suffering in the face, confirmed by the cord round his neck, stirred in her those sensibilities toward the sorrows of age, which her whole life had tended to develop. She fancied that his eyes had met hers in their first wandering

gaze: but Baldassarre had not, in reality, noted her; he had only had a startled consciousness of the general scene, and the consciousness was a mere flash that made no perceptible break in the fierce tumult of emotion which the encounter with Tito had created. Images from the past kept urging themselves upon him like delirious visions, strangely blended with thirst and anguish. No distinct thought for the future could shape itself in the midst of that fiery passion: the nearest approach to such thought was the bitter sense of enfeebled powers, and a vague determination to universal distrust and suspicion. Suddenly he felt himself vibrating to loud tones which seemed like the thundering echo of his own passion. A voice that penetrated his very marrow with its accent of triumphant certitude was saying: "The day of vengeance is at hand."

Baldassarre quivered and looked up. He was too distant to see more than the general aspect of the preacher standing, with his right arm outstretched, lifting up the crucifix; but he panted for the threatening voice again as if it had been a promise of bliss. There was a pause before the preacher spoke again. He gradually lowered his arm. He deposited the crucifix on the edge of the pulpit, and crossed his arms over his breast, looking round at the multitude as if he would meet the glance of every individual face.

"All ye in Florence are my witnesses, for I spoke not in a corner. Ye are my witnesses, that four years ago, when there were yet no signs of war and tribulation, I preached the coming of the scourge. I lifted up my voice as a trumpet to the prelates and princes and people of Italy and said, The cup of your iniquity is full. Behold, the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare: we may sin behind the veil, and who shall punish us? To you, I said, the presence of God shall be revealed in his temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding-sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence. Trust

not in your gold and silver, trust not in your high fortresses; for, though the walls were of iron, and the fortresses of adamant, the Most High shall put terror into your hearts and weakness into your councils, so that you shall be confounded and flee like women. He shall break in pieces mighty men without number, and put others in their stead. For God will no longer endure the pollution of his sanctuary; he will thoroughly purge his Church.

"And forasmuch as it is written that God will do nothing but he revealeth it to his servants the prophets, he has chosen me, his unworthy servant, and made his purpose present to my soul in the living word of the Scriptures, and in the deeds of his providence; and by the ministry of angels he has revealed it to me in visions. And his word possesses me so that I am but as the branch of the forest when the wind of heaven penetrates it, and it is not in me to keep silence, even though I may be a derision to the scorner. And for four years I have preached in obedience to the Divine will: in the face of scoffing I have preached three things, which the Lord has delivered to me: that in these times God will regenerate his Church, and that before the regeneration must come the scourge over all Italy, and that these things will come quickly.

"But hypocrites who cloak their hatred of the truth with a show of love have said to me, 'Come now, Frate, leave your prophesyings: it is enough to teach virtue.' To these I answer: 'Yes, you say in your hearts, God lives afar off, and his word is as a parchment written by dead men, and he leads not as in the days of old, rebuking the nations, and punishing the oppressors, and smiting the unholy priests as he smote the sons of Eli. But I cry again in your ears: God is near and not afar off; his judgments change not. He is the God of armies; the strong men who go up to battle are his ministers, even as the storm, and fire, and pestilence. He drives them by the breath of his angels, and they come upon the chosen land which has forsaken the covenant. And thou, O Italy, art the chosen land; has not God placed his sanctuary within thee, and thou hast polluted it? Behold, the ministers of his wrath are upon thee—they are at thy very doors!'"

Savonarola's voice had been rising in impassioned force up to this point, when he become suddenly silent, let his hands fall

let my witness be remembered among men, that iniquity shall not prosper forever."[1]

During the last appeal, Savonarola had stretched out his arms and lifted up his eyes to heaven; his strong voice had alternately trembled with emotion and risen again in renewed energy; but the passion with which he offered himself as a victim became at last too strong to allow of further speech, and he ended in a sob. Every changing tone, vibrating through the audience, shook them into answering emotion. There were plenty among them who had very moderate faith in the Frate's prophetic mission, and who in their cooler moments loved him little; nevertheless, they too were carried along by the great wave of feeling which gathered its force from sympathies that lay deeper than all theory. A loud responding sob rose at once from the wide multitude, while Savonarola had fallen on his knees and buried his face in his mantle. He felt in that moment the rapture and glory of martyrdom without its agony.

In that great sob of the multitude Baldassarre's had mingled. Among all the human beings present, there was perhaps not one whose frame vibrated more strongly than his to the tones and words of the preacher; but it had vibrated like a harp of which all the strings had been wrenched away except one. That threat of a fiery inexorable vengeance—of a future into which the hated sinner might be pursued and held by the avenger in an eternal grapple, had come to him like the promise of an unquenchable fountain to unquenchable thirst. The doctrines of the sages, the old contempt for priestly superstitions had fallen away from his soul like a forgotten language: if he could have remembered them, what answer could they have given to his great need like the answer given by this voice of energetic conviction? The thunder of denunciation fell on his passion-wrought nerves with all the force of self-evidence: his thought never went beyond it into questions—he was possessed by it as the war-horse is possessed by the clash of sounds. No word that was not a threat touched his consciousness; he had no fibre to be thrilled by it. But the fierce exultant delight to which he was moved by the idea of perpetual vengeance found at once a climax and a relieving outburst in the preacher's

[1]The sermon here given is not a translation, but a free representation of Fra Girolamo's preaching in its more impassioned moments.

words of self-sacrifice. To Baldassarre those words only brought the vague triumphant sense that he too was devoting himself! signing with his own blood the deed by which he gave himself over to an unending fire, that would seem but coolness to his burning hatred.

"I rescued him—I cherished him—if I might clutch his heart-strings forever! Come, O blessed promise! Let my blood flow; let the fire consume me!"

The one chord vibrated to its utmost. Baldassarre clutched his own palms, driving his long nails into them, and burst into a sob with the rest.

SILAS MARNER.

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale, thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off from the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration: nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I

want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you're a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered, too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Ay, Master Marner, what do you want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon.

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back,—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're wet as a drowned rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight-forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I did'nt speak at first—thinks I, the man's run mad."

"Ay, ay, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the center of the circle and the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble

to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned toward Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said:

"Now, then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold you're tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now, then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbors, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbors to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed" as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait until the door was left unlocked, was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so, if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drainking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing of the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be awakened by these words. With a movement of compunction as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said, "yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildering misery, "I try, I try to think where my guineas can be."

"Ay, ay, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds and six pence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no footmarks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close, you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as

you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deputy; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had re-established his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*, he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy constable; for that oracular old gentleman, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor—for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss-fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own 'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant, he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey thought this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"I don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there is to be any jealousy and envying about going to Kench's in the rain, let them go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night-hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

. . . . . .

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew; her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness toward Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated

her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged, delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from falling. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking clouds, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze-bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet

relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension; the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom, but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running toward it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place, and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas' great-coat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might somehow be coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the

THE BEAUTIFUL HELEN FOURMENT RUBENS AND HER SON.

listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the Stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbors that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new one rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the oncoming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for awhile—there was really something on the road coming toward him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch to close it—but he did not close it: he was arrested, as he had already been since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or the evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning toward the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth.

Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger under his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow curls all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? This was the first thought that darted across Silas' blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard—and within that vision another, of the thoughts that had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness—old impressions of awe at the presentment of some power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awakened, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of in-

articulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with were it only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell into a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas' dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary interest of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was a cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas' arm, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

. . . . . .

CHAPTER VII.

Fiction and Social Problems.

No English novelist wrote more frequently with an avowed purpose of picturing social wrongs than Dickens. The influence of his stories in hastening desired and sanative changes can scarcely be over-estimated. Similarly, several novelists of secondary ability concerned themselves with humanitarian problems and through the medium of their books sought to stimulate public interest in social betterment.

Charles Reade (1811-1884) was a man of rare intellectual parts. His place in literature has been a continual subject for controversy among critics. His career was not so successful, viewed either by himself or his admirers, as his early genius gave reason to expect. By natural temperament a fighter, life presented itself to him as a series of combats. He was, according to his own opinion, invariably in the right, while others were hopelessly in the wrong. Not only were they wrong, but he believed them to be actuated by a malicious spirit as well as dominated by ignorance. His aggressive attitude toward those who differed with him is clearly shown in this extract from a letter to one who had aroused his indignation. "Sir, you have ventured to contradict me on a question with regard to which I am profoundly learned, where you are as ignorant as dirt." Devoid of all propitiatory spirit, it is small wonder that he found the problems of human intercourse unceasing and often incapable of adjustment.

He was profoundly interested in drama and spent many years vainly trying to produce a great play. Failing in this, he began to adapt his plays to stories. The result was unsatisfactory from an artistic view.

The dramatist must produce bold and immediate effects; he is limited in time and has to make each moment count for all it will. The novelist, on the other hand, can expand his plot more gradually and each character should reveal in a natural way whatever the reader needs know. Recourses that are quite permissible to the playwright, who must be doubly sure he is making himself thoroughly understood, are wholly out of place in a novel. It was by the employment of such means that Reade invited severe criticism.

In their methods of workmanship, Reade and Trollope might be contrasted. Reade was unceasing in his preparation for his books. He compiled great note books of marvellous volume and range, carefully indexed and annotated, in which were data of every description. Sir Edwin Arnold remarked that they were "among the greatest curiosities of literature," and certainly they are eloquent monuments to his indefatigable industry.

The French Revolution of 1848 was the signal for the oppressed in many lands to rise with demands for more tolerable conditions. In England thousands of working men presented to Parliament a petition for redresses, and for some protracted period general uneasiness was felt because of the strained relations between the employers and the employed. Reade was outspoken in his sympathy with the laboring classes. *Put Yourself in His Place* was written with the purpose of exemplifying some of the actual problems confronting the union and non-union elements. The absurd prison system then in vogue called forth his indignant protest, as it had already done from Dickens. There is no question but that the brilliant novels of Reade helped to win consideration for social abuses.

Nevertheless, time has shown that the greatest production of Reade's was not his voiced pleas for more humane conditions but the one novel in which he forgot all desire of reforming his age. *Cloister and the Hearth,* being largely free from dramatic influence and produced for the pleasure he found in creating it, is most meritorious of his writings and takes rank with great English fiction. It is a story of those years when the Middle Ages were withdrawing before the overpowering Renaissance, and no historical novel shows a broader sweep of vision or greater inclusiveness. Not even Scott surpasses this one book by any single volume of Waverly.

"The life of inns, taverns, wayside hostelries; of cloisters, palaces, and seats of learning; the gross poverty of the poor, and the equally gross splendour of the rich; the life of the road, full of peril and adventure; the total absence of security and justice in the social conditions; and through all the rapid scenes the sense of something new stirring, the slow upheaval of thought, the birth-throe of new intellectual life and a new

to the intimacy—until his father died. Then, though but a year older than Edith, he assumed authority, and, as head of the house, forbade the connection. At the same time he told her he should not object, under the circumstances, to her marrying Dr. Amboyne, a rising physician, and a man of good family, who loved her sincerely, and had shown his love plainly before ever Mr. Little was heard of.

Edith tried to soften her brother; but he was resolute, and said Raby Hall should never be an appendage to a workshop. Sooner than that, he would settle it on his cousin Richard, a gentleman he abhorred, and never called, either to his face, or behind his back, by any other name than "Dissolute Dick."

Then Edith became very unhappy, and temporized more or less, till her lover, who had shown considerable forbearance, lost patience at last, and said she must either have no spirit, or no true affection for him.

Then came a month or two of misery, the tender, clinging nature of the girl being averse to detach itself from either of these two persons. She loved them both with an affection she could have easily reconciled, if they would only have allowed her.

And it all ended according to nature. She came of age, plucked up a spirit, and married Mr. James Little.

Her brother declined to be present at the wedding; but as soon as she returned from her tour, and settled in Hillsborough, he sent his groom with a cold, civil note, reminding her that their father had settled nineteen hundred pounds on her, for her separate use, with remainder to her children, if any; that he and Mr. Graham were the trustees of this small fund; that they had invested it, according to the provisions of the settlement, in a first mortgage on land; and informing her that half a year's interest at four and a half per cent was due, which was his duty to pay into her own hand and no other person's; she would therefore oblige him by receiving the enclosed check, and signing the enclosed receipt.

The receipt came back signed, and with it a few gentle lines, "hoping that in time he would forgive her, and bestow on her what she needed and valued more than money: her own brother's, her only brother's affection."

On receiving this his eyes were suddenly moist, and he actually groaned. "A lady every inch!" he said; "yet she has gone and married a bricklayer."

Well, blood is thicker than water, and in a few years they were pretty good friends again, though they saw but little of one another, meeting only in Hillsborough, which Guy hated, and never drove into now without what he called his antidotes; a Bible and a bottle of lavender-water. It was his humor to read the one, and sprinkle the other, as soon as every he got within the circle of the smoky trades.

When Edith's little boy was nine years old, and much admired for his quickness and love of learning, and of making walking-stick heads and ladies' work-boxes, Mr. Little's prosperity received a severe check, and through his own fault. He speculated largely in building villas, overdid the market, and got crippled. He had contracts uncompleted, and was liable to penalties; and at last saw himself the nominal possessor of a brick wilderness, but on the verge of ruin for want of cash.

He tried every other resource first; but at last he came to his wife, to borrow her nineteen hundred pounds. The security he offered was a mortgage on twelve carcasses, or houses the bare walls and roofs of which were built.

Mrs. Little at once went to Mr. Raby for her money.

Instead of lending the trust-money hastily, Raby submitted the proposal to his solicitor, and that gentleman soon discovered the vaunted security was a second mortgage, with interest overdue on the first; and so he told Guy, who then merely remarked, "I expected as much; when had a tradesman any sense of honor in money matters? This one would cheat his very wife and child."

He declined the proposal in two words, "Rotten security!"

Then Mr. Little found another security that looked very plausible, and primed his wife with arguments, and she implored Guy to call and talk it over with them both.

He came that very afternoon and brought his father's will.

Then Edith offered the security, and tried to convey to the trustee her full belief that it was undeniable.

Guy picked terrible holes in it, and read their father's will, confining the funds to consols, or a first mortgage on

land. "You take the money on these conditions; it is almost as improper of you to wish to evade them, as it would be of me to assist you. And then there is your child; I am bound in honor not to risk his little fortune. See, here's my signature to that."

"My child!" cried Edith. "When he comes of age, I'll go on my knees to him and say, 'My darling, I borrowed your money to save your father's credit.' And my darling will throw his arms round me, and forgive me."

"Simpleton!" said Guy. "And how about your daughters and their husbands? And their husbands' solicitors? Will they throw their arms round your neck, and break forth in twaddle? No! I have made inquiries. Your husband's affairs are desperate. I won't throw your money into his well; and you will both live to thank me for seeing clearer than you do, and saving this nineteen hundred pounds for you and yours."

James Little had writhed in his chair for some time; he now cried out wildly, "Edith, you shall demean yourself no more. He always hated me; and now let him have his will, and seal my dishonor and my ruin. Oblige me by leaving my house, Mr. Raby."

"Oh, no, James!" cried Edith, trembling, and shocked at this affront.

But Guy rose like a tower. "I've noticed this trait in all tradespeople," said he grimly. "They are obsequious to a gentleman so long as they hope to get the better of him; but the moment they find it impossible to overreach him, they insult him." And with this he stalked out of the house.

"Oh, my poor James, how could you?" said Edith.

"Forgive me," said he, quietly. "It is all over. That was our last chance."

Guy Raby walked down the street, stung to the quick. He went straight to his solicitor and arranged to borrow nineteen hundred pounds on his own property. "For," said he, "I'll show them both how a little snob can understand a gentleman. I won't tamper with her son's money, but I'll give her my own to throw in his well. Confound him! Why did she ever marry him?"

When the business was virtually settled, he came back to the house in great haste.

Meantime Mr. James Little went up to his dressing-room, as usual, to dress for dinner; but he remained so long that, at last, Mrs. Little sent her maid to tell him dinner was ready.

The girl had hardly reached the top of the stairs, when she gave a terrible scream that rang through the whole house.

Mrs. Little rushed up-stairs, and found her clinging to the banisters, and pointing at the floor, with eyes protruding and full of horror. Her candlestick had fallen from her benumbed hand; but the hall-lamp revealed what her finger was quivering and pointing at: a dark fluid trickling slowly out into the lobby from beneath the bedroom-door.

It was blood.

The room was burst into, and the wretched tottering wife, hanging upon her sobbing servants, found her lover, her husband, her child's father, lying on the floor, dead by his own hand; stone dead. A terrible sight for strangers to see; but for her, what words can even shadow the horror of it!

I drop the veil on her wild bursts of agony, and piteous appeals to him who could not hear her cries.

The gaping wound that let out that precious life, her eye never ceased to see it, nor her own heart to bleed with it, while she lived.

She was gently dragged away, and supported down to another room. Dr. Amboyne came and did what he could for her; and that was—nothing.

At this time she seemed stupefied. But, when Guy came beaming into the room to tell her he had got her the money, a terrible scene occurred. The bereaved wife uttered a miserable scream at sight of him, and swooned away directly.

The maids gathered around her, laid her down, and cut her stays, and told Guy the terrible tidings, in broken whispers, over her insensible body.

He rose to his feet horrified. He began to gasp and sob. And he yearned to say something to comfort her. At that moment his house, his heart, and all he had, were hers.

But as soon as she came to herself, and caught sight of him, she screamed out, "Oh, the sight of him! the sight of him!" and swooned away again.

Then the women pushed him out of the room, and he went away with uneven steps, and sick at heart.

He shut himself up in Raby Hall, and felt very sad and remorseful. He directed his solicitor to render Mrs. Little every assistance, and supply her funds. But these good offices were respectfully declined by Mr. Joseph Little, the brother of the deceased, who had come from Birmingham to conduct the funeral and settle other matters.

Mr. Joseph Little was known to be a small master-cutler, who had risen from a workman, and even now put blades and handles together with his own hands, at odd times, though he had long since ceased to grind or forge.

Mr. Raby drew in haughtily at this interference.

It soon transpired that Mr. James Little had died hopelessly insolvent, and the nineteen hundred pounds would really have been engulfed.

Raby waited for this fact to sink into his sister's mind, and then one day nature tugged so at his heart strings that he dashed off a warm letter, beginning, "My poor Edith, let bygones be bygones," and inviting her and her boy to live with him at Raby Hall.

The heart-broken widow sent back a reply, in a handwriting scarcely recognizable as hers. Instead of her usual precise and delicate hand, the letters were large, tremulous, and straggling, and the lines slanted downwards.

Write to me, speak to me, no more. For pity's sake let me forget there is a man in the world who is my brother and his murderer. EDITH.

Guy opened this letter with a hopeful face, and turned pale as ashes at the contents.

But his conscience was clear and his spirit high. "Unjust idiot!" he muttered, and locked her letter up in his desk.

Next morning he received a letter from Joseph Little, in a clear, stiff, perpendicular writing:

SIR—I find my sister-in-law wrote you, yesterday, a harsh letter, which I do not approve; and have told her as much. Deceased's affairs were irretrievable, and I blame no other man for his rash act, which may God forgive! As to your kind and

generous invitation, it deserves her gratitude; but Mrs. Little and myself have mingled our tears together over my poor brother's grave, and now we do not care to part. Before your esteemed favor came to hand, it had been settled she should leave this sad neighborhood and keep my house at Birmingham, where she will meet with due respect. I am only a small tradesman; but I can pay my debts, and keep the pot boiling. Will teach the boy some good trade, and make him a useful member of society, if I am spared.

I am, sir, yours respectfully.

JOSEPH LITTLE.

SIR—I beg to acknowledge, with thanks, your respectable letter.

As all direct communication between Mrs. James Little and myself is at an end, oblige me with your address in Birmingham, that I may remit to you, half-yearly, as her agent, the small sum that has escaped bricks and mortar.

When her son comes of age, she will probably forgive me for declining to defraud him of his patrimony.

But it will be too late; for I shall never forgive her, alive or dead. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

GUY RABY.

When he had posted this letter he turned Edith's picture to the wall, and wrote on the canvas:

"GONE INTO TRADE."

He sent for his attorney, made a new will, and bequeathed his land, houses, goods and chattels to Dissolute Dick and his heirs forever.

CHAPTER VIII.

EDWARD BULWER (LORD LYTTON).

No literary man of this century played so many different parts and accomplished so much with such general success as he who is still popularly known as Bulwer, though fortune since changed his name to Bulwer-Lytton, and afterwards gave him the title Baron Lytton. He belonged to a distinguished family, being the son of General Bulwer, and was born in 1805. But he was carefully trained by his mother, whose name Lytton he assumed in 1843. He lisped in numbers, writing ballads at the age of seven, and publishing a volume of poems at fifteen. In his fifty years of mature life he emulated many great writers of fiction and invented styles of his own. He first attracted attention (in "Pelham") as a brilliant depicter of the gayeties and dissipations of English society, then (in "Paul Clifford") as a melodramatic chronicler of a highwayman's career, anon (in "Rienzi," "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Calderon," "Harold," "The Last of the Barons") as a remarkably accurate presenter of historical romance, ancient and modern, then (in "Ernest Maltravers") as an analyst of social problems, again (in "The Caxtons," "My Novel," etc.), as a skillful adapter of Sterne's method to the circumstances of a later period, later (in "The Coming Race") as the author of a fantastic predictive view of the tendencies of modern civilization, and finally (in "The Parisians" and "Kenelm Chillingly") as an exhibitor of the effect of French and English institutions on their respective people. In the early stages of his career he was ridiculed and satirized for his pompous style and aristocratic affectations, yet by perseverance and generous ambition he won the esteem and friendship of Thackeray and Tennyson and other hostile critics.

Bulwer wrote some fine poems and made excellent poetic translations from Schiller and Horace. In the difficult and uncertain field of the drama his success was beyond dispute, and his three best plays yet keep the stage. He failed, however, where he had felt most sure of triumph, in his romantic

epic, "King Arthur." Throughout his life he wrote much on the theory of art, poetry and fiction, and exemplified his deductions and principles in various works. His unwearied powers were also seen in historical disquisitions, the discussions of public questions, and in literary essays. But this prolific student and writer was also a man of fashion, an active politician, an industrious member of parliament, and holder of public office. In spite of these distractions, he constantly returned to his favorite occupation as a novelist and had the gratification to find that his latest works, when published anonymously, excited sensation and obtained popular favor.

The great misfortune of his private life was his quarrel with his wife, a clever, high-tempered Irish woman. She insisted on making the disagreement as public as possible, attacking him with tongue and pen, and making speeches against him at the polling-booths when he was a candidate. Manfully he bore all in silence, and retained the regard of those who knew him best. He died in January, 1873.

While Lytton's lifelong success in literature is astonishing, it has not proved so permanent as might have been expected. His novels are, after all, perhaps too much modified by his theories of what they should teach, and his prodigious invention is reduced to furnishing examples of supposed rules. Throughout them all, instead of allowing the characters to reveal themselves in action and speech, he describes their feelings and thoughts. His style is somewhat affected, rhetorical to excess and lends itself to imitation and burlesque. In spite of his remarkable inventiveness he did not give his work that individuality which marks the productions of the greatest writers. Yet his works even to the last abounded in original ideas, exhibited brilliant invention, and noble sentiment, with considerable variety of portraiture.

GLAUCUS SENDS NYDIA TO IONE.

(From "The Last Days of Pompeii.")

GLAUCUS was interrupted by the entrance of Nydia. She came with her light, though cautious step, along the marble tablinum. She passed the portico, and paused at the flowers which bordered the garden. She had her water-vase in her

hand, and she sprinkled the thirsting plants, which seemed to brighten at her approach. She bent to inhale their odor. She touched them timidly and caressingly. She felt along their stems, if any withered leaf or creeping insect marred their beauty. And as she hovered from flower to flower, with her earnest and youthful countenance and graceful motions, you could not have imagined a fitter handmaid for the goddess of the garden.

"Nydia, my child!" said Glaucus.

At the sound of his voice she paused at once—listening, blushing, breathless; with her lips parted, her face upturned to catch the direction of the sound, she laid down the vase—she hastened to him; and wonderful it was to see how unerringly she threaded her dark way through the flowers, and came by the shortest path to the side of her new lord.

"Nydia," said Glaucus, tenderly stroking back her long and beautiful hair, "it is now three days since thou hast been under the protection of my household gods. Have they smiled on thee? Art thou happy?"

"Ah! so happy," sighed the slave.

"And now," continued Glaucus, "that thou hast recovered somewhat from the hateful recollections of thy former state—and now that they have fitted thee (touching her broidered tunic) with garments more meet for thy delicate shape—and now, sweet child, that thou hast accustomed thyself to a happiness, which may the gods grant thee ever! I am about to pray at thy hands a boon."

"Oh! what can I do for thee?" said Nydia, clasping her hands.

"Listen," said Glaucus, "and young as thou art, thou shalt be my confidant. Hast thou ever heard the name of Ione?"

The blind girl gasped for breath, and turning pale as one of the statues which shone upon them from the peristyle, she answered with an effort, and after a moment's pause:

"Yes! I have heard that she is of Neapolis, and beautiful."

"Beautiful! her beauty is a thing to dazzle the day. Neapolis! nay, she is Greek by origin; Greece only could furnish forth such shapes. Nydia, I love her!"

"I thought so," replied Nydia, calmly.

"I love, and thou shalt tell her so. I am about to send

thee to her. Happy Nydia, thou wilt be in her chamber—thou wilt drink the music of her voice—thou wilt bask in the sunny air of her presence."

"What! what! wilt thou send me from thee?"

"Thou wilt go to Ione," answered Glaucus in a tone that said, "What more canst thou desire?"

Nydia burst into tears.

Glaucus, raising himself, drew her toward him with the soothing caresses of a brother.

"My child, my Nydia, thou weepest in ignorance of the happiness I bestow on thee. She is gentle, and kind, and soft as the breeze of spring. She will be a sister to thy youth—she will appreciate thy winning talents—she will love thy simple graces as none other could, for they are like her own. Weepest thou still, fond fool? I will not force thee, sweet. Wilt thou not do for me this kindness?"

"Well, if I can serve thee, command. See, I weep no longer—I am calm."

"That is my own Nydia," continued Glaucus, kissing her hand. "Go, then, to her: if thou art disappointed in her kindness, if I have deceived thee, return when thou wilt. I do not *give* thee to another; I but lend. My home shall ever be thy refuge, sweet one. Ah! would it could shelter all the friendless and distressed! But if my heart whispers truly, I shall claim thee again soon, my child. My home and Ione's will become the same, and thou shalt dwell with both."

A shiver passed through the slight frame of the blind girl, but she wept no more—she was resigned.

"Go, then, my Nydia, to Ione's house—they shall show thee the way. Take her the fairest flowers thou canst pluck; the vase which contains them I will give thee; thou must excuse its unworthiness. Thou shalt take, too, with thee the lute that I gave thee yesterday, and from which thou knowest so well to awaken the charming spirit. Thou shalt give her also this letter, in which, after a hundred efforts, I have embodied something of my thoughts. Let thy ear catch every accent—every modulation of her voice—and tell me, when we meet again, if its music should flatter me or discourage. It is now, Nydia, some days since I have been admitted to Ione; there is something mysterious in this exclusion. I am dis-

tracted with doubts and fears; learn—for thou art quick, and thy care for me will sharpen tenfold thy acuteness—learn the cause of this unkindness; speak of me as often as thou canst; let my name come ever to thy lips; *insinuate* how I love rather than *proclaim* it; watch if she sighs whilst thou speakest, if she answers thee; or, if she approves, in what accent she approves. Be my friend, plead for me; and oh! how vastly wilt thou overpay the little I have done for thee! Thou comprehendest, Nydia; thou art yet a child—have I said more than thou canst understand?"

"No."

"And thou wilt serve me?"

"Yes."

"Come to me when thou hast gathered the flowers, and I will give thee the vase I speak of; seek me in the chamber of Leda. Pretty one, thou dost not grieve now?"

"Glaucus, I am a slave; what business have I with grief or joy?"

"Sayest thou so? No, Nydia, be free. I give thee freedom; enjoy it as thou wilt, and pardon me that I reckoned on thy desire to serve me."

"You are offended. Oh! I would not, for that which no freedom can give, offend you, Glaucus. My guardian, my saviour, my protector, forgive the poor blind girl! She does not grieve even in leaving thee, if she can aid thy happiness."

"May the gods bless this grateful heart!" said Glaucus, greatly moved; and, unconscious of the fires he excited, he repeatedly kissed her forehead.

"Thou forgivest me," said she, "and thou wilt talk no more of freedom; my happiness is to be thy slave; thou hast promised thou wilt not give me to another——"

"I have promised."

"And now, then, I will gather the flowers."

Silently Nydia took from the hand of Glaucus the costly and jeweled vase, in which the flowers vied with each other in hue and fragrance; tearlessly she received his parting admonition. She paused for a moment when his voice ceased—she did not trust herself to reply—she sought his hand—she raised it to her lips, dropped her veil over her face, and passed at once from his presence. She paused again as she reached the threshold; she stretched her hands toward it and murmured:

"Three happy days—days of unspeakable delight, have I known since I passed thee, blessed threshold! may peace dwell ever with thee when I am gone! And now, my heart tears itself from thee, and the only sound it utters bids me—die!" . . .

A slave entered the chamber of Ione. A messenger from Glaucus desired to be admitted.

Ione hesitated an instant.

"She is blind, that messenger," said the slave; "she will do her commission to none but thee."

Base is that heart which does not respect affliction! The moment she heard the messenger was blind, Ione felt the impossibility of returning a chilling reply. Glaucus had chosen a herald that was indeed sacred—a herald that could not be denied.

"What can he want with me? what message can he send?" and the heart of Ione beat quick. The curtain across the door was withdrawn; a soft and echoless step fell upon the marble, and Nydia, led by one of the attendants, entered with her precious gift.

She stood still a moment, as if listening for some sound that might direct her.

"Will the noble Ione," said she, in a soft and low voice, "deign to speak, that I may know whither to steer these benighted steps, and that I may lay my offerings at her feet?"

"Fair child," said Ione, touched and soothingly, "give not thyself the pain to cross these slippery floors; my attendant will bring to me what thou hast to present," and she motioned to the handmaid to take the vase.

"I may give these flowers to none but thee," answered Nydia, and, guided by her ear, she walked slowly to the place where Ione sat, and kneeling when she came before her proffered the vase.

Ione took it from her hand and placed it on the table at her side. She then raised her gently and would have seated her on the couch, but the girl modestly resisted.

"I have not yet discharged my office," said she, and she drew the letter of Glaucus from her vest. "This will, perhaps, explain why he who sent me chose so unworthy a messenger to Ione."

The Neapolitan took the letter with a hand, the trembling of which Nydia at once felt and sighed to feel. With folded arms and downcast looks she stood before the proud and stately form of Ione—no less proud, perhaps, in her attitude of submission. Ione waved her hand and the attendants withdrew; she gazed again upon the form of the young slave in surprise and beautiful compassion; then, retiring a little from her, she opened and read the letter. . . .

It seemed to Ione, as she read the letter, as if a mist had fallen from her eyes. What had been the supposed offence of Glaucus—that he had not really loved! And now, plainly, and in no dubious terms, he confessed that love. From that moment his power was fully restored. At every tender word in that letter, so full of romantic and trustful passion, her heart smote her. And had she doubted his faith, and had she believed another? and had she not, at least, allowed to him the culprit's right to know his crime, to plead in his defense? —the tears rolled down her cheeks—she kissed the letter—she placed it in her bosom; and, turning to Nydia, who stood in the same place and in the same posture:

"Wilt thou sit, my child," said she, "while I write an answer to this letter?"

"You will answer it, then!" said Nydia, coldly. "Well, the slave that accompanied me will take back your answer!"

"For you," said Ione, "stay with me—trust me; your service shall be light."

Nydia bowed her head.

"What is your name, fair girl?"

"They call me Nydia."

"Your country?"

"The land of Olympus—Thessaly."

"Thou shalt be to me a friend," said Ione, caressingly, "as thou art already a countrywoman. Meanwhile, I beseech thee, stand not on these cold and glassy marbles. There! now that thou art seated, I can leave thee for an instant."

"Ione to Glaucus—greeting. Come to me, Glaucus," wrote Ione—"come to me tomorrow. I may have been unjust to thee; but I will tell thee, at least, the fault that has been imputed to thy charge. Fear not, henceforth, the Egyptian—fear none. Thou sayest thou hast expressed too much—alas! in these hasty words I have already done so. Farewell!"

As Ione reappeared with the letter, which she did not dare to read after she had written (Ah! common rashness, common timidity of love), Nydia started from her seat.

"You have written to Glaucus?"

"I have."

"And will he thank the messenger who gives him thy letter?"

Ione forgot that her companion was blind; she blushed from the brow to the neck, and remained silent.

"I mean this," added Nydia, in a calmer tone; "the lightest word of coldness from thee will sadden him—the lightest kindness will rejoice. If it be the first, let the slave take back thine answer; if it be the last, let me—I will return this evening."

"And why, Nydia," asked Ione evasively, "wouldst thou be the bearer of my letter?"

"It is so, then!" said Nydia. "Ah! how could it be otherwise; who could be unkind to Glaucus?"

"My child," said Ione, a little more reservedly than before, "thou speakest warmly—Glaucus, then, is amiable in thine eyes?"

"Noble Ione! Glaucus has been that to me which neither fortune nor the gods have been—*a friend!*"

The sadness mingled with dignity with which Nydia uttered these simple words, affected the beautiful Ione; she bent down and kissed her. "Thou art grateful, and deservedly so; why should I blush to say that Glaucus is worthy of thy gratitude? Go, my Nydia—take to him thyself this letter—but return again. If I am from home when thou returnest—as this evening, perhaps, I shall be—thy chamber shall be prepared next my own. Nydia, I have no sister—wilt thou be one to me?"

The Thessalian kissed the hand of Ione, and then said with some embarrassment:

"One favor, fair Ione—may I dare to ask it?"

"Thou canst not ask what I will not grant," replied the Neapolitan.

"They tell me," said Nydia, "that thou art beautiful beyond the loveliness of earth. Alas! I cannot see that which gladdens the world! Wilt thou suffer me, then, to pass my

Meanwhile Bowles, having recovered his first astonishment, and scarcely noticing Jessie's escape, still left his right arm extended toward the place she had vacated, and with a quick backstroke of the left leveled at Kenelm's face, growled contemptuously, "Thou'lt find one hand enough for thee."

But quick as with his aim, Kenelm caught the lifted arm just above the elbow, causing the blow to waste itself on air, and with a simultaneous advance of his right knee and foot dexterously tripped up his bulky antagonist, and laid him sprawling on his back. The movement was so sudden, and the stun it occasioned so utter, morally as well as physically, that a minute or more elapsed before Tom Bowles picked himself up. And he then stood another minute glowering at his antagonist, with a vague sentiment of awe almost like a superstitious panic. But as fighting Tom gradually recovered to the consciousness of his own strength, and the recollection that it had been only foiled by the skillful trick of a wrestler, not the hand-to-hand might of a pugilist, the panic vanished, and Tom Bowles was himself again. "Oh, that's your sort, is it?" said he. "We don't fight with our heels hereabouts, like Cornishers and donkeys; we fight with our fists, youngster; and since you *will* have a bout at that, why you must."

"Providence," answered Kenelm, solemnly, "sent me to this village for the express purpose of licking Tom Bowles. It is a signal mercy vouchsafed to yourself, as you will one day acknowledge."

Again a thrill of awe, something like that which the demagogue Aristophanes might have felt when braved by the sausage-maker, shot through the valiant heart of Tom Bowles. He did not like those ominous words, and still less the lugubrious tone of voice in which they were uttered. But resolved, at least, to proceed to battle with more preparation than he had at first designed, he now deliberately disencumbered himself of his heavy fustian jacket and vest, rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and then slowly advanced toward his foe.

Kenelm had also, with still greater deliberation, taken off his coat—which he folded up with care, as being both a new and an only one, and deposited by the hedge-side—and bared arms, lean indeed, and almost slight, as compared with the vast muscle of his adversary, but firm in sinew as the hind-leg of a stag.

By this time the laborers, led by Jessie, had arrived at the spot, and were about to crowd in between the combatants, when Kenelm waved them back, and said, in a calm and impressive voice,

"Stand round, my good friends, make a ring, and see that it is fair play on my side. I am sure it will be fair on Mr. Bowles's. He's big enough to scorn what is little. And now, Mr. Bowles, just a word with you in the presence of your neighbors. I am not going to say any thing uncivil. If you are rather rough and hasty, a man is not always master of himself—at least so I am told—when he thinks more than he ought to do about a pretty girl. But I can't look at your face even by this boonlight, and though its expression at this moment is rather cross, without being sure that you are a fine fellow at bottom; and that if you give a promise as man to man you will keep it. Is that so?"

One or two of the by-standers murmured assent; the others pressed round in silent wonder.

"What's all that soft-sawder about?" said Tom Bowles, somewhat falteringly.

"Simply this: if in the fight between us I beat you I ask you to promise before your neighbors that you will not by word or deed molest or interfere again with Miss Jessie Wiles."

"Eh!" roared Tom. "Is it that *you* are after her?"

"Suppose I am, if that pleases you; and, on my side, I promise that, if you beat me, I quit this place as soon as you leave me well enough to do so, and will never visit it again. What! do you hesitate to promise? Are you really afraid I shall lick you?"

"You! I'd smash a dozen of you to powder."

"In that case, you are safe to promise. Come, 'tis a fair bargain. Isn't it, neighbors?"

Won over by Kenelm's easy show of good temper, and by the sense of justice, the by-standers joined in a common exclamation of assent.

"Come, Tom," said an old fellow, "the gentleman can't speak fairer; and we shall all think you be afraid if you hold back."

Tom's face worked; but at last he growled, "Well, I promise—that is, if he beats me."

"All right," said Kenelm. "You hear, neighbors; and Tom Bowles could not show that handsome face of his among you if he broke his word. Shake hands on it."

"Well, now, that's what I call English," said Kenelm; "all pluck and no malice. Fall back, friends, and leave a clear space for us."

The men all receded; and as Kenelm took his ground, there was a supple ease in his posture which at once brought out into clearer evidence the nervous strength of his build, and, contrasted with Tom's bulk of chest, made the latter look clumsy and top-heavy.

The two men faced each other for a minute, the eyes of both vigilant and steadfast. Tom's blood began to fire up as he gazed—nor, with all his outward calm, was Kenelm insensible of that proud beat of the heart which is aroused by the fierce joy of combat. Tom struck out first, and a blow was parried, but not returned; another and another blow—still parried—still unreturned. Kenelm, acting evidently on the defensive, took all the advantages for that strategy which he derived from superior length of arm and lighter agility of frame. Perhaps he wished to ascertain the extent of his adversary's skill, or to try the endurance of his wind, before he ventured on the hazards of attack. Tom, galled to the quick that blows which might have felled an ox were thus warded off from their mark, and dimly aware that he was encountering some mysterious skill which turned his brute strength into waste force, and might overmaster him in the long run, came to a rapid conclusion that the sooner he brought that brute strength to bear, the better it would be for him. Accordingly, after three rounds, in which, without once breaking the guard of his antagonist, he had received a few playful taps on the nose and mouth, he drew back, and made a bull-like rush at his foe—bull-like, for it butted full at him with the powerful down-bent head, and the two fists doing duty as horns. The rush spent, he found himself in the position of a man *milled*. A "mill," periphrastically, means this: your adversary, in the noble encounter between fist and fist, has so plunged his head that it gets caught, as in a vise, between the side and doubled left arm of the adversary, exposing that head, unprotected and helpless, to be pounded out of recognizable shape

by the right fist of the opponent. It is a situation in which raw superiority of force sometimes finds itself, and is seldom spared by disciplined superiority of skill. Kenelm, his right fist raised, paused for a moment, then, loosening the left arm, releasing the prisoner, and giving him a friendly slap on the shoulder, he turned round to the spectators, and said apologetically, "He has a handsome face—it would be a shame to spoil it."

Tom's position of peril was so obvious to all, and that good-humored abnegation of the advantage which the position gave to the adversary seemed so generous, that the laborers actually hurrahed. Tom himself felt as if treated like a child; and alas, and alas for him! in wheeling round, and regathering himself up, his eye rested on Jessie's face. Her lips were apart with breathless terror; he fancied they were apart with a smile of contempt. And now he became formidable. He fought as fights the bull in presence of the heifer, who, as he knows too well, will go with the conqueror.

If Tom had never yet fought with a man taught by a prize-fighter, so never yet had Kenelm encountered a strength which, but for the lack of that teaching, would have conquered his own. He could act no longer on the defensive; he could no longer play, like a dexterous fencer, with the sledge-hammer of those mighty arms. They broke through his guard—they sounded on his chest as on an anvil. He felt that did they alight on his head he was a lost man. He felt also that the blows spent on the chest of his adversary were idle as the stroke of a cane on the hide of a rhinoceros. But now his nostrils dilated, his eyes flashed fire—Kenelm Chillingly had ceased to be a philosopher. Crash came his blow—how unlike the swinging roundabout hits of Tom Bowles!—straight to its aim as the rifle-ball of a Tyrolese, or a British marksman at Aldershot—all the strength of nerve, sinew, purpose, and mind concentrated in its vigor—crash just at that part of the front where the eyes meet, and followed up with the rapidity of lightning, flash upon flash, by a more restrained but more disabling blow with the left hand just where the left ear meets throat and jaw-bone.

At the first blow Tom Bowles had reeled and staggered; at the second he threw up his hands, made a jump in the air

as if shot through the heart, and then heavily fell forward, an inert mass.

The spectators pressed round him in terror. They thought he was dead. Kenelm knelt, passed quickly his hand over Tom's lips, pulse and heart, and then rising, said, humbly and with an air of apology:

"If he had been a less magnificent creature, I assure you on my honor that I should never have ventured that second blow. The first would have done for any man less splendidly endowed by nature. Lift him gently; take him home. Tell his mother, with my kind regards, that I'll call and see her and him to-morrow. And, stop, does he ever drink too much beer?"

"Well," said one of the villagers, "Tom *can* drink."

"I thought so. Too much flesh for that muscle. Go for the nearest doctor. You, my lad?—good—off with you—quick! No danger, but perhaps it may be a case for the lancet."

Tom Bowles was lifted tenderly by four of the stoutest men present and borne into his home, evincing no sign of consciousness; but his face, where not clouted with blood, very pale, very calm, with a slight froth at the lips.

Kenelm pulled down his shirt-sleeves, put on his coat, and turned to Jessie:

"Now, my young friend, show me Will's cottage."

The girl came to him white and trembling. She did not dare to speak. The stranger had become a new man in her eyes. Perhaps he frightened her as much as Tom Bowles had done. But she quickened her pace, leaving the public-house behind, till she came to the farther end of the village. Kenelm walked beside her, muttering to himself; and though Jessie caught his words, happily she did not understand, for they repeated one of those bitter reproaches on her sex as the main cause of all strife, bloodshed and mischief in general, with which the classic authors abound. His spleen, soothed by that recourse to the lessons of the ancients, Kenelm turned at last to his silent companion, and said, kindly but gravely:

"Mr. Bowles has given me this promise, and it is fair that I should now ask a promise from you. It is this—just consider how easily a girl so pretty as you can be the cause of a

man's death. Had Bowles struck me where I struck him, I should have been past the help of a surgeon."

"Oh!" groaned Jessie, shuddering, and covering her face with both hands.

"And putting aside that danger, consider that a man may be hit mortally on the heart as well as on the head, and that a woman has much to answer for who, no matter what her excuse, forgets what misery and what guilt can be inflicted by a word from her lips and a glance from her eye. Consider this, and promise that, whether you marry Will Somers or not, you will never again give a man fair cause to think you can like him unless your own heart tells you that you can. Will you promise that?"

"I will, indeed—indeed." Poor Jessie's voice died in sobs.

CHAPTER IX.

RECENT NOVELISTS AND STORY WRITERS.

George Meredith (1828-1909), like George Eliot, has concerned himself largely with the psychological possibilities of the novel. Like this earlier illustrious writer, he exposes the soul of his character until light floods the most obscure and secret recesses. Using language with the frequent obscurity of Browning, he has never been widely read. He felt that the English people misunderstood him; but, having been disappointed once or twice by the reception accorded his books, far from allowing this to embitter his years, he fell back upon the safe policy of writing to please himself. In fact, few men have preserved to the end a more wholesome attitude regarding the world. Instead of becoming wearied by it and sighing over its faults and foibles, his vital interest in life was maintained throughout.

His fearless treatment of subjects usually accorded an established, time-honored consideration, naturally offended some readers and puzzled others. Never missing an opportunity to ridicule what he regarded as "man's egotistical treatment of woman," he created a type of woman, energetic, rational and healthy. Eternal love he scouted. In placing graphically before his readers the real motives which actuate to many a human action, he aroused the antagonism of those who prefer to throw the mantle of ideality over all. To call attention to serpents that lurk in the depths of most human hearts, he wrote *The Egotist,* whose message might be stated in this way: Each one prefers to deceive himself as well as others regarding the motives which frequently cause him to act as he does; if any one will but come out of the shadow and turn the searchlight upon his own soul, he may recoil before the serpent-like phantoms that he unearths, but this very recognition of their existence will help eventually in casting them out.

Children by relentless questioning all unwittingly force upon us uncomfortable truths. Similarly, and with as guile-

less a heart, Meredith closes up all avenues of escape and compels us to apply his tests to our own hearts—much to our surprised dismay and secret humiliation.

None has repudiated the usually accepted idea that men and women should be judged by different social standards more than he. No one has more impressively shown that he who sows the wind, reaps the whirlwind, or leaves its destructive forces to beset future generations. That the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation he illustrated in *Richard Feverel* so strikingly that it has been said every youth should read the story. Social reformers of the present day who maintain that every disease and human ill can be traced to the misdoings of the past are but saying in one way what he has already said in another.

The criticism made upon George Eliot that many passages in her novels are digressions, apart from the story and more closely allied to treatises on philosophy or psychology than the matter in hand, might be passed also upon Meredith. From the standpoint of the novel, pure and simple, whatever retards the plot is a blemish; yet there are other ways by which a novelist may be judged, and these excursions into the by-ways and thickets charm the reader in that they disclose aspects of his personality and reveal his viewpoint.

Few writers have ever developed such brilliancy of expression as Meredith. He is meteoric to an extreme degree. "The page perpetually breaks in star-sparkles; it flashes with all sorts of pyrotechnic displays; it is volcanic with eruptive radiance. Sometimes it is almost mischievously coruscating, as though a boy exploded crackers under you for the mere pleasure of seeing you jump. But one never knows how soon or suddenly the fire may go out, and you may find yourself plunged into the darkest by-ways of obscurity."

DIANA.

A mind that after a long season of oblivion in pain returns to wakefulness without a keen edge for the world, is much in danger of souring permanently. Diana's love of nature saved her from the dire mischance during a two months' residence

at Copsley, by stupefying her senses to a state like the barely conscious breathing on the verge of sleep. February blew southwest for the pairing of the birds. A broad, warm wind rolled clouds of every ambiguity of form in magnitude over peeping azure, or skimming upon lakes of blue and lightest green, or piling the amphitheater for majestic sunset. Or sometimes those daughters of the wind flew linked and low, semi-purple, threatening the shower they retained and teaching gloom to rouse a songful nest in the bosom of the viewer. Sometimes they were April, variable to soar with rain-skirts and sink with sun-shafts. Or they drenched wood and field for a day and opened on the high southwestern star. Daughters of the wind, but shifty daughters of this wind of the dropping sun, they have to be watched to be loved in their transformations.

Diana had Arthur Rhodes and her faithful Leander for walking companions. If Arthur said: "Such a day would be considered melancholy by London people," she thanked him in her heart, as a benefactor who had revealed to her things of the deepest. The simplest were her food. Thus does Nature restore us, by drugging the brain and making her creature confidingly animal for its new growth. She imagined herself to have lost the power to think; certainly she had not the striving or the wish. Exercise of her limbs to reach a point of prospect, and of her ears and eyes to note what bird had piped, what flower was out on the banks, and the leaf of what tree it was that lay beneath the budding, satisfied her daily desires. She gathered unknowingly a sheaf of landscapes, images, keys of dreamed horizons, that opened a world to her at any chance breath altering shape or hue; a different world from the one of her old ambition. Her fall had brought her renovatingly to earth, and the saving naturalness of the woman recreated her childlike with shrouded recollections of her strange taste of life behind her; with a tempered fresh blood to enjoy aimlessly, and what would erewhile have been a barrenness to her sensibilities.

In time the craving was envolved for positive knowledge, and shells and stones and weeds were deposited on the library table at Copsley, botanical and geological books comparingly examined, Emma Dunstane always eager to assist; for the

RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

samples wafted her into the hearts of the woods. Poor Sir Lukin tried three days of their society, and was driven away headlong to club life. He sent down Redworth, with whom the walks of the zealous inquirers were profitable, though Diana, in acknowledging it to herself, reserved a decided preference for her foregone ethereal mood, larger, and untroubled by the presence of a man. . . . .

She and Arthur discovered—and it set her first meditating whether she did know the man so very accurately—that he had printed, for private circulation, when at Harrow school, a little book, a record of his observations in nature. Lady Dunstane was the casual betrayer. He shrugged at the nonsense of a boy's publishing; anybody's publishing he held for a doubtful proof of sanity. His excuse was, that he had not published opinions. Let us observe, and assist in our small sphere; not come mouthing to the footlights!

"We retire," Diana said, for herself and Arthur.

"The wise thing is to avoid the position that enforces publishing," said he, to the discomfiture of his raw junior.

In the fields he was genially helpful; commending them to the study of the southwest wind, if they wanted to forecast the weather and understand the climate of our country. "We have no seasons, or only a shuffle of them. Old calendars give seven months of the year to the southwest and that's about the average. Count on it, you may generally reckon what to expect. When you don't have the excess for a year or two, you are drenched the year following." He knew every bird by its flight and its pipe, habits, tricks, hints of sagacity homely with the original human; and his remarks on the sensittive lives of trees and herbs were a spell to his thirsty hearers. Something of astronomy he knew; but in relation to that science, he sank his voice, touchingly to Diana, who felt drawn to kinship with him when he had a pupil's tone. An illusion by Arthur to the poetical work of Aratus, led to a memorably pleasant evening's discourse upon the long reading of the stars by these, our mortal eyes. Altogether the mind of the practical man became distinguishable to them as that of a plain brother of the poetic. Diana said of him to Arthur: "He does not supply me with similes; he points to the source of them." Arthur, with envy of the man of positive knowledge, disguised an unstrung heart in agreeing.

Redworth alluded passingly to the condition of public affairs. Neither of them replied. Diana was wondering how one who perused the eternal of Nature should lend a thought to the dusty temporary of the world. Subsequently she reflected that she was asking him to confine his great male appetite to the nibble of bread which nourished her immediate sense of life. Her reflections were thin as mist, coming and going like the mist, with no direction upon her brain, if they sprang from it. When he had gone, welcome though Arthur had seen him to be, she rebounded to a broader and cheerfuller liveliness. Arthur was flattered by an idea of her casting off incubus—a most worthy gentleman, and a not perfectly sympathetic associate. Her eyes had their lost light in them, her step was brisker; she challenged him to former games of conversation, excursions in blank verse here and there, as the mood dictated. They amused themselves, and Emma, too. She revelled in seeing Tony's younger face and hearing some of her natural outbursts. That Dacier never could have been the man for her, would have compressed and subjected her, and inflicted a further taste of bondage in marriage, she was assured. She hoped for the day when Tony would know it, and haply that another, whom she little comprehended, was her rightful mate.

March continued southwesterly and grew rainier, as Redworth had foretold, bidding them look for gales and storm, and then the change of wind. It came, after wettings of a couple scorning the refuge of dainty townsfolk under umbrellas, and proud of their likeness to dripping wayside wild flowers. Arthur stayed at Copsley for a week of the crisp northeaster; and what was it, when he had taken his leave, that brought Tony home from her solitary walk in dejection? It could not be her seriously regretting the absence of the youthful companion she had parted with gaily, appointing a time for another meeting on the heights, and recommending him to repair idle hours with strenuous work. The fit passed and was not explained. The winds are sharp with memory. The hard, shrill wind crowed to her senses of an hour on the bleak sands of the French coast; the beginning of the curtained misery, inscribed as her happiness. She was next day prepared for her term in London with Emma, who promised her

to make an expedition at the end of it, by way of holiday, to see The Crossways, which Mr. Redworth said was not tenanted.

"You won't go through it like a captive?" said Emma.

"I don't like it, dear," Diana put up a comic mouth. "The debts we owe ourselves are the hardest to pay. That is the discovery of advancing age, and I used to imagine it was quite the other way. But they are the debts of honour, imperative. I shall go through it grandly, you will see. If I am stopped at my first recreancy and turned directly the contrary way, I think I have courage."

"You will not fear to meet . . . anyone?" Emma said.

"The world and all it contains! I am robust, eager for the fray, an Amazon, a brazen-faced hussy. Fear and I have parted. I shall not do you discredit. Besides, you intend to have me back here with you? And besides again, I burn to make a last brave appearance. I have not outraged the world, dear Emmy, whatever certain creatures in it may fancy."

She had come out of her dejectedness with a shrewder view of Dacier; equally painful, for it killed her romance, and changed the garden of their companionship in imagination to a waste. Her clearing intellect prompted it, whilst her nature protested, and reviled her to uplift him. He *had* loved her. "I shall die knowing that a man did love me once," she said to her widowed heart, and set herself blushing and blanching. But the thought grew inveterate: "He could not bear much." And in her quick brain it shot up a crop of similitudes for the quality of that man's love. She shuddered, as at a quick cleaving of cold steel. He had not given her a chance; he had not replied to her letter written with the pen dipped in her heart's blood; he must have gone straight away to the woman he married. This, after almost justifying the scandalous world:—after. . . . She realized her sensations of that night when the house-door had closed on him; her feeling of lost sovereignty, degradation, feminine danger, friendlessness; and she was unaware, and never knew, nor did the world ever know, what cunning had inspired the frosty Cupid to return to her and be warmed by striking a bargain for his weighty secret. She knew too well that she was not of the snows which do not melt, however high her conceit of

herself might place her. Happily she now stood out of the sun, in a bracing temperature, Polar; and her compassion for women was deeply sisterly in tenderness and understanding. She spoke of it to Emma as her gain.

"I have not seen that you required to suffer to be considerate," Emma said.

"It is on my conscience that I neglected Mary Paynham, among others—and because you did not take to her, Emmy."

"The reading of it appears to me that she has neglected you."

She was not in my confidence, and so I construe it as delicacy. One never loses by believing the best."

"If one is not duped."

"Expectations dupe us, not trust. The light of every soul burns upward. Of course, most of them are candles in the wind. Let us allow for atmospheric disturbance. Now I thank you, dear, for bringing me back to life. I see that I was really a selfish suicide, because I feel I have power to do some good, and belong to the army. When we are beginning to reflect, as I do now, on a recovered basis of pure health, we have the world at the dawn and know we are young in it, with great riches, great things gained, and greater to achieve. Personally I behold a queer little wriggling worm for myself; but as one of the active world I stand high and shapely; and the very thought of doing work, is like a draught of the desert-springs to me. Instead of which I have once more to go about presenting my face to vindicate my character. Mr. Redworth would admit no irony in that! At all events, it is anti-climax."

"I forgot to tell you, Tony, you have been proposed for," said Emma; and there was a rush of savage colour over Tony's cheek.

Her apparent apprehensions were relieved by hearing the name of Mr. Sullivan Smith.

"My poor dear countryman! and he thought me worthy, did he? Some day, when we are past his repeating it, I'll thank him."

The fact of her smiling happily at the narration of Sullivan Smith's absurd proposal by mediatrix, proved to Emma how much her nature thirsted for the smallest support in her self-esteem.

The second campaign of London was of bad augury at the commencement, owing to the ridiculous intervention of a street-organ, that ground its pipes in a sprawling roar of one of the Puritan marches, just as the carriage was landing them at the door of her house. The notes were harsh, dissonant, drunken, interlocked and horribly torn asunder, intolerable to ears not keen to extract the tune through dreadful memories. Diana sat startled and paralyzed. The melody crashed a revival of her days with Dacier, as in gibes; and yet it reached to her heart. She imagined a Providence that was trying her on the threshold, striking at her feebleness. She had to lock herself in her room for an hour of deadly abandonment to misery, resembling the run of poison through her blood, before she could bear to lift eyes on her friend; to whom subsequently she said: "Emmy, there are wounds that cut sharp as the enchanter's sword, and we don't know we are in halves till some rough old intimate claps us on the back, merely to ask us how we are! I have to join myself together again, as well as I can. It's done, dear; but don't notice the cement."

"You will be brave," Emma petitioned.

"I long to show you I will."

The meeting with those who could guess a portion of her story, did not disconcert her. To Lady Pennon and Lady Singleby, she was the brilliant Diana of her nominal luminary issuing from cloud. Face and tongue, she was the same; and once in the stream, she soon gathered its current topics and scattered her arrowy phrases. Lady Pennon ran about with them, declaring that the beautiful speaker, if ever down, was up, and up to her finest mark. Mrs. Fryar-Gunnett had then become the blazing regnant anti-social star; a distresser of domesticity, the magnetic attraction in the spirituous flames of that wild snapdragon bowl, called the upper class; and she was angelically blonde, a straw-colored beauty. "A lovely wheatsheaf, if the head were ripe," Diana said of her.

"Threshed, says her fame, my dear," Lady Pennon replied, otherwise allusive.

"A wheatsheaf of contention for the bread of wind," said Diana, thinking of foolish Sir Lukin; thoughtless of talking to a gossip.

Judging from her look and her reputation, Emma divined that the man was justly mated with a devious filmy sentimentalist, likely to "fiddle harmonics on the sensual strings" for him at a mad rate in the years to come. Such fiddling is indeed the peculiar diversion of the opulent of a fatly prosperous people; who take it, one may concede to them, for an inspired elimination of the higher notes of life, the very highest. That saying of Tony's ripened with full significance to Emma now. Not sensualism, but sham spiritualism, was the meaning; and however fine the notes, they come skilfully evoked of the under-brute in us. Reasoning it so, she thought it a saying for the penetration of the most polished and deceptive of the later human masks. She had besides, be it owned, a triumph in conjuring a sentence of her friend's, like a sword's edge, to meet them; for she was boiling angrily at the ironical destiny which had given to those two a beclouding of her beloved, whom she could have rebuked in turn for her insane caprice of passion.

But when her beloved stood up to greet Mrs. Percy Dacier, all idea save tremulous admiration for the valiant woman, who had been wounded nigh to death, passed from Emma's mind. Diana tempered her queenliness to address the favored lady with smiles and phrases of gentle warmth, of goodness of nature; and it became a halo rather than a personal eclipse that she cast.

Emma looked at Dacier. He wore the prescribed conventional air, subject in half a minute to a rapid blinking of the eyelids. His wife could have been inimically imagined fascinated and dwindling. A spot of colour came to her cheeks. She likewise began to blink.

The happy couple bowed, proceeding; and Emma had Dacier's back for a study. We score on that flat slate of man, unattractive as it is to hostile observations, and unprotected, the device we choose. Her harshest, was the positive thought that he had taken the woman best suited to him. Doubtless, he was a man to prize the altar-candle above the lamp of day. She fancied the back view of him shrunken and straightened; perhaps a mere hostile fancy; though it was conceivable that he should desire as little of these meetings as possible. Eclipses are not courted.

CHAPTER X.

RECENT NOVELISTS AND STORY WRITERS—(Continued).

Thomas Hardy, born in 1840, belongs to the naturalistic school—an off-shoot of realism which dwells chiefly upon the darker and pessimistic side of the picture. Knowing rural life and scenes from childhood, he has taken the district of Wessex and used it as his stage, finding his characters in his imagination, although, indeed, they closely resemble his own neighbours. He is a nature-worshipper and his books breathe of the spirit of nature rather than abound in descriptions of sunsets and star-light nights. The never-ending round of seasons, the creative forces in the natural world, the seed-time and harvest, the winter sleep and yearly resurrection—these beautiful recurrences permeate his stories, ennobling and distinguishing them from others. Hardy finds in the love of nature what others find in the consolation of religion. Realizing to an extreme the sorrow, bitterness and anguish endured by those who are in no way accountable for their suffering, any idea of a personal deity is absolutely obliterated, and his feeling for nature, although so sensitive and responsive, falls short of enabling him to grasp with profound conviction the existence of eternal laws which, since they hold the universe in power cannot be adequately comprehended by finite mind, and since they supply an uplift, never really lost, though sometimes lost to view, cannot work ultimately for evil. Stopping short of this realization which caused Browning to exclaim "Man has forever!" he can only ask over and over again: "What is the good in it all?"

Hardy has spent his years among the country people whom he depicts in his stories. Holding with the realists that the novelist's function is to photograph life, not to traffic with enchantment, he has confined himself to things seen and known. Believing that conventionalities enwrap the ones ordinarily met in society so completely that there is no hope of accurately depicting their real feelings, he has chosen to take the peasants as a guide—they being incapable of subtlety and

disguise. One cannot fail to discern some similarity between his treatment of the simple, untutored rural folk and Millet's peasants. To be sure, Millet knew only the victims of relentless toil and abject poverty, whereas Hardy's characters enjoy many of life's artless joys; yet the same spirit of resignation to fate, the same surrender to circumstances that bind them to a life of labor and hardship, precluding any opportunity for choice, is nevertheless discernible. This difference may be seen: Millet's peasants are wholly in harmony with the infinite and take their sad lot as a matter of course; Hardy's characters are often, like himself, "irreconciled."

Whereas Trollope, Thackeray and Balzac established a unity in their books by oftentimes carrying the same characters along from one tale to another, Hardy has gained quite as potent a unity by holding always to the same locality and landscape. In this respect his stories are unique.

In *A Pair of Blue Eyes, Return of the Native* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles,* Hardy has set forth his interpretation of life: that people are not free but are hampered by conditions of heredity and environment over which they have no control; that children, deprived of any voice in the matter, are brought in the world to suffer for the sins of their forebears; that relentless fate holds all in its grasp and there is nothing left for us but to do whatever comes to us to be done. Some will sin, and the sin really lies at the door of others, they deserving to stand sinless before eternal judgment. All this is told in masterly stories, expressed in apt and pleasing diction, while ever the restoring aspects of trees and brooks, rivers and glades, vales and hills, cast their mitigating influence over all.

Much may be said of Hardy's gifts; his invention and portrayal of Wessex folk, his compact plots and carefully constructed stories. However, his novels should be viewed as a part of the picture—not the whole. A Meredith, a Browning, a Dickens and a Stevenson are needed to supply other parts. Although every age may need its moralist to cry "Vanity, vanity, all, all is vanity!"—although the relentless grip of vice and poverty ever need a genius to portray them, in order to inspire men to "look up not down, in, not out, and lend a hand"—there must be also voices to say with Browning:

"My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;

. . . . . .

That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accurst."

THE THREE STRANGERS.

Among the few features of agricultural England which retain an appearance but little modified by the lapse of centuries, may be reckoned the high, grassy and furzy downs, coombs, or ewe-leases, as they are indifferently called, that fill a large area of certain counties in the south and southwest. If any mark of human occupation is met with hereon, it usually takes the form of the solitary cottage of some shepherd.

Fifty years ago such a lonely cottage stood on such a down, and may possibly be standing there now. In spite of its loneliness, however, the spot, by actual measurement, was not more than five miles from a county town. Yet that affected it little. Five miles of irregular upland, during the long inimical seasons, with their sleets, snows, rains, and mists afford withdrawing space enough to isolate a Timon or a Nebuchadnezzar; much less, in fair weather, to please that less repellent tribe, the poets, philosophers, artists, and others who "conceive and meditate of pleasant things."

Some old earthen camp or barrow, some clump of trees, at least some starved fragment of ancient hedge, is usually taken advantage of in the erection of these forlorn dwellings. But, in the present case, such a kind of shelter had been disregarded. Higher Crowstairs, as the house was called, stood quite detached and undefended. The only reason for its precise situation seemed to be the crossing of two footpaths at right angles hard by, which may have crossed there and thus for a good five hundred years. Hence the house was exposed to the elements on all sides. But, though the wind up here blew unmistakably when it did blow, and the rain hit hard whenever it fell, the various weathers of the winter season were not quite so formidable on the coomb, as they were imagined to be by dwellers on low ground. The raw rimes

were not so pernicious as in the hollows, and the frosts were scarcely so severe. When the shepherd and his family who tenanted the house were pitied for their sufferings from the exposure, they said that upon the whole they were less inconvenienced by "wuzzes and flames" (hoarses and phlegms) than when they had lived by the stream of a snug neighbouring valley.

The night of March 28, 182—, was precisely one of the nights that were wont to call forth these expressions of commiseration. The level rainstorm smote walls, slopes, and hedges like the clothyard shafts of Senlac and Crecy. Such sheep and outdoor animals as had no shelter stood with their buttocks to the winds; while the tails of little birds trying to roost on some scraggy thorn were blown inside out like umbrellas. The gable-end of the cottage was stained with wet, and the eavesdroppings flapped against the wall. Yet never was commiseration for the shepherd more misplaced. For that cheerful rustic was entertaining a large party in glorification of the christening of his second girl.

The guests had arrived before the rain began to fall, and they were now all assembled in the chief or living room of the dwelling. A glance into the apartment at eight o'clock on this eventful evening would have resulted in the opinion that it was as cosy and comfortable a nook as could be wished for in boisterous weather. The calling of its inhabitant was proclaimed by a number of highly polished sheep-crooks without stems that were hung ornamentally over the fireplace, the curl of each shining crook varying from the antiquated type engraved in the patriarchal pictures in old family Bibles to the most approved fashion of the last local sheep-fair. The room was lighted by half a dozen candles, having wicks only a trifle smaller than the grease which enveloped them, in candlesticks that were never used but at high days, holy days and family feasts. The lights were scattered about the room, two of them standing on the chimney-piece. This position of candles in itself was significant. Candles on the chimney-piece always meant a party.

On the hearth, in front of a back-brand to give substance, blazed a fire of thorns, that crackled like "the laughter of the fool."

Nineteen persons were gathered here. Of these, five women, wearing gowns of various bright hues, sat in chairs along the wall; girls shy and not shy filled the window-bench; four men, including Charlie Jake, the hedge carpenter, Elijah New, the parish clerk, and John Pitcher, a neighbouring dairyman, the shepherd's father-in-law, lolled in the settle; a young man and maid, who were blushing over tentative *pourparlers* on a life-companionship, sat beneath the corner-cupboard; and an elderly engaged man of fifty or upward moved restlessly about from spots where his betrothed was not to the spot where she was. Enjoyment was pretty general, and so much the more prevailed by being unhampered by conventional restrictions. Absolute confidence in each other's good opinion begat perfect ease, while the finishing stroke of manner, amounting to a truly princely serenity, was lent to the majority by the absence of any expression or trait denoting that they wished to get on in the world, enlarge their minds, or do any eclipsing thing whatever—which nowadays so generally nips the bloom and bonhomie of all except the two extremes of the social scale.

Shepherd Fennel had married well, his wife being a dairyman's daughter from a vale at a distance, who brought fifty guineas in her pocket—and kept them there, till they should be required for ministering to the needs of a coming family. This frugal woman had been somewhat exercised as to the character that should be given to the gathering. A sit-still party had its advantages, but an undisturbed position of ease in chairs and settles was apt to lead on the men to such an unconscionable deal of toping that they would sometimes fairly drink the house dry. A dancing party was the alternative, but this, while avoiding the foregoing objection on the score of good drink, had a counterbalancing disadvantage in the matter of good victuals, the ravenous appetites engendered by the exercise causing immense havoc in the buttery. Shepherdess Fennel fell back upon the intermediate plan of mingling short dances with short periods of talk and singing, so as to hinder any ungovernable rage in either. But this scheme was entirely confined to her own gentle mind; the shepherd himself was in the mood to exhibit the most reckless phases of hospitality.

The fiddler was a boy of those parts, about twelve years of age, who had a wonderful dexterity in jigs and reels, though his fingers were so small and short as to necessitate a constant shifting for the high notes, from which he scrambled back to the first position with sounds not of unmixed purity of tone. At seven the shrill tweedle-dee of this youngster had begun, accompanied by a booming ground-bass from Elijah New, the parish clerk, who had thoughtfully brought with him his favourite musical instrument, the serpent. Dancing was instantaneous, Mrs. Fennel privately enjoining the players on no account to let the dance exceed the length of a quarter of an hour.

But Elijah and the boy, in the excitement of their position, quite forgot the injunction. Moreover, Oliver Giles, a man of seventeen, one of the dancers, who was enamoured of his partner, a fair girl of thirty-three rolling years, had recklessly handed a new crown-piece to the musicians, as a bribe to keep going as long as they had muscle and wind. Mrs. Fennel, seeing the steam begin to generate on the countenances of her guests, crossed over and touched the fiddler's elbow and put her hand on the serpent's mouth. But they took no notice, and fearing she might lose her character of genial hostess if she were to interfere too markedly, she retired and sat down helpless. And so the dance whizzed on with cumulative fury, the performers moving in their planet-like courses, direct and retrograde, from apogee to perigee, till the hand of the well-kicked clock at the bottom of the room had travelled over the circumference of an hour.

While these cheerful events were in course of enactment within Fennel's pastoral dwelling, an incident having considerable bearing on the party had occurred in the gloomy night without. Mrs. Fennel's concern about the growing fierceness of the dance corresponded in point of time with the ascent of a human figure to the solitary hill of Higher Crowstairs from the direction of the distant town. This personage strode on through the rain without a pause, following the little worn path which, further on in its course, skirted the shepherd's cottage. . . .

At last the notes of the serpent ceased and the house was silent. This cessation of activity aroused the solitary pedes-

trian from the reverie into which he had lapsed, and, emerging from the shed, with an apparently new intention, he walked up the path to the house-door. Arrived here, his first act was to kneel down on a large stone beside the row of vessels, and to drink a copious draught from one of them. Having quenched his thirst, he rose and lifted his hand to knock, but paused with his eye upon the panel. Since the dark surface of the wood revealed absolutely nothing, it was evident that he must be mentally looking through the door, as if he wished to measure thereby all the possibilities that a house of this sort might include, and how they might bear upon the question of his entry.

In his indecision he turned and surveyed the scene around. Not a soul was anywhere visible. The garden-path stretched downward from his feet, gleaming like the track of a snail; the roof of the little well (mostly dry), the well-cover, the top rail of the garden gate, were varnished with the same dull liquid glaze; while, far away in the vale, a faint whiteness of more than usual extent showed that the rivers were high in the meads. Beyond all this winked a few bleared lamplights through the beating drops—lights that denoted the situation of the county town from which he had appeared to come. The absence of all notes of life in that direction seemed to clinch his intentions, and he knocked at the door.

Within, a desultory chat had taken the place of movement and musical sound. The hedge-carpenter was suggesting a song to the company, which nobody just then was inclined to undertake, so that the knock afforded a not unwelcome diversion.

"Walk in!" said the shepherd promptly.

The latch clicked upward, and out of the night our pedestrian appeared upon the door-mat. The shepherd arose, snuffed two of the nearest candles and turned to look at him.

Their light disclosed that the stranger was dark in complexion and not unprepossessing as to feature. His hat, which for a moment he did not remove, hung low over his eyes, without concealing that they were large, open, and determined, moving with a flash rather than a glance round the room. He seemed pleased with his survey, and, baring his shaggy head, said, in a rich deep voice, "The rain is so heavy, friends, that I ask leave to come in and rest awhile."

"To be sure, stranger," said the shepherd. "And faith, you've been lucky in choosing your time, for we are having a bit of fling for a glad cause—though, to be sure, a man could hardly wish that glad cause to happen more than once a year."

"Nor less," spoke up a woman. "For 'tis best to get your family over and done with, as soon as you can, so as to be all the earlier out of the fag o't."

"And what may be this glad cause?" asked the stranger.

"A birth and a christening," said the shepherd.

The stranger hoped his host might not be made unhappy either by too many or too few of such episodes, and being invited by a gesture to a pull at the mug, he readily acquiesced. His manner, which, before entering, had been so dubious, was now altogether that of a careless and candid man.

"Late to be traipsing athwart this coomb—hey?" said the engaged man of fifty.

"Late it is, master, as you say. I'll take a seat in the chimney-corner, if you have nothing to urge against it, ma'am; for I am a little moist on the side that was next the rain."

Mrs. Shepherd Fennel assented, and made room for the self-invited comer, who, having got completely inside the chimney-corner, stretched out his legs and his arms with the expansiveness of a person quite at home.

"Yes, I am rather cracked in the vamp," he said freely, seeing that the eye of the shepherd's wife fell upon his boots, "and I am not well fitted either. I have had some rough times lately, and have been forced to pick up what I can get in the way of wearing, but I must find a suit better fit for working-days when I reach home."

"One of hereabouts?" she inquired.

"Not quite that—further up the country."

"I thought so; and so be I; and by your tongue you come from my neighbourhood."

"But you would hardly have heard of me," he said quickly. "My time would be long before yours, ma'am, you see."

This testimony to the youthfulness of his hostess had the effect of stopping her cross-examination.

"There is only one thing more wanted to make me happy," continued the newcomer, "and that is a little baccy, which I am sorry to say I am out of."

"I'll fill your pipe," said the shepherd.

"I must ask you to lend me a pipe likewise."

"A smoker, and no pipe about 'ee?"

"I have dropped it somewhere on the road."

The shepherd filled and handed him a new clay pipe, saying as he did so, "Hand me your baccy-box—I'll fill that, too, now I am about it."

The man went through the movement of searching his pockets.

"Lost that, too?" said his entertainer, with some surprise.

"I am afraid so," said the man with some confusion. "Give it to me in a screw of paper." Lighting his pipe at the candle with a suction that drew the whole flame into the bowl, he resettled himself in the corner and bent his looks upon the faint steam from his damp legs, as if he wished to say no more.

Meanwhile the general body of guests had been taking little notice of this visitor by reason of an absorbing discussion in which they were engaged with the band about a tune for the next dance. The matter being settled, they were about to stand up, when an interruption came in the shape of another knock at the door.

At sound of the same the man in the chimney-corner took up the poker and began stirring the brands as if doing it thoroughly were the one aim of his existence; and a second time the shepherd said, "Walk in!" In a moment another man stood upon the straw-woven door-mat. He, too, was a stranger.

This individual was one of a type radically different from the first. There was more of the commonplace in his manner, and a certain jovial cosmopolitanism sat upon his features. He was several years older than the first arrival, his hair being slightly frosted, his eyebrows bristly, and his whiskers cut back from his cheeks. His face was rather full and flabby, and yet it was not altogether a face without power. A few grog-blossoms marked the neighbourhood of his nose. He flung back his long drab great-coat, revealing that beneath it he wore a suit of cinder-gray shade throughout, large heavy seals, of some metal or other that would take a polish, dangling from his fob as his only personal ornament. Shaking

the water-drops from his low-crowned glazed hat, he said, "I must ask for a few minutes' shelter, comrades, or I shall be wetted to my skin before I get to Casterbridge."

"Make yourself at home, master," said the shepherd, perhaps a trifle less heartily than upon the first occasion. Not that Fennel had the least tinge of niggardness in his composition; but the room was far from large, spare chairs were not numerous, and damp companions were not altogether desirable at close quarters for the women and girls in their bright-coloured gowns.

However, the second comer, after taking off his great-coat, and hanging his hat on a nail in one of the ceiling-beams as if he had been specially invited to put it there, advanced and sat down at the table. This had been pushed so closely into the chimney-corner, to give all available room to the dancers, that its inner edge grazed the elbow of the man who had ensconced himself by the fire; and thus the two strangers were brought into close companionship. They nodded to each other by way of breaking the ice of unacquaintance, and the first stranger handed his neighbour the family mug—a huge vessel of brown ware, having its upper edge worn away like a threshold by the rub of whole generations of thirsty lips that had gone the way of all flesh, and bearing the following inscription burnt upon its rotund side in yellow letters:

THERE IS NO FUN

UNTIL i CUM.

The other man, nothing loth, raised the mug to his lips, and drank on, and on, and on—till a curious blueness overspread the countenance of the shepherd's wife, who had regarded with no little surprise the first stranger's free offer to the second of what did not belong to him to dispense. . . .

The room was so silent—though there were more than twenty people in it—that nothing could be heard but the patter of the rain against the window-shutters, accompanied by the occasional hiss of a stray drop that fell down the chimney into the fire, and the steady puffing of the man in the corner, who had now resumed his pipe of long clay.

The stillness was unexpectedly broken. The distant sound

of a gun reverberated through the air—apparently from the direction of the county-town.

"Be jiggered!" cried the stranger who had sung the song, jumping up.

"What does that mean?" asked several.

"A prisoner escaped from the jail—that's what it means."

All listened. The sound was repeated, and none of them spoke, but the man in the chimney-corner, who said quietly, "I've often been told that in this county they fire a gun at such times, but I never heard it till now."

"I wonder if it is *my* man?" murmured the personage in cinder-gray.

"Surely it is!" said the shepherd involuntarily. "And surely we've zeed him! That little man who looked in at the door by now, and quivered like a leaf when he zeed ye and heard your song!"

"His teeth chattered, and the breath went out of his body," said the dairyman.

"And his heart seemed to sink within him like a stone," said Oliver Giles.

"And he bolted as if he'd been shot at," said the hedge-carpenter.

"True—his teeth chattered, and his heart seemed to sink; and he bolted as if he'd been shot at," slowly summed up the man in the chimney-corner.

"I didn't notice it," remarked the hangman.

"We were all a-wondering what made him run off in such a fright," faltered one of the women against the wall, "and now 'tis explained!"

The firing of the alarm-gun went on at intervals, low and sullenly, and their suspicions became a certainty. The sinister gentleman in cinder-gray roused himself. "Is there a constable here?" he asked, in thick tones. "If so, let him step forward."

The engaged man of fifty stepped quavering out from the wall, his betrothed beginning to sob on the back of the chair.

"You are a sworn constable?"

"I be, sir."

"Then pursue the criminal at once, with assistance, and bring him back here. He can't have gone far."

"I will, sir, I will—when I've got my staff. I'll go home and get it, and come sharp here, and start in a body."

"Staff!—never mind your staff; the man'll be gone!"

"But I can't do nothing without my staff—can I, William, and John, and Charles Jake? No; for there's the king's royal crown a painted on en in yaller and gold, and the lion and the unicorn, so as when I raise en up and hit my prisoner, 'tis made a lawful blow thereby. I wouldn't 'tempt to take up a man without my staff—no, not I. If I hadn't the law to give me courage, why, instead o' my taking up him he might take up me!"

"Now, I'm a king's man myself, and can give you authority enough for this, said the formidable officer in gray. "Now then, all of ye, be ready. Have ye any lanterns?"

"Yes—have ye any lanterns? I demand it!" said the constable.

"And the rest of you able-bodied ——"

"Able-bodied men—yes—the rest of ye!" said the constable.

"Have you some good stout staves and pitchforks——"

"Staves and pitchforks—in the name o' the law! And take 'em in yer hands and go in quest, and do as we in authority tell ye!"

Thus aroused, the men prepared to give chase. The evidence was, indeed, though circumstantial, so convincing, that but little argument was needed to show the shepherd's guests that after what they had seen it would look very much like connivance if they did not instantly pursue the unhappy third stranger, who could not as yet have gone more than a few hundred yards over such uneven country.

A shepherd is always well-provided with lanterns; and, lighting these hastily, and with hurdle-staves in their hands, they poured out of the door, taking a direction along the crest of the hill, away from the town, the rain having fortunately a little abated.

Disturbed by the noise, or possibly by unpleasant dreams of her baptism, the child who had been christened began to cry heart-brokenly in the room overhead. These notes of grief came down through the chinks of the floor to the ears of the women below, who jumped up one by one, and seemed

glad of the excuse to ascend and comfort the baby, for the incidents of the last half hour greatly oppressed them. Thus in the space of two or three minutes the room on the ground floor was deserted quite.

But it was not for long. Hardly had the sound of footsteps died away when a man returned round the corner of the house from the direction the pursuers had taken. Peeping in at the door, and seeing nobody there, he entered leisurely. It was the stranger of the chimney-corner, who had gone out with the rest. The motive of his return was shown by his helping himself to a cut piece of skimmer-cake that lay on a ledge beside where he had sat, and which he had apparently forgotten to take with him. He also poured out half a cup more mead from the quantity that remained, ravenously eating and drinking these as he stood. He had not finished when another figure came in just as quietly—his friend in cinder-gray.

"Oh—you here?" said the latter, smiling. "I thought you had gone to help in the capture." And this speaker also revealed the object of his return by looking solicitously round for the fascinating mug of old mead.

"And I thought you had gone," said the other, continuing his skimmer-cake with some effort.

"Well, on second thoughts, I felt there were enough without me," said the first confidentially, "and such a night as it is, too. Besides, 'tis the business o' the Government to take care of its criminals—not mine."

"True; so it is. And I felt as you did, that there were enough without me."

"I don't want to break my limbs running over the humps and hollows of this wild country."

"Nor I neither, between you and me."

"These shepherd-people are used to it—simple-minded souls, you know, stirred up to anything in a moment. They'll have him ready for me before the morning, and no trouble to me at all."

"They'll have him, and we shall have saved ourselves all labour in the matter."

"True, true. Well, my way is to Casterbridge; and 'tis as much as my legs will do to take me that far. Going the same way?"

"No, I am sorry to say! I have to get home over there" (he nodded indefinitely to the right) "and I feel as you do, that it is quite enough for my legs to do before bedtime."

The other had by this time finished the mead in the mug, after which, shaking hands heartily at the door, and wishing each other well, they went their several ways.

In the meantime the company of pursuers had reached the end of the hogsback elevation which dominated this part of the town. They had decided on no particular plan of action; and, finding that the man of the baleful trade was no longer in their company, they seemed quite unable to form any such plan now. They descended in all directions down the hill, and straightway several of the party fell into the snare set by Nature for all misguided midnight ramblers over this part of the cretaceous formation. The "lanchets," or flint slopes, which belted the escarpement at intervals of a dozen yards, took the less cautious ones unawares, and losing their footing on the rubbly steep they slid sharply downwards, the lanterns rolling from their hands to the bottom, and there lying on their sides till the horn was scorched through.

When they had again gathered themselves together, the shepherd, as the man who knew the country best, took the lead, and guided them round these treacherous inclines. The lanterns, which seemed rather to dazzle their eyes and warn the fugitive than to assist them in the exploration, were extinguished, due silence was observed, and in this more rational order they plunged into the vale. It was a grassy, briery, moist defile, affording some shelter to any person who had sought it; but the party perambulated it in vain, and ascended on the other side. Here they wandered apart, and after an interval closed together again to report progress. At the second time of closing in they found themselves near a lonely ash, the single tree on this part of the coomb, probably sown there by a passing bird some fifty years before. And here, standing a little to one side of the trunk, as motionless as the trunk itself, appeared the man they were in quest of, his outline being well defined against the sky beyond. The band noiselessly drew up and faced him.

"Your money or your life!" said the constable sternly to the still figure.

"No, no," whispered John Pitcher, "'Tisn't our side ought to say that. That's the doctrine of vagabonds like him, and we be on the side of the law."

"Well, well," replied the constable impatiently; "I must say something, mustn't I? and if you had all the weight o' this undertaking upon your mind, perhaps you'd say the wrong thing, too!—Prisoner at the bar, surrender, in the name of the Father—the Crown, I mane!"

The man under the tree seemed now to notice them for the first time, and, giving them no opportunity whatever for exhibiting their courage, he strolled slowly towards them. He was, indeed, the little man, the third stranger; but his trepidation had in a great measure gone.

"Well, travelers," he said, "did I hear ye speak to me?"

"You did; you've got to come and be our prisoner at once!" said the constable. "We arrest 'ee on the charge of not biding in Casterbridge jail in a decent proper manner to be hung tomorrow morning. Neighbours, do your duty, and seize the culpet!"

On hearing the charge, the man seemed enlightened, and, saying not another word, resigned himself with preternatural civility to the search-party, who, with their staves in their hands, surrounded him on all sides, and marched him back towards the shepherd's cottage.

It was eleven o'clock by the time they arrived. The light shining from the open door, a sound of men's voices within, proclaimed to them as they approached the house that some new events had arisen in their absence. On entering they discovered the shepherd's living room to be invaded by two officers from Casterbridge jail, and a well-known magistrate who lived at the nearest country-seat, intelligence of the escape having become generally circulated.

"Gentlemen," said the constable, "I have brought back your man—not without risk and danger; but every one must do his duty! He is inside this circle of able-bodied persons, who have lent me useful aid, considering their ignorance of Crown work. Men! bring forward your prisoner." And the third stranger was led to the light.

"Who is this?" said one of the officials.

"The man," said the constable.

"Certainly not," said the turnkey; and the first corroborated his statement.

"But how can it be otherwise?" asked the constable. "Or why was he so terrified at sight o' the singing instrument of the law who sat there?" Here he related the strange behaviour of the third stranger on entering the house during the hangman's song.

"Can't understand it," said the officer coolly. "All I know is that it is not the condemned man. He's quite a different character from this one; a gauntish fellow, with dark hair and eyes, rather good-looking, and with a musical bass voice that if you heard it once you'd never mistake as long as you lived.

"Why, souls—'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"Hey—what?" said the magistrate, coming forward after enquiring particulars from the shepherd in the background. "Haven't you got the man after all?"

"Well, sir," said the constable, "he's the man we were in search of, that's true; and yet he's not the man we were in search of. For the man we were in search of was not the man we wanted, sir, if you understand my every-day way; for 'twas the man in the chimney-corner!"

"A pretty kettle of fish altogether!" said the magistrate. "You had better start for the other man at once."

The prisoner now spoke for the first time. The mention of the man in the chimney-corner seemed to have moved him as nothing else could do. "Sir," he said, stepping forward to the magistrate, "take no more trouble about me. The time is come when I may as well speak. I have done nothing; my crime is that the condemned man is my brother. Early this afternoon I left home at Shottsford to tramp it all the way to Casterbridge jail to bid him farewell. I was benighted, and called here to rest and ask the way. When I opened the door I saw before me the very man, my brother, that I thought to see in the condemned cell at Casterbridge. He was in this chimney-corner; and jammed close to him, so that he could not have got out if he had tried, was the executioner who'd come to take his life, singing a song about it and not knowing that it was his victim that was close by, joining in to save appearances. My brother looked a glance of agony at me, and I knew he meant, 'Don't reveal what you see; my life de-

pends on it.' I was so terror-struck that I could hardly stand, and, not knowing what I did, I turned and hurried away."

The narrator's manner and tone had the stamp of truth, and his story made a great impression on all around. "And do you know where your brother is at the present time?" asked the magistrate.

"I do not. I have never seen him since I closed this door."

"I can testify to that, for we've been between ye ever since," said the constable.

"Where does he think to fly to? What is his occupation?"

"He's a watch and clock maker, sir."

"'A said 'a was a wheelwright—a wicked rogue," said the constable.

"The wheels of clocks and watches, he meant, no doubt," said Shepherd Fennel. "I thought his hands were palish for's trade."

"Well, it appears to me that nothing can be gained by retaining this poor man in custody," said the magistrate; "your business lies with the other, unquestionably."

And so the little man was released off-hand; but he looked nothing the less sad on that account, it being beyond the power of magistrate or constable to raze out the written troubles in his brain, for they concerned another whom he regarded with more solicitude than himself. When this was done, and the man had gone his way, the night was found to be so far advanced that it was deemed useless to renew the search before the next morning.

Next day, accordingly, the quest for the clever sheep-stealer became general and keen, to all appearance, at least. But the intended punishment was cruelly disproportioned to the transgression, and the sympathy of a great many country-folk in that district was strongly on the side of the fugitive. Moreover, his marvelous coolness and daring in hob-and-nobbing with the hangman, under the unprecedented circumstances of the shepherd's party, won their admiration. So that it may be questioned if all those who ostensibly made themselves so busy in exploring woods and fields and lanes were quite so thorough when it came to the private examination of their own lofts and outhouses. Stories were afloat

were recognized as being in eternal contention, and we today cannot go far beyond that ancient conception. The idea underlying the story has often appealed to writers, although none has ever carried it to its ultimate end, as he did. Tennyson's *Two Voices,* one inspiring, the other advocating destruction, exemplifies another treatment of the same subject. In Stevenson's book, the clever, generous-hearted doctor, respected and beloved, finds diversion now and then in surrendering himself to the demon that lurks within him. In this guise he sallies forth to wreak his violence and harm upon whom he will. Spent with lust and wickedness he returns and becomes again the genial physician, ministering to all who need his care. But the time comes when the demon triumphs and he can no more return unto himself, although the sane judgments of his better nature frequently torment him. The power of the story may be judged when it is remembered that the two greatest actors of recent times were forced to abandon the play based upon this story—their health being seriously affected by its overpowering reality.

Stevenson wrote of the sea, of old salts, and men who braved the elements and danger, sought adventure where it was to be found, scorned the safety and security of civilization and went forth to face starvation, privations and baffling circumstance. The world never tires of heroes; they are beings of whom we often read and seldom see. Even stories tell us little about them in latter days, or rather, the ones pictured as heroes fall short of long appearing to us in that light. Because he believed in heroes and created them, people in many lands love Stevenson, rcognizing in him, a sufferer who never surrendered to his ills, but talked and radiated good cheer as long as he lived, then died with the words—

"Glad did I live, and gladly I die,
And I laid me down with a will."

upon his lips—in such a one then, the world finds a hero indeed, and he is revered as much for such a death as for his beautiful life and literary legacies.

No account of English fiction could fail to include Rudyard Kipling. Although comparatively young, he has been a frequent contributor of stories. He has done for English

India what Miss Edgeworth did for Ireland, and his tales of the British soldier in that land of heat, damp, and general climatic disadvantages as well as of the natives, have given him a prominent place among present day writers. His career is not yet finished and although recent years have not found him as prolific in creative work as was once prophesied, much lies yet before him and may witness his literary perfection.

TODS' AMENDMENT.

Now Tods' Mamma was a singularly charming woman, and everyone in Simla knew Tods. Most men had saved him from death on occasions. He was beyond his *ayah's* control altogether, and periled his life daily to find out what would happen if you pulled a Mountain Battery mule's tail. He was an utterly fearless young Pagan, about six years old, and the only baby who ever broke the holy calm of the Supreme Legislative Council.

It happened this way: Tods' pet kid got loose, and fled up the hill, off the Boileaugunge Road, Tods after it, until it burst into the Viceregal Lodge lawn, then attached to "Peterhoff." The Council were sitting at the time, and the windows were open because it was warm. The Red Lancer in the porch told Tods to go away; but Tods knew the Red Lancer and most of the Members of Council personally. Moreover, he had firm hold of the kid's collar, and was being dragged all across the flower-beds. "Give my *salaam* to the long Councillor *Sahib*, and ask him to help me take *Moti* back!" gasped Tods. The Council heard the noise through the open windows, and, after an interval, was seen the shocking spectacle of a Legal Member and a Lieutenant-Governor helping, under the direct patronage of a Commander-in-Chief and a Viceroy, one small and very dirty boy in a sailor's suit and a tangle of brown hair, to coerce a lively and rebellious kid. They headed it off down the path to the Mall, and Tods went home in triumph and told his Mamma that *all* the Councilor *Sahibs* had been helping him to catch *Moti*. Whereat his Mamma smacked Tods for interfering with the administration of the Empire; but Tods met

the Legal Member the next day, and told him in confidence that if the Legal Member ever wanted to catch a goat, he, Tods, would give him all the help in his power. "Thank you, Tods," said the Legal Member.

Tods was the idol of some eighty *jhampanis,* and half as many *saises.* He saluted them all as "O Brother." It never entered his head that any living being could disobey his orders; and he was the buffer between the servants and his Mamma's wrath. The working of that household turned on Tods, who was adored by everyone from the *dhoby* to the dog-boy. Even Futteh Khan, the villainous loafer *khit* from Mussoorie, shirked risking Tods' displeasure for fear his co-mates should look down on him.

So Tods had honor in the land from Boileaugunge to Chota Simla, and ruled justly according to his lights. Of course, he spoke Urdu, but he had also mastered many queer side-speeches, like the *chotee bolee* of the women, and held grave converse with shopkeepers and Hill-coolies alike. He was precocious for his age, and his mixing with natives had taught him some of the more bitter truths of life; the meanness and the sordidness of it. He used, over his bread and milk, to deliver solemn and serious aphorisms, translated from the vernacular into the English, that made his Mamma jump and vow that Tods *must* go Home next hot weather.

Just when Tods was in the bloom of his power, the Supreme Legislature were hacking out a Bill for the Sub-Montane Tracts, a revision of the then Act, smaller than the Punjab Land Bill but affecting a few hundred thousand people none the less. The Legal Member had built and bolstered, and embroidered, and amended that Bill, till it looked beautiful on paper. Then the Council began to settle what they called the "minor details." As if any Englishman legislating for natives knows enough to know which are the minor and which are the major points, from the native point of view, of any measure! That Bill was triumph of "safeguarding the interests of the tenant." One clause provided that land should not be leased on longer terms than five years at a stretch; because, if the landlord had a tenant bound down for, say, twenty years, he would squeeze the very life out of him. The notion was to keep up a stream of independent cultivators in the Sub-Mon-

tane Tracts; and ethnologically and politically the notion was correct. The only drawback was that it was altogether wrong. A native's life in India implies the life of his son. Wherefore, you cannot legislate for one generation at a time. You must consider the next from the native point of view. Curiously enough, the native now and then, and in Northern India more particularly, hates being over-protected against himself. There was a Naga village once, where they lived on dead *and* buried mules. . . . But that is another story. For many reasons, to be explained later, the people concerned objected to the Bill. The Native Member in Council knew as much about Punjabis as he knew about Charing Cross. He had said in Calcutta "the Bill was entirely in accord with the desires of that large and important class, the cultivators," and so on, and so on. The Legal Member's knowledge of natives was limited to English-speaking Dubaris, and his own red *chaprassis,* the Sub-Montane Tracts, concerned no one in particular, the Deputy Commissioners were a good deal too driven to make representations, and the measure was one which dealt with small land owners only. Nevertheless, the Legal Member prayed that it might be correct, for he was a nervously conscientious man. He did not know that no man can tell what natives think unless he mixes with them with the varnish off. And not always then. But he did the best he knew. And the measure came up to the Supreme Council for the final touches, while Tods patrolled the Burra Simla Bazar in his morning rides, and played with the monkey belonging to Ditta Mull, the *bunnia,* and listened, as a child listens, to all the stray talk about this new freak of the *Lord Sahib's.*

One day there was a dinner-party, at the house of Tods' Mamma, and the Legal Member came. Tods was in bed, but he kept awake till he heard the bursts of laughter from the men over the coffee. Then he paddled out in his little red flannel dressing-gown and his night-suit and took refuge by the side of his father, knowing that he would not be sent back. "See the miseries of having a family!" said Tods' father, giving Tods three prunes, some water in a glass that had been used for claret, and telling him to sit still. Tods sucked the prunes slowly, knowing that he would have to go when they were

finished, and sipped the pink water like a man of the world, as he listened to the conversation. Presently, the Legal Member, talking "shop" to the Head of a Department, mentioned his Bill by its full name—"The Sub-Montane Tracts *Ryotwary* Revised Enactment." Tods caught the one native word and lifting up his small voice said:

"Oh, I know *all* about that! Has it been ***murramutted*** yet, Councilor *Sahib?*"

"How much?" said the Legal Member.

"*Murramutted*—mended. Put ***theek,*** you know,—made nice to please Ditta Mull!"

The Legal Member left his place and moved up next to Tods.

"What do you know about *ryotwari,* little man?" he said.

"I'm not a little man, I'm Tods, and I know all about it. Ditta Mull, and Choga Lall, and Amir Nath, and—oh, ***lakhs*** of my friends tell me about it in the bazars when I talk to them."

"Oh, they do—do they? What do they say, Tods?"

Tods tucked his feet under his red flannel dressing-gown and said: "I must ***fink*** in English."

He spent a minute putting his ideas in order, and began very slowly, translating in his mind from the vernacular to English, as many Anglo-Indian children do. You must remember that the Legal Member helped him on by questions when he halted, for Tods was not equal to the sustained flight of oratory that follows:

"Ditta Mull says, 'This thing is the talk of a child, and was made up by fools.' But *I* don't think you are a fool, Councilor *Sahib,*" said Tods hastily. "You caught my goat. This is what Ditta Mull says, 'I am not a fool, and why should the Sirkar say I am a child? I can see if the land is good and if the landlord is good. If I am a fool, the sin is upon my own head. For five years I take my ground for which I have saved money, and a wife I take too, and a little son is born.' Ditta has one daughter now, but he *says* he will have a son soon. And he says, 'At the end of five years, by this new ***bundobust,*** I must go. If I do not go, I must get fresh seals and ***takkus*** stamps on the papers, perhaps in the middle of the

BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

harvest, and to go to the law-courts is wisdom, but to go twice is *Jehannum.*' That is *quite* true," explains Tods, gravely. "All my friends say so. And Ditta Mull says, 'Always fresh *takkus* and paying money to *vakils* and *chaprassis* and law-courts every five years, or else the landlord makes me go. Why do I want to go? If I am a fool and do not know, after forty years, good land when I see it, let me die! But if this new *bundobust* says for *fifteen* years, that is good and wise. My little son is a man, and I am burned, and he takes the ground, or another ground, paying only once for the *takkus*-stamps on the papers, and his little son is born, and at the end of fifteen years is a man too. But what profit is there in five years and fresh papers? Nothing but *dikh,* trouble, *dikh.* We are not young men who take these lands, but old ones—not farmers, but tradespeople with a little money—and for fifteen years we shall have peace. Nor are we children that the Sirkar should treat us so.' "

Here Tods stopped short, for the whole table were listening. The Legal Member said to Tods, "Is that all?"

"All I can remember," said Tods. "But you should see Ditta Bull's big monkey. It's just like a Councilor *Sahib.*"

"Tods! Go to bed," said his father.

Tods gathered up his dressing-gown tail and departed.

The Legal Member brought his hand down on the table with a crash. "By Jove!" said the Legal Member, "I believe the boy is right. The short tenure *is* the weak point."

He left early, thinking over what Tods had said. Now, it was obviously impossible for the Legal Member to play with a bunnia's monkey, by way of getting understanding; but he did better. He made inquiries, always bearing in mind the fact that the real native—not the hybrid, University-trained mule—is as timid as a colt, and, little by little, he coaxed some of the men whom the measure concerned most intimately to give in their views, which squared very closely with Tods' evidence.

So the Bill was amended in that clause; and the Legal Member was filled with an uneasy suspicion that Native Members represent very little except the Orders they wear on their bosoms. But he put the thought from him as illiberal. He was a most liberal man.

After a time, the news got spread through the bazars that Tods had got the Bill recast in the tenure-clause, and if Tods' Mamma had not interfered, Tods would have made himself sick on the baskets of fruit and pistachio nuts and Cubuli grapes and almonds that crowded the veranda. Till he went home, Tods ranked some few degrees before the Viceroy in popular estimation. But for the little life of him Tods could not understand why.

In the Legal Member's private paper-box still lies the rough draft of the Sub-Montane Tracts *Ryotwary* Revised Enactment; and, opposite the twenty-second clause, and signed by the Legal Member, are the words, "*Tods' Amendment.*"

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Richard Le Gallienne, poet, critic, writer of essays and novels, was born in Liverpool, January 30, 1866. His father was a busy man of affairs and his son was given an education calculated to fit him for a commercial life. Upon the death of his father in 1887, Richard Le Gallienne abandoned the career upon which he had entered, giving himself up to literary pursuits. While he has written some poems he is probably best known by his novel, The Quest of the Golden Girl. Like many another man possessed of an artistic temperament, Le Gallienne has cultivated certain personal eccentricities which have by no means affected his wide popularity. His style is light and superficial, but he has the gift of clothing his fancies in beautiful language. It is conceded by his severest critics that he never attempts themes beyond his reach and that, in spite of the urging and coercing of others, he has remained constant to his original light vein.

The Blue Jar.

Recently I was invited to hear music in the house of a rich man. It was a great house and gorgeous, and yet not without a certain taste in its furnishings and its decoration, a taste uncharacteristic, uncommitting, and indeed representative, somewhat incongruously, of the various tastes of the many poor artists who had built and beautified it, rather than of any vivifying taste in the one rich man who occasionally occupied it.

"How beautiful we artists make the world—for others!" I sighed, as my soul went out to the enslaved architects and painters and artificers, famous, unknown, or infamous, who had breathed their fatal passion for beauty into this rich man's marbles, woven it into his tapestries, dyed with their hearts' blood his colored glass, given their dreams into his bondage, and put their very souls beneath his feet. Sad artists, who in every corner of this house had worked with tears!

And here were the Musicians! Music too was a slave in this house. The bondsmen came with their long hair and white faces, carrying their captive instruments in their hands, the deep-lunged violoncello that breaks the heart, and the little

violin that brings the tears. And with them too they carried in little cages of manuscript the singing souls of the great composers of old time, whom tonight they would re-embody —they would open the dark manuscripts and the souls would fly forth among the strings—re-embody—that Beethoven might once more utter his soul's agony, and the rich man's evening pass pleasantly by.

There were many women seated in the hall, some beautiful; they wore many garments of great costliness, some beautiful; and upon their necks and in their hair glittered many jewels, some beautiful. But I noted that the fairest jewels were upon the necks least fair—yet maybe kindly so, for thus were they not upon the necks that most needed them?

"Yes," but in that fantastic mood which music induces, I pursued the question a step further: "Have the beautiful stones themselves no feelings, no preferences? How can those diamonds glitter so in that terrible old lady's hair? And are those pearls really happy round yon yellow neck? They used to live once, rocking and shimmering, deep down in a wonderful ocean. * * *"

And as I mused, methought the pearls answered:

"We pearls are never happy," they said, "but there is a neck seated next to you where indeed it would be a joy to live; * * *" and a great tear stole down from the necklet and fell into the lap of its mistress, who caught it and remarked to her neighbor that one of her pearls had been trying to escape.

There seems to me a certain indecency, even immorality, in performing great music to so trivial and commonplace a company of men and women as that among which I was seated. It is, of course, but a part of the general profanation of the holy arts by the vulgar, a profanation, however, in which perhaps music suffers most, from the intense intimacy of its noblest and most attractive inspirations. Architecture for the most part shields itself by building ugly buildings for most possible purposes, but even when it builds beautifully for base uses, it is not, after all, a sensitive personal art, and though the soul of the architect passing by and beholding the money changers in his beautiful halls cannot but suffer, the marble is not so acutely himself as the notes of a requiem or

the words of a lyric are the very flesh of the composer or the poet. The painter too may hide his soul away behind some impersonal subject, or in some corner of a picture where few eyes are likely to seek it. The poet escapes through the sheer indifference of the vulgar. Great poetry is of no use to amuse a crowd, nor will it soothe the savage breast of the diner, as he sits ruddy at evening, with napkin hanging from his neck and his champagne laughing at his side. Poetry has to be read to be understood—music needs only to be played.

But music, like Latin or Greek, has an aural decorative quality, a patter-surface of amusing sound, accidental to its serious messages of joy or sorrow. It is autobiography suitable for framing—it is a tragic utterance of the human soul which you may use as you use tortoise-shell, without a thought of the tortoise. Music is a beautiful woman singing in an unknown tongue—some few love what she sings, but most see only one more woman to desire.

It has been suggested that the favorite music of the gods is the picturesque murmur of human agony, as, deprived by distance of intelligible and responsible meaning, it mounts on high, just as the desperate buzzings of imprisoned and bewildered insects, actually full of pain, strike rich chords of frenzy and humorous rage to the ear of man. Play us the "Crucifixion!" "Eloi Eloi, lama sabacthani"—what exquisite anguish is there! And it is in some such mood of purely æsthetic detachment that we listen to the music of the great German and Italian masters. The swan is dying, in great agony of spirit—but alas! for our pity, it is dying so beautifully! It is singing so wonderful a song!

"Adelaida! Adelaida!" cries Beethoven, and his heart breaks in the cry—ah! but the cry is so beautiful! Go on breaking forever, great heart of music, so that sometimes after dinner we may hear again that beautiful cry!

"Adelaida!"

I had not noticed that among musicians had been brought in a wonderful woman, very tall and lovely, and regally simple. It was she who was singing. She was like a Greek temple to look upon, faultlessly built of white marble; or like some moonlit tower of Italy which sways like a lily from afar. There was in that great hall one other thing as beautiful as

she—a little vase of unfathomable blue, with smooth simple sides, which at the same moment I caught sight of, cloistered and calm in a niche high above us: simple in shape as a maid, simple in color as a violet, and all mysterious as a star.

At last the evening had succeeded. Down upon our troubled sea of incongruities, upon mediocrity absurdly arrayed as magnificence, upon pretentious plainness foolish with gems, down upon the idle chatter and cheat of it all shone the steady unflinching blue of that little blue jar. Here at last was something sufficient, complete, elemental, eternal. I know nothing of pottery, and I knew as little of the history of my jar as of the beautiful Greek Temple who was singing. It was but two curves, like the neck and breast of a girl, enclosing a whole heaven of blue. But it was perfect, perfect with the simplicity of eternal things. It was complete in perfection as a great line of poetry, as the flight of a bird, as the curve of a falling wave. It was all.

From that night I remember no woman's face, no splendid lady, no single particular of all that lavish magnificence.

I remember only that little blue jar.

CHAPTER XII.

Beginnings of French Fiction.

Prose fiction in France, as in England, was a late development. Short tales devoid of close relation, character sketches, strings of adventure were all that the latter Renaissance afforded. In the seventeenth century Cyrano de Bergerac evinced some literary power but died before his thirty-fifth year. His *Comical History of Countries in the Moon and Sun* sparkled with personal satire. However, he appears to have exerted no influence upon later writers.

The eighteenth century witnessed the beginning of modern fiction and as Defoe may be called the father of the English novel, Le Sage was the parent of modern European fiction. True, before his time a plot only had been lacking to produce the novel, but it was left for him to make use of materials at hand and create a new literary form.

Alain-René Le Sage (1668-1747) led a comparatively uneventful life. Having access to a copious library of a friend, he found Spanish literature especially attractive. Knowing the country only through books, he adopted it as the scene of his stories. Having previously produced plays and tales of adventure, these were wholly eclipsed by his masterpiece which is classed with the great novels of the world—*Gil Blas*. This story was published in three parts, at least ten years elapsing between the publication of each.

Gil Blas, the son of humble parents, starts out at the age

of seventeen, with a few coins and an old mule, to seek his fortune. His haps and mishaps form the burden of the story. He is attacked by highwaymen and joins their number; presently he enters as footman into the service of a renowned physician whose success lies in bleeding his patients. Shortly Gil Blas opens his own office, but soon the frequency of deaths caused by him compels him to flee. From swindler he rises to court favorite, his adventures multiplying constantly. Love has small part in the story, which is told in simple, straightforward style, in a manner wholly unaffected.

Le Sage's influence upon subsequent fiction was due largely to the fact that he endeavored to show men as he saw them, to picture life as it existed around him. Human nature was depicted in a genuine way. Gil Blas, who suggests what Sancho Panza might have become had he received considerable education and been widely traveled, typifies human nature profiting by deeper knowledge of human nature. The story abounds in keen satire. Le Sage was accused of borrowing wholesale from the Spanish sources, but it can only be said that from rough metal, already mined, he produced a new substance unlike any of its component parts, by a method quite his own.

GIL BLAS TO THE READER.

BEFORE hearing the history of my life, listen, dear reader, to a story that I am going to tell you.

Two schoolboys were going from Pennafiel to Salamanca together. Being tired and thirsty, they stopped at the side of a spring that they found on their way. While they were resting there, after having quenched their thirst, by chance they noticed near them some words written on a stone close to the ground, a little rubbed out by time and by the feet of the flocks brought to the spring to drink. They threw some water over the stone to wash it, and they read these Castilian words: "Aquí está encerrada el alma del licenciado Pedro Garcias" (Here is confined the soul of the licentiate Peter Garcias).

The younger of these two schoolboys, a lively, giddy fellow, had not finished reading the inscription when he s'id,

laughing with all his might: "What a good joke! Here is confined the soul!—A soul imprisoned! I should like to know what queer fellow could have composed such a ridiculous epitaph." So saying he got up to go away. His companion, being more thoughtful, said to himself, "There's some mystery here; I shall stay and try to make it out." Then letting the other one go, and without losing any time, he began to dig all around the stone with his knife. He did this so well that he raised it up. He found beneath it a leathern purse, which he opened. There were two hundred ducats in it, with a card on which these words were written in Latin: "Be thou mine heir, who hast had wit enough to discover the sense of the inscription, and make a better use than I have done of my money."

The boy, charmed with the discovery, replaced the stone as it was before, and went on his way to Salamanca with the soul of the licentiate.

Whoever you may be, dear reader, you will resemble one or other of these schoolboys. If you read my adventures without taking heed to the moral instructions they contain, you will reap no fruit from this work; but if you read it with attention, you will find, according to the precept of Horace, the useful mixed with the agreeable.

Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Gren

I found in the apartments of the archbishop a crowd of ecclesiastics and gentlemen of the sword, the greater part of whom were the officers of his Grace—his almoners, his gentlemen, his ushers, and *valets de chambre*. The laity were, almost all, so superbly dressed, that one would have taken them for noblemen rather than domestics, by their haughty looks and affectation of being men of consequence. Addressing myself to a grave, jolly personage that stood at the door of the archbishop's closet in order to open and shut it when there was occasion, I asked civilly if I could not speak with his Grace. "Wait," said he dryly, "till his Grace comes out to go to Mass, and he will give you a moment's audience in passing." I armed myself with patience, and endeavored to enter into conversation with some of the officers, but they

We had a hot alarm in the episcopal palace; the archbishop was seized with a fit of the apoplexy; he was, however, succored immediately, and such salutary medicines administered that in a few days his health was re-established; but his understanding had received a rude shock, which I plainly perceived in the very next discourse he composed. I did not, however, find the difference between this and the rest so sensible as to make me conclude that the orator had began to flag, and waited for another homily to fix my resolution. This, indeed, was quite decisive; sometimes the good old prelate repeated the same thing over and over; sometimes rose too high, or sunk too low. It was a vague discourse, the rhetoric of an old professor, a mere capuchin's exhortation.

I was not the only person who took notice of this. The greater part of the audience, when he pronounced it, as if they had been also hired to examine it, said softly to one another: "This sermon smells strong of apoplexy."

. . . . . .

The only thing that embarrassed me now was how to break the ice. Luckily the orator himself extricated me from that difficulty by asking what people said of him, and if they were satisfied with his last discourse. I answered that his homilies were always admired, but, in my opinion, the last had not succeeded so well as the rest in affecting the audience. "How, friend!" replied he with astonishment. "Has it met with any Aristarchus?" "No, sir," said I, "by no means. Such works as yours are not to be criticised; everybody is charmed with them. Nevertheless, since you have laid your injunctions upon me to be free and sincere, I will take the liberty to tell you that your last discourse, in my judgment, has not altogether the energy of your other performances. Are not you of the same opinion?"

My master grew pale at these words, and said with a forced smile, "So then, Mr. Gil Blas, this piece is not to your taste?" "I don't say so, sir," cried I, quite disconcerted. "I think it excellent, although a little inferior to your other works." "I understand you," he replied; "you think I flag, don't you? Come, be plain. You believe it is time for me to think of retiring." "I should not have been so bold," said I, "as to speak so freely if your Grace had not commanded me. I

do no more, therefore, than obey you; and I most humbly beg that you will not be offended at my freedom." "God forbid," cried he, with precipitation, "God forbid that I should find fault with it. In so doing I should be very unjust. I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding."

Though I was disconcerted, I endeavored to find some mitigation in order to set things to rights again. But how is it possible to appease an incensed author, one especially who had been accustomed to hear himself praised? "Say no more, my child," said he; "you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove, for my genius, thank Heaven, hath as yet lost nothing of its vigor. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. Go," added he, pushing me by the shoulders out of his closet, "go tell my treasurer to give you a hundred ducats, and may Heaven bless you with them. Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas! I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste."

CHAPTER XIII.

French Novelists of the Eighteenth Century.—Abbé Prévost d'Exiles

Antoine François Prévost d'Exiles (1697-1763) served for some time as a soldier and later became a Benedictine monk. He abruptly left the monastery when twenty-four years of age and for this breach was sent into exile. His fame today rests largely upon his novel *Manon Lescaut et du chevalier Des Grieux.* This recounts the experiences of a young man, of good birth and family, who became enamored of a lovely, wayward mistress. Prévost shows love to be a fatal influence which one once thoroughly imbued might resist in vain. In face of poverty and discomfort, Manon cannot remain faithful to her lover, for while not prone to infidelity, she loves luxury even more than she loves Des Grieux.

The story relates that a guardian was taking Manon to a convent when she saw Des Grieux; it was a case of love at first sight; they eloped and all went well so long as the money held out. Thereupon she betrayed him to his stern father, flitting about like the butterfly she so much resembled until rumor reached her that her lover was about to take orders, whereupon she enticed him back to her. He burned his theological books and learned to gamble that he might supply her with all she wished. She was ever fickle—he generally wretched. At last she plays too dangerous a rôle and is sentenced to Louisiana as a convict. Des Grieux accompanies her on the prison ship and for awhile their imminent troubles

bring them together; unfortunately, the governor's nephew falls in love with Manon and they flee together in the wilds where she dies quickly of exposure and hunger—her faithful lover being left with his recollections to comfort him.

The manners of the time, in camp, church and ecclesiastical position, are depicted in the story. Manon holds the sympathy of the reader because she is ever the dainty, restless sprite who is never vulgar nor obtrusively mercenary.

CHEVALIER DES GRIEUX FIRST SEES MANON LESCAUT.

I HAD fixed the day for my departure from Amiens. Alas! that I had not fixed it one day sooner! I should then have carried to my father's house my innocence untarnished.

The very evening before my expected departure, as I was walking with my friend, whose name was Tiberge, we saw the Arras diligence arrive, and sauntered after it to the inn, where these coaches stop. We had no motive but curiosity. Some women alighted, and immediately retired into the inn. One remained behind: she was very young, and stood by herself in the yard, while a man of advanced age, who appeared to have charge of her, was busy in getting her luggage from the vehicle. She struck me as being so extremely beautiful, that I, who had never before thought of the difference between the sexes, or looked on women with the slightest attention—I, whose conduct had been hitherto the theme of universal admiration, felt my heart, on the instant, inflamed with passion. I had been always excessively timid and easily disconcerted; but, now, instead of meeting with any impediment from this weakness, I advanced without the slightest reserve towards her, who had thus become, in a moment, the mistress of my heart.

Although younger than myself, she received my civilities without embarrassment. I asked the cause of her journey to Amiens, and whether she had any acquaintances in the town. She ingenuously told me that she had been sent there by her parents, to commence her novitiate for taking the veil. Love had so quickened my perception, even in the short moment it had been enthroned, that I saw in this announcement a death-blow to my hopes. I spoke to her in a way that made her at

once understand what was passing in my mind, for she had more experience than myself. It was against her consent that she was consigned to a convent, doubtless to repress that inclination for pleasure which had already become too manifest, and which caused, in the sequel, all her misfortunes and mine. I combated the cruel intention of her parents with all the arguments that my new-born passion and scholastic eloquence could suggest. She affected neither austerity nor reserve. She told me, after a moment's silence, that she foresaw, too clearly, what her unhappy fate must be; but that it was apparently the will of Heaven, since there were no means left her to avert it. The sweetness of her look, the air of sorrow with which she pronounced these words, or rather perhaps the controlling destiny which led me on to ruin, allowed me not an instant to weigh my answer. I assured her that if she would place reliance on my honor, and on the tender interest with which she had already inspired me, I would sacrifice my life to deliver her from the tyranny of her parents, and to render her happy. I have since been a thousand times astonished, in reflecting upon it, to think how I could have expressed myself with so much boldness and facility; but Love could never have become a divinity if he had not often worked miracles.

I made many other pressing and tender speeches; and my unknown fair one was perfectly aware that mine was not the age for deceit. She confessed to me that if I could see but a reasonable hope of being able to effect her enfranchisement, she should deem herself indebted to my kindness in more than life itself could pay. I repeated that I was ready to attempt anything in her behalf; but, not having sufficient experience at once to imagine any reasonable plan of serving her, I did not go beyond this general assurance, from which indeed little good could arise either to her or to myself. Her old Argus having by this time joined us, my hopes would have been blighted, but that she had tact enough to make amends for my stupidity. I was surprised, on his approaching us, to hear her call me her cousin, and say, without being in the slightest degree disconcerted, that as she had been so fortunate as to fall in with me at Amiens, she would not go

into the convent until the next morning, in order to have the pleasure of meeting me at supper. I at once comprehended the meaning of this ruse; and proposed that she should lodge for the night at the house of an innkeeper, who, after being many years my father's coachman, had lately established himself at Amiens, and who was sincerely attached to me.

I conducted her there myself, at which the old Argus appeared to grumble a little; and my friend Tiberge, who was puzzled by the whole scene, followed without uttering a word. He had not heard our conversation, having walked up and down the court while I was talking of love to my lovely mistress. As I had some doubts of his discretion, I got rid of him by begging that he would execute a commission for me. I had thus the happiness, on arriving at the inn, of entertaining alone the sovereign of my heart.

I soon learned that I was less a child than I had before imagined. My heart expanded to a thousand sentiments of pleasure, of which before I had not the remotest idea. A delicious consciousness of warmth diffused itself through my veins. I sank into a kind of ecstasy, which deprived me for a time of the power of utterance, and which found vent only through my glances.

Manon Lescaut (this she told me was her name) seemed gratified by the visible effect of her own charms. She appeared to me not less excited than myself. She acknowledged that she was greatly pleased with me, and that she should be enchanted to owe to me her freedom. She would insist on hearing who I was, and the knowledge only augmented her affection; for, being herself of humble birth, she was flattered by securing for her lover a man of family. We discussed by what means we might become possessed of each other.

After many reflections, we could distinguish no other resource than in flight. To effect this it would be requisite to elude the vigilance of Manon's guardian, who required management, although he was but a servant. We determined, therefore, that during the night I should procure a post-chaise, and return with it at break of day to the inn, before he was awake; that we should steal away quietly, and go straight to Paris, where we should get married on our

arrival. I had about fifty crowns in my pocket, my little savings; and she had about twice as much. We imagined, like inexperienced children, that such a sum could never be exhausted, and we counted, with equal confidence, upon the success of our other schemes.

After having supped more satisfactorily than ever before, I retired to prepare for our project. All my arrangements were the more easy, as, intending to return on the morrow to my father's, my luggage had been already packed. I had, therefore, no difficulty in removing my trunk and having a chaise prepared for five o'clock in the morning, at which hour the gates of the town would be opened.

I employed the night in settling some private matters, and on repairing to the inn at early dawn I found Manon waiting my arrival. She was at her window, which looked upon the street, and perceiving my approach, she came down and opened the door herself. We took our departure silently. She brought away merely a small bundle of linen, of which I took charge. The chaise was in readiness and we were soon at a distance from the town.

We made so much speed on our journey that before night we reached St. Denis. I rode alongside of the chaise, which gave us little opportunity for conversation, except while changing horses; but when we found ourselves so near Paris, and out of the reach of danger, we allowed ourselves time for refreshment, not having tasted food since we quitted Amiens. Passionately in love as I felt with Manon, she managed to convince me that she was equally so with me. So little did we restrain our fondness, that we had not even patience to reserve our caresses till we were alone. The postilions and hotel-keepers stared at us with wonder, and I remarked that they appeared surprised at such uncontrollable love in children of our age.

Our project of marriage was forgotten at St. Denis; we defrauded the Church of her rights, and became man and wife on the impulse of the moment. It is certain that with my tender and constant disposition I should have been happy for my whole life if Manon had remained faithful to me. The more I saw of her, the more I discovered in her new

perfections. Her mind, her heart, her gentleness and beauty, formed a chain at once so binding and so agreeable, that I could have found perfect happiness in being forever bound therewith. Terrible fatality! that which has been the source of my despair might, under a slight change of circumstances, have constituted my happiness. I find myself the most wretched of mankind from that very constancy from which I might fairly have expected to derive the most serene human bliss, and the most perfect recompense of love.

Banished to America.

I was surprised on entering this quiet town [Passy] to find all the inhabitants in commotion. They were rushing out of their houses in crowds towards the door of a small inn, before which stood two covered carts. . . . I stopped a moment to inquire the cause of the tumult, but received little satisfaction from the inquisitive populace, who paid no attention to my questions. At last an archer, with bandolier and carbine, coming to the door, I begged him to acquaint me with the cause of the commotion.

"It is nothing, sir," he said, "but a dozen frail girls that I and my comrades are conducting to Havre, where we will ship them to America [Louisiana]. There are some pretty ones among them, and that is apparently what is exciting the curiosity of these good townsmen." I should have passed on after this explanation, had I not been arrested by the exclamations of an old woman who was coming out of the tavern, with clasped hands, crying that "it was a barbarous thing, a thing to strike one with horror and compassion." "What is the matter?" I asked. "Ah, sir," said she, "enter and see if the sight is not enough to pierce one's heart." Curiosity made me alight from my horse. . . . I pushed myself, with some trouble, through the crowd, and in truth what I saw was affecting enough.

Among the dozen girls, who were fastened together in sixes, by chains around the middle of the body, there was one whose air and face were so little in comformity with her condition, that in any other circumstances I would have taken her

for a person of the first rank. Her sadness and the soiled state of her linen and clothing disfigured her so little that she inspired me with respect and pity. She tried, nevertheless, to turn herself around as much as her chains would permit, to hide her face from the eyes of the spectators. . . . I asked the chief of the guards for light on the fate of this beautiful girl. "We took her out of the hospital," said he to me, "by order of the lieutenant-general of the police. It is not likely that she was shut up there for her good actions. There is a young man who can instruct you better than I on the cause of her disgrace. He has followed her from Paris almost without stopping his tears a moment; he must be her brother or her lover." I turned to the corner of the room where the young man was sitting. He seemed buried in a profound reverie. I have never seen a livelier image of grief. . . .

"I trust that I do not disturb you," I said, seating myself beside him. "Will you kindly satisfy the curiosity I have to know who is that beautiful person, who does not seem made for the sad condition in which I see her?" He replied politely, that he could not tell who she was, without making himself known, and he had strong reasons for wishing to remain unknown. "I can tell you, however, what those miserable wretches do not ignore," continued he, pointing to the archers, "that is, that I love her with so violent a passion that I am the unhappiest of men. I have employed every means at Paris to obtain her liberty. Solicitations, intrigues, force, —all were in vain. I resolved to follow her, even should she go to the ends of the earth. I shall embark with her. I shall cross over to America. But what is a piece of extreme inhumanity, these cowardly rascals," added he, referring to the archers, "will not permit me to approach her. My plan was to attack them openly several leagues outside of Paris. I joined to myself four men who promised me their help for a considerable pay. The traitors abandoned me and departed with my money. The impossibility of succeeding by force made me lay down my arms. I proposed to the archers to permit me to follow them, offering to recompense them. The desire of gain made them consent. They wished

to be paid every time they gave me the liberty to speak to my mistress. My purse became exhausted in a short while; and now that I am without a cent, they have the barbarity to repulse me brutally every time I make a step towards her. Only an instant ago, having dared approach her despite their menaces, they had the insolence to raise their muskets against me. To satisfy their avarice, and to be able to continue the journey on foot, I am obliged to sell here the wretched horse which has hitherto mounted me."

MANON LESCAUT IN NEW ORLEANS.

AFTER a passage of two months we at length reached the banks of the desired river. The country offered at first sight nothing agreeable. We saw only sterile and uninhabited plains, covered with rushes, and some trees rooted up by the wind,—no trace either of men or animals. However, the captain having discharged some pieces of artillery, we presently observed a group of the inhabitants of New Orleans, who approached us with evident signs of joy. We had not perceived the town; it is concealed upon the side on which we approached it by a hill. We were received as persons dropped from the clouds.

The poor inhabitants hastened to put a thousand questions to us upon the state of France, and of the different provinces in which they were born. They embraced us as brothers and as beloved companions, who had come to share their pains and their solitude. We turned towards the town with them, but were astonished to perceive, as we advanced, that what we had hitherto heard spoken of as a respectable town, was nothing more than a collection of miserable huts. They were inhabited by five or six hundred persons. The governor's house was a little distinguished from the rest, by its height and its position. It was surrounded by some earthen ramparts and a deep ditch.

We were first presented to him. He continued for some time in conversation with the captain, and then advancing towards us, he looked attentively at the women, one after another; there were thirty of them, for another troop of con-

victs had joined us at Havre. After having thus inspected them he sent for several young men of the colony who were desirous to marry. He assigned the handsomest women to the principal of these, and the remainder were disposed of by lot. He had not yet addressed Manon; but having ordered the others to depart, he made us remain. "I learned from the captain," said he, "that you are married, and he is convinced by your conduct on the passage that you are both persons of merit and of education. I have nothing to do with the cause of your misfortunes; but if it be true that you are as conversant with the world and society as your appearance would indicate, I shall spare no pains to soften the severity of your lot, and you may, on your part, contribute towards rendering this savage and desert abode less disagreeable to me."

I replied in the manner which I thought best calculated to confirm the opinion he had formed of us. He gave orders to have a habitation prepared for us in the town, and detained us to supper. I was really surprised to find so much politeness in a governor of transported convicts. In the presence of others he abstained from inquiring about our past adventures. The conversation was general; and in spite of our degradation Manon and I exerted ourselves to make it lively and agreeable.

At night we were conducted to the lodging prepared for us. We found a wretched hovel composed of planks and mud, containing three rooms on the ground, and a loft overhead. He had sent there six chairs and some few necessaries of life. Manon appeared frightened by the first view of this miserable dwelling. It was on my account, much more than upon her own, that she distressed herself. When we were left to ourselves she sat down and wept bitterly. I attempted at first to console her; but when she enabled me to understand that it was for my sake she deplored our privations, and that in our common affliction she only considered me as the sufferer, I put on an air of resolution, and even of content, sufficient to encourage her.

"What is there in my lot to lament?" said I; "I possess all that I have ever desired. You love me, Manon, do you not? What happiness beyond this have I ever longed for?

Let us leave to Providence the direction of our destiny; it by no means appears to me so desperate. The governor is civil and obliging; he has already given us marks of his consideration; he will not allow us to want for necessaries. As to our rude hut and the squalidness of our furniture, you surely have noticed that there are few persons in the colony better lodged or more comfortably furnished than we are: and then you are an admirable chemist," added I, embracing her, "you transform everything into gold."

"In that case," she answered, "you shall be the richest man in the universe; for as there never was love surpassing yours, so it is impossible for man to be loved more tenderly than you are by me. I well know," she continued, "that I have never merited the almost incredible fidelity and attachment which you have shown for me. I have only caused you troubles, which nothing but excessive fondness could have induced you to pardon. I have been thoughtless and volatile, and even while loving you, as I have always done to distraction, I was never free from a consciousness of ingratitude. But you cannot believe how much my nature is altered; those tears, which you have so frequently seen me shed since quitting the French shore, have not been caused by my own misfortunes. Since you began to share them with me, I have been a stranger to selfishness: I only wept from tenderness and compassion for you. I am inconsolable at the thought of having given you one instant's pain during my past life. I never cease upbraiding myself with my former inconstancy, and wondering at the sacrifices which love has induced you to make for a miserable and unworthy wretch, who could not, with the last drop of her blood, compensate for half the torments she has caused you."

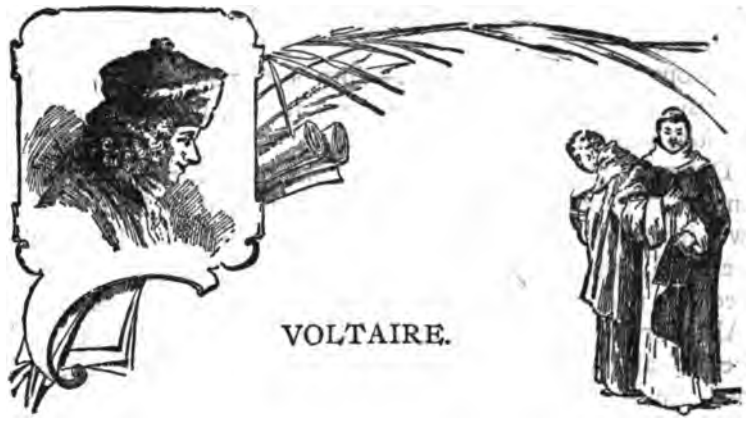
Her grief, the language, and the tone in which she expressed herself, made such an impression that I felt my heart ready to break within me. "Take care," said I to her, "take care, dear Manon; I have not strength to endure such exciting marks of your affection; I am little accustomed to the rapturous sensations which you now kindle in my heart. O Heaven!" cried I, "I have now nothing further to ask of you. I am sure of Manon's love. That has been alone

wanting to complete my happiness; I can now never cease to be happy: my felicity is well secured."

"It is, indeed," she replied, "if it depends upon me, and I well know where I can be ever certain of finding my own happiness centred."

With these ideas, capable of turning my hut into a palace worthy of earth's proudest monarch, I lay down to rest. America appeared to my view the true land of milk and honey, the abode of contentment and delight. "People should come to New Orleans," I often said to Manon, "who wish to enjoy the real rapture of love! It is here that love is divested of all selfishness, all jealousy, all inconstancy. Our countrymen come here in search of gold; they little think that we have discovered treasures of inestimably greater value."

[The lovers cultivated the friendship of their new neighbors, and soon obtained their confidence. Then they felt that one thing was wanting to complete their happiness—the benediction of Heaven on their union. The governor's permission was asked to have the marriage ceremony performed. But Synnelet, the governor's nephew, had already cast longing eyes upon Manon, and when it was found that she was not married, she was assigned to the nephew, as the governor had power to do so. A duel ensued, and Synnelet was apparently killed. Then Manon and her wounded lover fled into the wilderness, where the delicate woman soon perished. Her companion dug her grave, and two days later was found stretched upon it. Yet he recovered, as did also Synnelet, was pardoned and returned to France.]



VOLTAIRE.

Voltaire (1694-1778) writer, philosopher, novelist, like many of his contemporaries, passed a profligate youth. He traveled in England and for three years resided at the court of Frederick II. of Prussia. Latterly he made his home on the Swiss border.

Modern critics do not rank Voltaire's philosophical writings very high. Of the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century who welded the keen edge of satire, none other was ever able to rise into the rare air of his literary malin. Moreover, his satire carried with it vitality. It quickened, stimulated, and while it tended to destroy, it did not deaden. Voltaire saw the baneful influence of the Church of his day and was open in his attacks upon it. Moreover, he was one of the brilliant thinkers and writers whose daring utterances paved the way for the fearful upheaval that took place during the closing years of the century. No one can leave Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau out of account when the indirect causes of the French Revolution are brought into question. It so happened that Voltaire was born in a generation when ideas of justice were roused by sights of injustice; the equality of man borne home upon the thinker by the spectacle of the great inequalities among men which wrought disaster, relegating the majority to lives of despair in order that the minority might escape a just share of the world's burdens.

As a novelist, Voltaire's writings consist of about three dozen short stories, some short, some long. Each was written with a purpose, moral, political, or social. His pessimism is reflected in them; Voltaire saw no hope, no outlook. "Do

what comes to you to be done—this is all you can do" is the conclusion he gives. His tales excel in wit, brilliancy of expression, rapidity of thought.

Diderot (1713-1784) owes his fame to accident of circumstance. It happened that a bookseller desired to bring out a new edition of Chamber's *Encyclopædia* which had been published in London in 1728. Denis Diderot, a hack writer, was asked to undertake the labor of revision. He associated D'Alembert with himself, particularly to write the preface. Like Voltaire, Diderot was outspoken against the Church, and those like-minded soon began to help in the work upon the encyclopædia. It is difficult today to understand why such severe criticism was called forth by these volumes as they appeared, although to quite a marked degree these men took advantage of the chance to define and explain the meanings of words for voicing their own personal sentiments. *Labor, equality,* many words, offered an opportunity they seized upon and presently a new school of writers—known as the Encyclopædists—assumed a definite form. Diderot received but small compensation for his tireless labors and he was the only one to remain with the work until the whole number of volumes was prepared.

His writings as they remain to us are fragmentary.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

SEVERAL persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school in the town of Issoire, in Auvergne, a town famous throughout the universe for its college and its kettles. Jeannot was the son of a renowned dealer in mules, and Colin owed his birth to a brave laborer of the neighborhood, who cultivated the land with four mules, and who, after having paid tallage and tax, duties and gabels, did not find himself mightily rich at the end of the year. Jeannot and Colin were very good-looking for inhabitants of Auvergne, and were very fond of each other. Their time for study was nearly ended when a tailor brought a velvet coat of three colors for Jeannot, with a Lyons vest in very good taste. The whole was accompanied by a letter to Monsieur de la Jeannotière. Colin admired the coat, and was not jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which grieved Colin. From that moment Jeannot studied no more, looked at himself in the glass, and despised everybody. Sometime after a footman arrived post-haste, and brought a second letter to the Marquis de la Jeannotière; it was an order from his father to send his son to Paris. Jeannot got into the chaise, extending his hand to Colin with a very noble smile of patronage. Colin felt his nothingness and wept. Jeannot set out in all the splendor of his glory. Colin, always loving, wrote a letter of compliment to his old companion. The little marquis made him no answer. Colin was ill with grief about it.

The father and mother at once engaged a tutor for the young marquis. This tutor, who was a man with a fine air, and who knew nothing, could teach his pupil nothing. The gentleman wished his son to learn Latin; the lady did not. They referred the matter to an author, who was celebrated at that time as the writer of some charming works. He was asked to dinner. The master of the house began by saying at once, "Sir, as you know Latin, and as you are a man at court—"

"Me, sir! Latin! I don't know a word," replied the man of letters; "and I have done very well. It is clear that

one speaks one's own language much better when one does not divide one's attention between it and foreign languages. Look at all our ladies, they have more agreeable wit than men; their letters are written with a hundred times more grace. They have this superiority over us only because they do not know Latin."

"Ah, now, was I not right?" said the lady. "I want my son to be a man of spirit, that he may get on in the world, and you see very well that if he knew Latin he would be ruined. Do they act comedy and opera in Latin, if you please? Does one plead in Latin in a law-suit?"

The gentleman, dazzled by these reasons, passed sentence of condemnation, and it was decided that the young marquis should not lose his time in making the acquaintance of Cicero, Horace and Virgil. But what shall he learn, then? for still he must know something. Should they teach him a little geography?

"What would be the use of that?" answered the tutor. "When the Marquis goes about his lands, will not the postilions know the roads? Of course they will not lead him astray. One has no need of a quadrant to travel, and you can go from Paris to Auvergne very comfortably without wanting to know in what latitude you are."

"You are right," replied the father; "but I have heard tell of a fine science that is called, I think, astronomy."

"What a pity!" answered the tutor. "We are not guided by the stars in this world, and is it necessary that the marquis should work himself to death, making calculations about an eclipse, when he can find it settled to a nicety in the almanac, which tells him, besides the movable feasts, the age of the moon and that of all the princesses of Europe?"

Madame was quite of the tutor's opinion; the little marquis was in ecstasies; the father was undecided. "What should my son be taught, then?" said he. "To be agreeable," replied the friend whom they consulted; "and if he knows how to please, he will know everything. It is an art that he will learn from his lady mother without any trouble to either of them."

At this speech the lady embraced the charming ignoramus,

and said, "One can see, sir, that you are the most learned man in the world; my son will owe all his education to you; I do not imagine, however, that it will do him any harm to know a little history."

"Ah, madam, what is the good of it?" he replied. "Surely the only useful and agreeable history is that of the present day. All ancient histories, as one of our clever men has said, are only unacknowledged fables; and as to the modern ones, they are a chaos that cannot be cleared up. What does it matter to your son that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Nothing could have been better said," cried the tutor. "The minds of children are stifled under a mass of useless knowledge. A gentleman like the marquis ought not to spoil his brains over these vain trifles. If some day he wants a grand geometrician to take a plan of his lands, he can have them surveyed for money. If he wishes to make the antiquity of his nobility clear, which goes back to the most remote times, he will send for a Benedictine. It is the same with all the arts. A young lord in good circumstances is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a sculptor, but he makes all these arts flourish by encouraging them by his munificence. It is better undoubtedly to patronize than to practise them. It is enough that the marquis should have taste; it is for the artist to work for him; and this is why it is perfectly right to say that people of quality (I mean those who are very rich) know everything without learning; because really, in the long run, they know what to think of everything that they order and pay for."

The amiable ignoramus then began to speak, and said, "You have very well remarked, madam, that the great object of man is to succeed in society. In good faith, is it with the help of the sciences that this success is obtained? Does one ever think of talking about geometry in good company? Do we ever ask a man of fashion what star rises with the sun to-day? Do we inquire at supper if Clodion the long-haired crossed the Rhine?"

"No, certainly," cried the marchioness, whose charms had

sometimes gained for her admittance into the great world, "and my son ought not to stifle his genius by the study of all this rubbish; but now, what shall we teach him? for it is well that a young lord should be able to shine on occasion, as my husband says."

At last, after having thoroughly examined the strong and the weak sides of the sciences, it was decided that the marquis should learn—to dance.

Nature, who does everything, had given him one talent, which soon developed itself with prodigious success; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth added to this superlative gift, caused him to be looked upon as a most hopeful young man. Then the marchioness thought herself the mother of a wit, and gave suppers to the wits of Paris. The young man's head was soon turned. He acquired the art of speaking without knowing what he was talking about, and became perfect in the habit of being fit for nothing. When his father saw him so eloquent, he greatly regretted that he had not made him learn Latin, for he would have bought him a great post in the law. The mother, who had more noble sentiments, took upon herself to solicit a regiment for her son.

A young widow of quality, their neighbor, who had only a moderate fortune, determined to place the great wealth of M. and Madame de la Jeannotière in security, by appropriating it herself, and by marrying the young marquis. She enticed him to her house. Sometimes she bestowed praises upon him, and sometimes counsels; she became his father's and mother's best friend. An old neighbor suggested the marriage. The parents, dazzled by the splendor of this alliance, accepted the proposal with pleasure. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was going to marry a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was loved; the friends of the house congratulated him. The marriage contract was going to be drawn up while they worked at the wedding clothes and at the epithalamium.

He was one morning at the feet of the charming bride, whom love, esteem and friendship were on the point of giving him; they were settling how they should lead a delightful

life, when one of his mother's footmen came in, looking quite scared.

"Here's some very different news for you," said he; "the sheriff's officers are stripping the house of my master and mistress; everything is seized by the creditors; they talk of arrest, and I am going to be quick and get my wages."

"Let us see," said the marquis, "what it all is; what has happened."

"Yes," said the widow, "go and punish those rogues; go quickly."

He ran there; he reached the house; his father was already thrown into prison. All the servants had fled; each one had gone his own way, carrying with them all they could. His mother was alone, without help, without comfort, bathed in tears: there only remained to her the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, of her faults and of her extravagance. After the son had wept with his mother for a long time, he said to her at last, "Do not let us despair; that young widow loves me desperately; she is even more generous than rich. I can answer for her. I will fly to her and bring her to you." Then he returned to his betrothed.

"What! is that you, M. de la Jeannotière? What do you want here? Do you thus abandon your mother? Go to the poor woman, and tell her that I still wish her well. I am in want of a lady's maid, and will give her the preference."

The marquis, stupefied and enraged, went to find his old tutor, poured his griefs into his bosom, and asked him for advice. The latter proposed that he should become a tutor like himself. "Alas! I know nothing; you have taught me me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortune," and he sobbed as he spoke to him thus.

"Write some novels," said a wit who was there; "that is an excellent resource in Paris."

The marquis was ready to faint. He was treated much the same by his friends, and in half a day he learned to know the world better than in all the rest of his life.

While he was plunged in this depth of despair, he saw a chaise of an antique fashion coming up, a kind of covered carriage, fitted up with leather curtains, followed by four

enormous wagons, all loaded. There was a young man in the chaise, with coarse clothes, with a round fresh face, full of kindness and gaiety. His little wife, dark and, in a rough way, pleasing enough, was jolting by his side. The carriage did not go at the rate of a dandy's curricle. The traveler had plenty of time to contemplate the motionless marquis, buried in his grief.

"Ah!" he cried, "I do believe that's Jeannot there." At this name the marquis raised his eyes, the chaise stopped. "It is Jeannot himself, it is." The little fat man made but one spring, and ran to embrace his old comrade. Jeannot recognized Colin; and shame and tears covered his face. "You've given me up," said Colin, "but you make a fine lord. I shall always like you." Jeannot, touched and confused, told him part of his story, with many sighs. "Come to the inn where I am staying and tell me the rest," said Colin; "say 'How do you do?' to my little wife, and let us go and have dinner together."

They went all three on foot, followed by the baggage.

"What's all this luggage, then? Does it belong to you?"

"Yes, it's all mine and my wife's. We are coming from the country. I am at the head of a good factory of tinware and copper. I have married the daughter of a rich dealer in necessary utensils, great and small. We work hard; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we will help our friend Jeannot. Don't be marquis any more. All the grandeurs of the world are not worth one good friend. You will go back into the country with me. I will teach you my trade, it's not very difficult; I will give you a share, and we

CORONATION OF JOSEPHINE.—DAVID.

shall live merrily in the corner of the earth where we were born."

Jeannot, in a state of distraction, felt himself divided between grief and joy, love and shame, and said to himself in a low voice, "All my fine friends have betrayed me, and Colin alone, whom I have despised, comes to my help." What a lesson! The kindness in Colin's heart developed in the heart of Jeannot the germ of a good disposition which the world had not yet stifled. He felt that he could not abandon his father and mother.

"We shall take care of your mother," said Colin; "and as to the good man your father, who is in prison, I understand a little about business. His creditors, seeing he has nothing left, will come to terms for a trifle. I can manage all that."

Colin managed so well that he got the father out of prison. Jeannot returned to his native place with his parents, who took up their first calling again. He married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper as her brother, made him very happy; and Jeannot, the father, and Jeannette, the mother, and Jeannot, the son, saw that happiness does not consist in vanity.

ZADIG'S NOSE.

ONE morning Azora returned from a walk in a terrible passion, and uttering the most violent exclamations.

"What ails you, my dear spouse?" said Zadig. "What can have thus discomposed you?"

"Alas!" she said, "you would be as much enraged as I am, if you had seen what I've just beheld. I have been to comfort the young widow Cosrou, who within these two days has raised a tomb to her young husband, near the rivulet that washes the skirts of this meadow. In the bitterness of her grief, she vowed to heaven to remain at the tomb as long as the water of the rivulet continued to run by it."

"Well," said Zadig, "she is an excellent woman, and loved her husband with the most sincere affection."

"Ah!" said Azora, "if you only knew what she was doing when I went to see her!"

"Was she engaged, beautiful Azora, in turning the course of the rivulet?"

Azora broke out into such long invectives, and loaded the young widow with such bitter reproaches, that Zadig was far from being pleased with this ostentation of virtue.

. . . . . .

Zadig had a friend named Cador, whom he made his confidant. Azora, having passed two days with a friend in the country, returned home on the third. The servants told her, with tears in their eyes, that her husband died suddenly the night before, and that they had just deposited his corpse in the tomb of his ancestors at the end of the garden. She wept, tore her hair, and swore she would follow him to the grave.

In the evening Cador begged leave to wait on her, and joined his tears with hers. Next day they wept less, and dined together. Cador told her that his friend had left him the greater part of his estate, and that he should think himself extremely happy in sharing his fortune with her. The lady wept, fell into a passion, and at last became more mild and gentle. They sat longer at supper than at dinner, and talked with more confidence. Azora praised the deceased, but owned that he had many failings from which Cador was free.

During supper Cador complained of a violent pain in his side. The lady, in great concern, tried all sorts of remedies. She even condescended to touch the side in which Cador felt such exquisite pain, and compassionately inquired if he was subject to this cruel disorder. "It sometimes brings me to the brink of the grave," replied Cador. "There is but one remedy that can give me relief, and that is to apply to my side the nose of a man lately dead." Feeling sure that in his journey to the other world her husband would not be refused a passage because his nose was a little shorter in the second life than it was in the first, the lady took a razor and went to her husband's tomb. She bedewed it with her tears and drew near to cut off Zadig's nose. He arose, holding his nose with one hand and putting back the razor with the other.

"Madam," he said, "don't exclaim so violently against young Cosrou. The project of cutting off my nose is equal to that of turning the course of a rivulet."

ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau (1712-1778) substituted Deism for the skepticism of Voltaire. His life was irregular, after the fashion of his age. When sixteen he had run away from all restricting guidance and emulated Gil Blas in amassing experiences. At the age of thirty he went to Paris. His *Social Contract* was published in 1760; *Émile*—a treatise on education—in 1762.

Rousseau announced the thesis that parents owed the state citizens, and claimed that each should be taught a trade. His theory catching the fancy of the times, even the young king was taught a trade. Nor should it be forgotten that many a member of the *noblesse* might later have thanked Rousseau for the means whereby he could earn a living when exiled in foreign lands with possessions wholly gone.

Émile was burned by the state because it advanced the idea that a natural, not a revealed religion, was the true one. *Nouvelle Heloise,* a romance written in the form of letters, was widely read. However, Rousseau's *Confessions* are remembered particularly today, together with his social productions. It was startling at the time to find a man willing to lay bare the sins and weaknesses of his innermost heart for the perusal of his fellowmen; the reader grows to feel that Rousseau evinced as deep self-pride by thus revealing as others might in concealing their failings from curious eyes.

ROUSSEAU AT MADAME BASILE'S.

(From "The Confessions," Book II.)

WALKING one morning, pretty early, in Turin, I saw a young tradeswoman behind a counter, whose looks were so charmingly attractive, that, notwithstanding my timidity with the ladies, I entered the shop without hesitation, offered my service as usual, and had the happiness to have it accepted. She made me sit down and relate my little history; pitied my forlorn situation; bade me be cheerful, and endeavored to make me so by an assurance that every good Christian would give me assistance; then (while she sent to a goldsmith's in the neighborhood for some tools I had occasion for) she went up stairs and fetched me something for breakfast. This seemed a promising beginning, nor was what followed less flattering:

she was satisfied with my work, and, when I had a little recovered myself, still more with my discourse. She was rather elegantly dressed, and notwithstanding her gentle looks this appearance of gayety had disconcerted me; but her good nature, the compassionate tone of her voice, with her gentle and caressing manner, soon set me at ease with myself: I saw my endeavors to please were crowned with success, and this assurance made me succeed the more. Though an Italian, and too pretty to be entirely devoid of coquetry, she had so much modesty, and I so great a share of timidity, that our adventure was not likely to be brought to a very speedy conclusion, nor did they give us time to make any good of it. I cannot recall the few short moments I passed with this lovely woman without being sensible of an inexpressible charm, and can yet say, it was there I tasted in their utmost perfection the most delightful, as well as the purest, pleasures of love.

She was a lively pleasing brunette, and the good nature that was painted on her lovely face rendered her vivacity more interesting. She was called Madam Basile; her husband, who was considerably older than herself, consigned her, during his absence, to the care of a clerk, too disagreeable to be thought dangerous; but who, notwithstanding, had pretensions that he seldom showed any signs of, except of ill-humor, a good share of which he bestowed on me; though I was pleased to hear him play the flute, on which he was a tolerable musician. This second Egistus was sure to grumble whenever he saw me go into his mistress' apartment, treating me with a degree of disdain which she took care to repay him with interest; seeming pleased to caress me in his presence, on purpose to torment him. This kind of revenge, though perfectly to my taste, would have been still more charming in a tête-à-tête, but she did not proceed so far; at least there was a difference in the expression of her kindness. Whether she thought me too young, that it was my place to make advances, or that she was seriously resolved to be virtuous, she had at such times a kind of reserve, which though not absolutely discouraging kept my passion within bounds.

I was embarrassed, agitated, feared to look, and hardly dared to breathe in her presence, yet to have left her would

have been worse than death. How fondly did my eyes devour whatever they could gaze on without being perceived! the flowers on her gown, the point of her pretty foot, the interval of a round white arm that appeared between her glove and ruffle, the least part of her neck, each object increased the force of all the rest, and added to the infatuation. Gazing thus on what was to be seen, and even more than was to be seen, my sight became confused, my chest seemed contracted, respiration was every moment more painful. I had the utmost difficulty to hide my agitation, to prevent my sighs from being heard, and this difficulty was increased by the silence in which we were frequently plunged. Happily, Madam Basile, busy at her work, saw nothing of all this, or seemed not to see it; yet I sometimes observed a kind of sympathy, especially by the frequent rising of her handkerchief, and this dangerous sight almost mastered every effort; but when on the point of giving way to my transports, she spoke a few words to me with an air of tranquillity, and in an instant the agitation subsided.

I saw her several times in this manner without a word, a gesture, or even a look, too expressive, making the least intelligence between us. This situation was both my torment and delight, for hardly, in the simplicity of my heart, could I imagine the cause of my uneasiness. I should suppose these tête-à-têtes could not be displeasing to her, at least, she sought frequent occasions to renew them; this was a very disinterested labor, certainly, as appeared by the use she made, or ever suffered me to make, of them.

Being one day wearied with the clerk's discourse, she had retired to her chamber; I made haste to finish what I had to do in the back shop, and followed her: the door was half open, and I entered without being perceived. She was embroidering near a window on the opposite side of the room; she could not see me, and the carts in the streets made too much noise for me to be heard. She was always well dressed, but this day her attire bordered on coquetry. Her attitude was graceful, her head leaning gently forward, discovered a small circle of her neck; her hair, elegantly dressed, was ornamented with flowers; her figure was universally charming, and I had an uninterrupted opportunity to admire it. I was absolutely

in a state of ecstasy, and, involuntarily sinking on my knees, I passionately extended my arms towards her, certain she could not hear, and having no conception that she could see me; but there was a chimney-glass at the end of the room that betrayed all my proceedings. I am ignorant what effect this transport produced on her; she did not speak, she did not look on me; but, partly turning her head, with the movement of her finger only, she pointed to the mat which was at her feet.—To start up, with an articulate cry of joy, and occupy the place she had indicated, was the work of a moment; but it will hardly be believed, I dared attempt no more, not even to speak, raise my eyes to hers, or rest an instant on her knees, though in an attitude which seemed to render such a support necessary. I was dumb, immovable, but far enough from a state of tranquillity; agitation, joy, gratitude, ardent indefinite wishes, restrained by the fear of giving displeasure, which my unpracticed heart too much dreaded, were sufficiently discernible. She neither appeared more tranquil, nor less intimidated than myself—uneasy at my present situation, confounded at having brought me there, beginning to tremble for the effects of a sign which she had made without reflecting on the consequences, neither giving encouragement, nor expressing disapprobation, with her eyes fixed on her work, she endeavored to appear unconscious of everything that passed; but all my stupidity could not hinder me from concluding that she partook of my embarrassment, perhaps, my transports, and was only restrained by a bashfulness like mine, without even that supposition giving me power to surmount it. Five or six years older than myself, every advance, according to my idea, should have been made by her, and, since she did nothing to encourage mine, I concluded they would offend her. Even at this time, I am inclined to believe I thought right; she certainly had wit enough to perceive that a novice like me had occasion, not only for encouragement, but instruction.

I am ignorant how this animated, though dumb scene would have ended, or how long I should have continued immovable in this ridiculous, though delicious, situation, had we not been interrupted—in the height of my agitation, I heard the kitchen door open, which joined Madam Basile's

chamber; who, being alarmed, said, with a quick voice and action, "Get up!—Here's Rosina!" Rising hastily I seized one of her hands, which she held out to me, and gave it two eager kisses; at the second I felt this charming hand press gently on my lips. Never in my life did I enjoy so sweet a moment; but the occasion I had lost returned no more, this being the conclusion of our amours.

The Periwinkle.

(From "The Confessions," Book VI.)

At this moment began the short happiness of my life, those peaceful and rapid moments, which have given me a right to say, *I have lived.* Precious and ever-regretted moments! Ah! recommence your delightful course; pass more slowly through my memory, if possible, than you actually did in your fugitive succession. How shall I prolong, according to my inclination, this recital at once so pleasing and simple? How shall I continue to relate the same occurrences, without wearying my readers with the repetition, any more than I was satiated with the enjoyment? Again, if all this consisted of facts, actions, or words, I could somehow or other convey an idea of it; but how shall I describe what was neither said nor done, nor even thought, but enjoyed, felt, without being able to particularize any other object of my happiness than the bare idea? I rose with the sun, and was happy; I walked, and was happy; I saw Madame de Warens, and was happy; I quitted her, and still was happy!—Whether I rambled through the woods, over the hills, or strolled along the valley, read, was idle, worked in the garden, or gathered fruits, happiness continually accompanied me; it was fixed on no particular object, it was within me, nor could I depart from it a single moment.

Nothing that passed during that charming epoch, nothing that I did, said, or thought, has escaped my memory. The time that preceded or followed it, I recollect only by intervals, unequally and confused; but here I remember all as distinctly as if it existed at this moment. Imagination, which in my youth was perpetually anticipating the future, but now takes a retrograde course, makes some amends by these charming

recollections for the deprivation of hope, which I have lost forever. I no longer see anything in the future that can tempt my wishes, it is a recollection of the past alone that can flatter me, and the remembrance of the period I am now describing is so true and lively, that it sometimes makes me happy, even in spite of my misfortunes.

Of these recollections I shall relate one example, which may give some idea of their force and precision. The first day we went to sleep at Charmettes, the way being up-hill, and Madame de Warens rather heavy, she was carried in a chair, while I followed on foot. Fearing the chairmen would be fatigued, she got out about half-way, designing to walk the rest of it.

As we passed along, Madame saw something blue in the hedge, and said, "There's some periwinkle in flower yet!" I had never seen any before, nor did I stop to examine this: my sight is too short to distinguish plants on the ground, and I only cast a look at this as I passed: an interval of near thirty years had elapsed before I saw any more periwinkle, at least before I observed it, when being at Cressier, in 1764, with my friend, M. du Peyrou, we went up a small mountain, on the summit of which there is a level spot, called with reason, *Belle-vue;* I was then beginning to herbalize;—walking and looking among the bushes, I exclaimed with rapture, "Ah, there's some periwinkle!" Du Peyrou, who perceived my transport, was ignorant of the cause, but will some day be informed, I hope, on reading this. The reader may judge by this impression, made by so small an incident, what an effect must have been produced by every occurrence of that time.

CHAPTER XIV.

VICTOR HUGO.

France produced many clever novelists during the nineteenth century. While Balzac stands pre-eminently first, many showed themselves worthy contemporaries. Victor Hugo was first of the gifted circle and fifty years ago he was accorded a more prominent place than later criticism has left him.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885) was the son of one of Napoleon's generals. He lived at a time when men were not yet agreed about the nature of the times in which they lived, whether the terrible social revolution through which France had gone was wholly bad or whether it made for good. Families were not infrequently divided—as were those of the United States during the Civil War. Hugo's mother was a staunch royalist; his father, a firm supporter of Napoleon.

Hugo was a poet of considerable merit and a playwright whose plays still hold the stage. However, he is best known as a novelist. He was first of the Romanticists among whom we find Balzac, De Musset and the older Dumas. Scott was carefully studied by these men, who turned with the current of the day in breaking with the old traditions which had long held sway in the various fine arts.

Notre-Dame de Paris, Les Miserables, L'Homme qui Rit are superb romances. Hugo possessed the ability to portray strong character, a gift of eloquence, enormous descriptive power, and he carries the reader long at a bounding rate, even though the sense of what is probable is often disturbed. In picturing scenes of poverty, sin and misery, Hugo is nevertheless an optimist and believes in the ultimate triumph of good and the salvation of men.

These lines from the preface of *Les Miserables* state his purpose in the story: "So long as there shall exist through the fault of our laws and customs a social condemnation that creates artificial hells in the midst of our civilization and complicates a divine destiny by human fatalism; so long as the three problems of the century—the degradation of man by the proletariat, the fall of woman through hunger, the arrested development of the child by ignorance—are not solved.

Les Miserables.

The Wild Man in His Lair.

Cities, like forests, have their dens, in which everything that is most wicked and formidable conceals itself. The only difference is that what hides itself in cities thus, is ferocious, unclean, and little, that is to say ugly; what conceals itself in the forests is ferocious, savage and grand, that is to say beautiful. Den for den, those of the beasts are preferable to those of men; and caverns are better than hiding-places. Marius was poor, and his room was indigent; but, in the same way as his poverty was noble, his room was clean. The garret into which he was now looking was abject, dirty, fetid, infectious, dark, and sordid. The furniture only consisted of a straw-bottomed chair, a rickety table, a few old earthenware articles, and in the corners two indescribable beds. The only light came through a sky-light with four panes of glass, and festooned with spider-webs. Through this came just sufficient light for the face of a man to seem the face of a spectre. The walls had a leprous look, and were covered with gashes and scars, like a face disfigured with some horrible disease, and a blear-eyed damp oozed from them. Obscene designs, clumsily drawn in charcoal, could be distinguished on them.

The room which Marius occupied had a broken-brick flooring, but in this one people walked on the old plaster, which had grown black under the feet. Upon this uneven flooring, in which the dust was, so to speak, incrusted, and which had but one virginity, that of the broom, were capriciously grouped constellations of old shoes, boots, and frightful rags; this room, however, had a chimney, and for this reason was let at forty francs a year. There was something of everything in this fire-place,—a chafing-dish, a pot, some broken planks, rags hanging from nails, a bird-cage, ashes, and even a little fire, for two logs were smoking there sadly. A thing which augmented the horror of this garret was the fact of its being so large; it had angles, nooks, black holes under the roof, bays and promontories. Hence, came frightful inscrutable corners, in which it seemed as if spiders large as a fist, wood-lice as large as a foot, and possibly some human monsters, must lurk.

One of the beds was near the door, the other near the

window, but the ends of both ran down to the mantel-piece, and faced Marius. In a corner near the hole through which Marius was peeping, a colored engraving in a black frame, under which was written in large letters, THE DREAM, leant against the wall. It represented a sleeping woman and a sleeping child, the child lying on the woman's knees, an eagle in the clouds with a crown in its beak, and the woman removing the crown from the child's head, without awaking it, however; in the background Napoleon, surrounded by a glory, was leaning against a dark blue column, with a yellow capital, that bore the following inscription:

MARINGO.
AUSTERLITS.
JENA.
WAGRAMME.
ELOT.

Below this frame a sort of wooden panel, longer than it was wide, was placed on the ground and leaning against the wall. It looked like a picture turned from the spectator, or some sign-board detached from a wall and forgotten there while waiting to be hung again. At the table, on which Marius noticed pen, ink and paper, a man was seated, of about sixty years of age, short, thin, livid, haggard, with a sharp, cruel, and listless look, a hideous scamp. If Lavater had examined this face he would have found in it the vulture blended with the attorney's clerk; the bird of prey and the man of trickery rendering each other more ugly and more perfect—the man of trickery rendering the bird of prey ignoble, and the bird of prey rendering the man of trickery horrible. This man had a long gray beard, and wore a woman's chemise, which allowed his hairy chest and naked arms, bristling with gray hairs, to be seen. Under this chemise might be noticed muddy trousers, and boots out of which his toes stuck. He had a pipe in his mouth, and was smoking; there was no bread in the garret, but there was still tobacco. He was writing, probably some letter like those which Marius had read. On one corner of the table could be seen an old broken-backed volume, the form

of which, the old 12mo of circulating libraries, indicated a romance; on the cover figured the following title, printed in large capitals—GOD, THE KING, HONOR AND THE LADIES, BY DUCRAY DUMINIL. 1814. While writing, the man was talking aloud, and Marius heard his words:

"Only to think that there is no equality, even when a man is dead! Just look at Père La Chaise! the great ones, those who are rich, are up above, in the Acacia avenue, which is paved, and reach it in a coach. The little folk, the poor people, the wretched—they are put down at the bottom where there is mud up to your knees, in holes and damp, and they are placed there so they may rot all the sooner. You can't go to see them without sinking into the ground."

Here he stopped—smote the table with his fist—and added, while he gnashed his teeth—

"Oh! I could eat the world!"

A stout woman, who might be forty or one hundred, was crouched up near the chimney-piece on her naked feet. She too was dressed only in a chemise and a cotton petticoat, pieced with patches of old cloth, and an apron of coarse canvas concealed one half of the petticoat. Though this woman was sitting all of a heap, you could see that she was very tall, and a species of giantess by her husband's side. She had frightful hair, of a reddish auburn, beginning to turn gray, which she thrust back every now and then with the enormous strong hands with flat nails. By her side, on the ground, was lying an open volume, of the same form as the other, probably part of the same romance. On one of the beds Marius caught a glimpse of a tall, little, sickly girl, sitting up almost naked, and with hanging feet, who did not seem to hear, see or live; she was doubtless the younger sister of the one who had come to him. She appeared to be eleven or twelve years of age, but on examining her attentively it could be seen that she was at least fourteen; it was the girl who said on the boulevard the previous night, "I bolted, bolted, bolted." She was of that backward class who keep down for a long time, and then shoot up quickly and suddenly. It is indigence which produces these human plants, and these creatures have neither infancy nor adolescence. At fifteen they seem twelve, and at sixteen they appear twenty; today it is a little girl, tomorrow

a woman; we might almost say that they stride through life in order to reach the end more rapidly. At this moment, however, she had the look of a child.

In this lodging there was not the slightest sign of work; not a loom, a spinning-wheel, or a single tool, but in one corner were some iron implements of dubious appearance. It was that dull indolence which follows despair and precedes death. Marius gazed for some time at this mournful interior, which was more terrifying than the interior of a tomb, for the human soul could be seen stirring in it and life palpitating. The garret, the cellar, the hole, in which some indigent people crawl in the lowest part of the social edifice, is not exactly the sepulchre, but it is the ante-chamber to it; but, like those rich men who display their greatest magnificence at the entrance to their palace, it seems that death, which is close at hand, places all its greatest wretchedness in this vestibule. The man was silent; the woman did not speak, and the girl did not seem to breathe; the pen could be heard moving across the paper. The man growled, without ceasing to write, "Scoundrels, scoundrels, all are scoundrels."

The variation upon Solomon's exclamation drew a sigh from the wife.

"Calm yourself, my love," she said, "do not hurt yourself, darling. You are too good to write to all those people, dear husband."

In misery bodies draw more closely together, as in cold weather, but hearts are estranged. This woman, to all appearances, must have loved this man with the amount of love in her, but probably this had been extinguished in the daily and mutual reproaches of the frightful distress that pressed upon the whole family, and she now had only the ashes of affection for her husband within her. Still, caressing appellations, as frequently happens, had survived: she called him *darling, pet, husband,* with her lips, but her heart was silent. The man continued to write.

Strategy and Tactics.

Marius, with an aching heart, was just going to descend from the species of observatory which he had improvised, when a noise attracted his attention, and made him remain at

his post. The door of the garret was suddenly opened, and the eldest daughter appeared on the threshold. She had on her feet clumsy men's shoes covered with mud, which had even plashed her red ankles, and she was covered with an old ragged cloak, which Marius had not noticed an hour previously, and which she had probably left at his door, in order to inspire greater sympathy, and put on again when she went out. She came in, shut the door after her, stopped to fetch breath, for she was panting, and then cried, with an expression of triumph and joy:

"He is coming!"

The father turned his eyes toward her, the mother turned her head, and the little girl did not move.

"Who?" the father asked.

"The gentleman."

"The philanthropist?"

"Yes."

"From the church of St. Jacques?"

"Yes. He is following me."

"Are you sure?"

"He is coming in a hackney coach, I tell you."

"A hackney coach! why it is Rothschild!"

The father rose.

"Why are you sure? If he is coming in a coach, how is it that you got here before him? Did you give him the address, and are you certain that you told him the last door on the right in the passage? I only hope he will not make a mistake. Did you find him at church? Did he read my letter, and what did he say to you?"

"Ta, ta, ta," said the girl, "how you gallop, my good man. I went into the church; he was at his usual place; I made a courtesy and handed him the letter. He read it and said to me: 'Where do you live, my child?' I said: 'I will show you the way, sir.' He said: 'No; give me your address, for my daughter has some purchases to make. I will take a hackney coach, and be at your abode as soon as you.' I gave him the address, and when I mentioned the house he seemed surprised, and hesitated a moment, but then said, 'No matter; I will go.' When mass was over I saw him leave the church and get into a coach with his daughter. And I carefully told him the last door on the right at the end of the passage."

"And what tells you that he will come?"

"I have just seen the coach turn into the Rue du Petit Banquier, and that is why I ran."

"How do you know it is the same coach?"

"Because I noticed the number, of course."

"What was it?"

"Four hundred and forty."

"Good; you are a clever girl."

The girl looked boldly at her father, and said, as she pointed to the shoes on her feet:

"It is possible that I am a clever girl, but I say that I will not put on those shoes again; in the first place, on account of my health, and, secondly, for the sake of decency. I know nothing more annoying than shoes which are too big for you, and go, gji, gji, gji, along the road. I would sooner be barefooted."

"You are right," the father replied, in a gentle voice, which contrasted with the girl's rudeness. "But the poor are not admitted into churches unless they wear shoes; God's presence must not be entered barefoot," he added bitterly. Then he returned to the object that occupied him.

"And so you are sure that he will come?"

"He is at my heels," she replied.

The man drew himself up, and there was a species of illumination on his face. "Wife," he cried, "you hear! Here is the philanthropist; put out the fire."

The stupefied mother did not stir, but the father, with the agility of a mountebank, seized the cracked pot, which stood on the chimney-piece, and threw water on the logs. Then he said to his elder daughter:

"Pull the straw out of the chair."

As his daughter did not understand him, he seized the chair and kicked the seat out; his leg passed through it, and while drawing it out, he asked the girl:

"Is it cold?"

"Very cold; it is snowing."

The father turned to the younger girl, who was on the bed, near the window, and shouted in a thundering voice:

"Come off the bed directly, idler; you never do anything. Break a pane of glass!"

The little girl jumped off the bed, shivering.

"Break a pane!" he continued.

The girl was quite stunned, and did not move.

"Do you hear me?" the father repeated. "I tell you to break a pane."

The child, with a sort of terrified obedience, stood on tiptoe, and broke a pane with her fist; the glass fell with a great clash.

"All right!" said the father.

He was serious and active, and his eye rapidly surveyed every corner in the room; he was like a general who makes final preparations at the moment when an action is about to begin. The mother, who had not yet said a word, rose and asked in a slow voice, the words seeming to issue as if frozen.

"Darling, what do you intend to do?"

"Go to bed," the man replied.

The tone admitted of no deliberation, the mother obeyed, and threw herself heavily on one of the beds. A sobbing was now audible in a corner.

"What is that?" the father cried.

The younger girl, without leaving the gloom in which she was crouching, showed her bleeding hand. In breaking the glass she had cut herself, she had crawled close to her mother's bed, and was now crying silently. It was the mother's turn to draw herself up and cry.

"You see what nonsensical acts you commit! She has cut herself in breaking the window."

"All the better," said the man, "I expected it."

"How all the better?" the woman continued.

"Silence!" the father replied, "I suppress the liberty of the press."

Then, tearing the chemise which he wore, he made a bandage, with which he quickly wrapped up the girl's bleeding hand; this done, his eye settled on the torn shirt with satisfaction.

"And the shirt, too!" he said. "All this looks well."

An icy blast blew through the pane and entered the room. The external fog penetrated it, and dilated like a white wadding pulled open by invisible fingers. The snow could be seen falling through the broken pane, and the cold promised

by the Candlemas sun had really arrived. The father took a look around him, as if to make sure that he had forgotten nothing, then he fetched an old spade and strewed the ashes over the wet logs so as to conceal them entirely. Then getting up and leaning against the chimneypiece, he said: "Now we can receive the philanthropist."

A Sunbeam in the Garret.

The elder girl walked up to her father, and laid her hand in his.

"Just feel how cold I am!" she said.

"Stuff!" the father answered, "I am much colder than that."

The mother cried out impetuously:

"You always have everything worse than the others, the evil even."

"To kennel!" the man said.

The mother, looked at by him in a certain way, held her tongue, and there was a momentary silence in the den. The elder girl was carelessly removing the mud from the edge of her cloak, and her younger sister continued to sob. The mother had taken her head between her hands, and covered it with kisses, while whispering.

"Pray do not go on so, my treasure, it will be nothing, so don't cry, or you will vex your father."

"No," the father cried, "on the contrary, sob away, for that does good."

Then he turned to the elder girl.

"Why, he is not coming! Suppose he were not to come! I should have broken my pane, put out my fire, unseated my chair, and torn my shirt all for nothing."

"And hurt the little one," the mother murmured.

"Do you know," the father continued, "that it is infernally cold in this devil's own garret? Suppose the man did not come? But no, he is keeping us waiting, and says to himself, 'Well, they will wait my pleasure, they are sent into the world for that.' Oh! how I hate the rich, and with what joy, jubilation, enthusiasm, and satisfaction, would I strangle them all! All the rich, I say, those pretended charitable men who play the devout, attend mass, keep in with the priests and believe

themselves above us, and who come to humiliate us, and bring us clothes. How they talk! They bring us old rubbish not worth four sous and bread; but it is not that I want, you pack of scoundrels, but money. Ah, money. Never! Because they say we would go and drink, and that we are drunkards and idlers. And they, what are they, pray, and what have they been in their time? Thieves, for they could not have grown rich without that. Oh, society ought to be taken by the four corners of a tablecloth, and the whole lot thrown into the air! All would be broken, very possibly, but at any rate no one would have anything, and that would be so much gained. But what is your humbug of a benevolent gentleman about? Will he come? Perhaps the animal has forgotten the address. I will bet that the old brute—"

At this moment there was a gentle tap at the door; the man rushed forward and opened it, while exclaiming with deep bows and smiles of adoration.

"Come in, sir, deign to enter, my respected benefactor, as well as your charming daughter."

A man of middle age and a young lady stood in the door way; Marius had not left his post, and what he felt this moment is beyond the human tongue. It was she; and any one who has loved knows the radiant meaning conveyed in the three letters that form the word She. It was certainly she, though Marius could hardly distinguish her through the luminous vapor which suddenly spread over his eyes. It was the gentle creature he had lost, the star which had gleamed on him for six months, it was the forehead, the mouth, the lovely mouth which had produced night by departing. The eclipse was over, and she now reappeared—reappeared in this darkness, in this attic, in this filthy den, in this horror. Marius trembled. What! It was she. The palpitation of his heart affected his sight, and he felt ready to burst into tears. What! He saw her again after seeking her so long. It seemed to him as if he had lost his soul and had just found it again. She was still the same, though, perhaps a little paler; her delicate face was framed in a violet velvet bonnet, and her waist was hidden by a black satin pelisse, a glimpse of her little foot in a silk boot could be caught under her long dress. She was accompanied by M. Leblanc, and she walked

into the room and placed a rather large parcel on the table. The elder girl had withdrawn behind the door and looked with a jealous eye at the velvet bonnet, the satin pelisse, and the charming, happy face.

The garret was so dark that persons who came into it felt much as if they were going into a cellar. The two newcomers, therefore, advanced with some degree of hesitation, scarce distinguishing the vague forms around them, while they were perfectly seen and examined by the eyes of the denizens in the attic, who were accustomed to this gloom. M. Leblanc walked up to Father Jondrette, with his sad and gentle smile, and said:

"You will find in this parcel, sir, new apparel, woolen stockings, and blankets."

"Our angelic benefactor overwhelms us," Jondrette said, bowing to the ground; then, bending down to the ear of his elder daughter, he added in a hurried whisper, while the two visitors were examining this lamentable interior. "Did I not say so? Clothes but no money. They are all alike. By the way, how was the letter to the old ass signed?"

"Fabantou."

"The actor, all right."

It was lucky that Jondrette asked this, for at the same moment M. Leblanc turned to him and said with the air of a person who is trying to remember the name.

"I see that you are much to be pitied, Monsieur—"

"Fabantou," Jondrette added quickly.

"Monsieur Fabantou, yes, that is it, I remember."

"An actor, sir, who has been successful in his time."

Here Jondrette evidently believed the moment had arrived to trap his philanthropist, and he shouted in a voice which had some of the bombast of the country showman, and the humility of the professional beggar. "A pupil of Talma, sir! I am a pupil of Talma! Fortune smiled upon me formerly, but now, alas! the turn of misfortune has arrived. You see, my benefactor, we have no bread, no fire. My poor babies have no fire. My sole chair without a seat! A pane of glass broken; in such weather as this! My wife in bed, ill!"

"Poor woman!" said M. Leblanc.

"My child hurt," Jondrette added.

The child, distracted by the arrival of the strangers, was staring at the "young lady" and ceased sobbing.

"Cry, I tell you, roar!" Jondrette whispered to her. And at the same time he squeezed her bad hand. All this was done with the talent of a conjurer. The little one uttered piercing cries, and the adorable girl whom Marius called in his heart "his Ursule," eagerly went up to her.

"Poor dear child!" she said.

"You see, respected young lady," Jondrette continued, "her hand is bleeding. It is the result of an accident which happened to her while working at a factory to earn six sous a day. It is possible that her arm will have to be cut off."

"Really?" the old gentleman said in alarm.

The little girl, taking this remark seriously, began sobbing again her loudest.

"Alas, yes, my benefactor!" the father answered.

For some minutes past Jondrette had been looking at the "philanthropist" in a peculiar way, and while speaking to be scrutinizing him attentively, as if trying to recall his recollections. All at once, profiting by a moment during which the newcomers were questioning the little girl about her injured hand, he passed close to his wife, who was lying in her bed with a surprised and stupid air, and said to her, in a hurried whisper:

"Look at that man."

Then he turned to M. Leblanc, and continued his lamentations:

"Look, sir! My sole clothing consists of a chemise of my wife's, all torn, in the heart of winter. I cannot go out for want of a coat, and if I had the smallest bit of a coat I would go and call on Mademoiselle Mars, who knows me, and is much attached to me; does she still live in the Rue de la Tour des Dames? Do you know, sir, that we played together in the province, and that I shared her laurels. Célimène would come to my help, and Elmire gave alms to Belisarius. But no, nothing! And not a half-penny piece in the house! My wife ill, not a sou! My daughter dangerously injured, not a sou! My wife suffers from shortness of breath—it comes from her age, and then the nervous system is mixed up in it. She requires assistance and so does my daughter. But the

physician and the apothecary, how are they to be paid? I have not a farthing! I would kneel down before a decime, sir. You see to what the arts are reduced! And do you know, my charming young lady, and you, my generous protector, who exhale virtue and goodness, and who perfume the church where my poor child sees you daily when she goes to say her prayers; for I am bringing up my daughters in religion, sir, and did not wish them to turn to the stage. I do not jest, sir, read them lectures of honor, morality and virtue. Just ask them! They must go straight for they have a father. They are not wretched girls who begin by having no family, and finish by marrying the public. Such a girl is Miss Nobody and becomes Madame all the World. There must be nothing of that sort in the Fabantou family! I intend to educate them virtuously, and they must be respectable and honest, and believe in God's holy name. Well, sir, worthy sir, do you know what will happen tomorrow? Tomorrow is the fatal 4th of February, the last respite my landlord has granted me, and if I do not pay my rent by tonight my eldest daughter, myself, my wife, with her fever, my child with her wound, will be all four of us turned out of here into the street, shelterless in the rain and snow. That is the state of the case, sir! I owe four quarters, a year's rent, that is to say, sixty francs."

Jondrette lied, for four quarters would only have been forty francs, and he could not owe four, as it was not six months since Marius had paid two for him. M. Leblanc took a five-franc piece from his pocket and threw it on the table. Jondrette had time to growl in his grown-up daughter's ear.

"The scamp! What does he expect me to do with his five francs? They will not pay for the chair and the pane of glass. There's the result of making an outlay."

In the meanwhile, M. Leblanc had taken off a heavy brown coat, which he wore over his blue one, and thrown on the back of a chair.

Monsieur Fabantou," he said, "I have only these five francs about me, but I will take my daughter home and return tonight. Is it not tonight that you have to pay?"

Jondrette's face was lit up with a strange expression, and he hurriedly answered.

"Yes, respected sir, I must be with my landlord by eight o'clock."

"I will be here by six, and bring you the sixty francs."

"My benefactor!" Jondrette exclaimed wildly, and he added in a whisper:

"Look at him carefully, wife."

M. Leblanc had given his arm to the lovely young lady, and was turning to the door.

"Till this evening, my friends," he said.

"At six o'clock?" Jondrette asked.

"At six o'clock precisely."

At this moment the overcoat left on the back of the chair caught the eye of the elder girl.

"Sir," she said, "you are forgetting your great coat."

Jondrette gave his daughter a crushing glance, accompanied by a formidable shrug of the shoulders, but M. Leblanc turned and replied smilingly.

"I do not forget it, I'll leave it."

"Oh, my protector," said Jondrette, "my august benefactor, I am melting into tears. Permit me to conduct you to your vehicle."

"If you go out," M. Leblanc remarked, "put on that overcoat, for it is really very cold."

Jondrette did not let this be said twice, but eagerly put on the brown coat. Then they all three went out, Jondrette preceding the two strangers.

GEORGE SAND.

MADAME DUDEVANT, whose maiden name was Armatine Lucile Aurore Dupin, and who was known to the world as George Sand, stands highest in point of genius among that small group of famous women of this century which includes George Eliot, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Harriet Martineau, and, perhaps, Caroline Herschell. She was born in 1804 and died in 1876; was educated in a convent, and two years after leaving it, at the age of eighteen, was married to Baron Dudevant, a military personage much older than herself, whose nature and character were in all respects profoundly incompatible with hers. She had in her veins the instincts of liberty and revolt; and in 1831, after nine years of matrimonial endurance, she left her husband and went to Paris with Jules Sandeau, to live a life strangely compounded of passion, intellect and independence. She and Jules were lovers, comrades and collaborators; their first work was done together; but later, at Jules' suggestion, she struck out for herself in literature. She was strongly interested in politics, and, as might have been expected, embraced the republican cause, and advocated it in many publications. She went further, and in the ardor of her youth championed socialism and free love; but age brought wisdom and moderation, though she remained always on the side of freedom. Her life was a story of mental and moral growth; she feared nothing and studied everything; her lovers, like Alfred de Musset and Chopin, were mere elements in her self-education; she was greater than they,

and when she had sounded them, she left them. Her genius enabled her to use experience such as few women survive in form of exquisite literary art; she drew from seeming chaos the essence of a deep philosophy; she "beat her music out;" and when she attained her intellectual majority, she gave the world the benefit of it in such masterpieces of serene beauty and wisdom as "Consuelo," "L'Homme de Neigt," "Mauprat," "La Petite Fadette." But her earlier books, such as "Indiana," "Valentine" and "Jacques," have also the value which belongs to audacity, insight, and the fire of youthful genius, rendered enchanting by a matchless literary style. The immense vogue which her books enjoyed is due, however, less to their extraordinary literary merit than to the fact that she voiced the unrest and speculation of her age; as Renan well said, she was "the Æolian harp of her time." Like the young Zoroaster, she longed at first to "tear down this tiresome old sky;" but when she had learned its true sublimity, she bent her energies to dispelling the clouds and vapors which obscured its radiance,—to vindicating the immortal truths which error and cowardice had distorted. She is a great figure; and her final influence is beneficent.

CONSUELO'S TRIUMPH.

CONSUELO made haste to the church Mendicanti, whither the crowd were already flocking, to listen to Porpora's admirable music. She went up to the organ-loft in which the choir were already in air, with the professor at his desk. On entering she knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed fervently and devoutly.

"Oh, my God," she cried with the voice of the heart, "thou knowest that I seek not advancement for the humiliation of my rivals. Thou knowest that I have no thought to surrender myself to the world and worldly acts, abandoning thy love, and straying into the paths of vice. Thou knowest that pride dwells not in me, and that I implore thee to support me, and to swell my voice, and to expand my thoughts as I sing thy praises, only that I may dwell with him whom my mother permitted me to love."

When the first sounds of the orchestra called Consuelo to

her place, she rose slowly, her mantilla fell from her shoulders, and her face was at length visible to the impatient and restless spectators in the neighboring tribune. But what marvelous change is here in this young girl, just now so pale, so cast down, so overwhelmed by fatigue and fear! The ether of heaven seemed to bedew her lofty forehead, while a gentle languor was diffused over the noble and graceful outlines of her figure. Her tranquil countenance expressed none of those petty passions, which seek, as it were, to exact applause. There was something about her solemn, mysterious and elevated—at once lovely and affecting.

"Courage, my daughter," said the professor in a low voice. "You are about to sing the music of a great master, and he is here to listen to you."

"Who?—Marcello?" said Consuelo, seeing the professor lay the Hymns of Marcello open on the desk.

"Yes—Marcello," replied he. "Sing as usual—nothing more and nothing less—and all will be well."

Marcello, then in the last year of his life, had in fact come once again to revisit Venice, his birth-place, where he had gained renown as a composer, as writer, and as magistrate. He had been full of courtesy towards Porpora, who had requested him to be present in his school, intending to surprise him with the performance of Consuelo, who knew his magnificent *"I cieli immensi narrano"* by heart. Nothing could be better adapted to the religious glow that now animated the heart of this noble girl. So soon as the first words of this lofty and brilliant production shone before her eyes, she felt as if wafted into another sphere. Forgetting Count Zustiniani—forgetting the spiteful glances of her rivals—forgetting even Anzoleto—she thought only of God and of Marcello, who seemed to interpret those wondrous regions whose glory she was about to celebrate. What subject so beautiful!—what conception so elevated!—

I cieli immensi narrano	The boundless heavens declare
Del grandi Iddio la gloria.	The glory of the great God.
Il firmamento lucido	The shining firmament
All universo annunzia	Proclaims to the world
Quanto sieno mirabili	How wonderful are
Della sua destra le opere.	The works of His right hand.

A divine glow overspread her features, and the sacred fire of genius darted from her large black eyes, as the vaulted roof rang with that unequalled voice, and with those lofty accents which could only proceed from an elevated intellect, joined to a good heart. After he had listened for a few instants, a torrent of delicious tears streamed from Marcello's eyes. The count, unable to restrain his emotion, exclaimed —"By the Holy Rood, this woman is beautiful! She is Santa Cecelia, Santa Teresa, Santa Consuelo! She is poetry, she is music, she is faith personified!" As for Anzoleto, who had risen, and whose trembling limbs barely sufficed to sustain him with the aid of his hands, which clung convulsively to the grating of the tribune, he fell back upon his seat ready to swoon, intoxicated with pride and joy. It required all the respect due to the church, to prevent the numerous dilettanti in the crowd from bursting into applause, as if they had been in the theatre. The Count would not wait until the close of the service to express his enthusiasm to Porpora and Consuelo. She was obliged to repair to the tribune of the Count to receive the thanks and gratitude of Marcello. She found him so much agitated as to be hardly able to speak.

"My daughter," said he, with a broken voice, "receive the blessing of a dying man. You have caused me to forget for an instant the mortal suffering of many years. A miracle seems exerted in my behalf, and the unrelenting frightful malady appears to have fled forever at the sound of your voice. If the angels above sing like you, I shall long to quit the world in order to enjoy that happiness which you have made known to me. Blessings then be on you, O my child, and may your earthly happiness correspond to your deserts! I have heard Faustina, Romanina, Cuzzoni, and the rest; but they are not to be named along with you. It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard, and to make it feel what no man has ever yet felt."

Consuelo, overwhelmed by this magnificent eulogium, bowed her head, and almost bending to the ground, kissed, without being able to utter a word, the livid fingers of the dying man.

During the remainder of the service, Consuelo displayed

energy and resources which completely removed any hesitation Count Zustiniani might have felt respecting her. She led, she animated, she sustained the choir, displaying at each instant prodigious powers, and the varied qualities of her voice rather than the strength of her lungs. For those who know how to sing do not become tired, and Consuelo sang with as little effort and labor as others might have in merely breathing. She was heard above all the rest, not because she screamed like those performers, without soul and without breath, but because of the unimaginable purity and sweetness of her tones. Besides, she felt that she was understood in every minute particular. She alone, amidst the vulgar crowd, the shrill voices and imperfect trills of those around her, was a musician and a master. She filled, therefore, instinctively and without ostentation, her powerful part, and as long as the service lasted she took the prominent place which she felt was necessary. After all was over, the choristers imputed it to her as a grievance and a crime; and those very persons who, failing and sinking, had as it were implored her assistance with their looks, claimed for themselves all the eulogiums which are given to the school of Porpora at large.

The Ploughman and His Child.

(From "The Devil's Pool.")

I was walking on the border of a field which some peasants were carefully preparing for the approaching seed-time. The area was vast; the landscape was vast also, and enclosed with great lines of verdure, somewhat reddened by the approach of autumn, that broad field of vigorous brown, where recent rains had left, in some furrows, lines of water which the sun made glitter like fine threads of silver. The day had been clear and warm, and the earth, freshly opened by the cutting of the ploughshares, exhaled a light vapor. In the upper part of the field, an old man gravely held his plough of antique form, drawn by two quiet oxen, with pale yellow skins—real patriarchs of the meadow—large in stature, rather thin, with long turned-down horns, old laborers whom long habit had made "brothers," as they are called by our country people, and who, when separated from each other, refuse to

work with a new companion, and let themselves die of sorrow. The old husbandman worked slowly, in silence, without useless efforts; his docile team did not hurry any more than he; but, owing to the continuity of a labor without distraction, and the appliance of tried and well-sustained strength, his furrow was as soon turned as that of his son, who was ploughing at a short distance from him, with four oxen not so stout, in a vein of stronger and more stony soil.

But that which afterwards attracted my attention was really a beautiful spectacle—a noble subject for a painter. At the other extremity of the arable field, a good-looking young man was driving a magnificent team: four pairs of young animals of a dark color, a mixture of black and bay with streaks of fire, with those short and frizzly heads which still savor of the wild bull, those large savage eyes, those sudden motions, that nervous and jerking labor which still is irritated by the yoke and the goad, and only obeys with a start of anger the recently imposed authority. They were what are called newly-yoked steers. The man who governed them had to clear a corner formerly devoted to pasturage, and filled with century-old stumps, the task of an athlete, for which his energy, his youth, and his eight almost unbroken animals were barely sufficient.

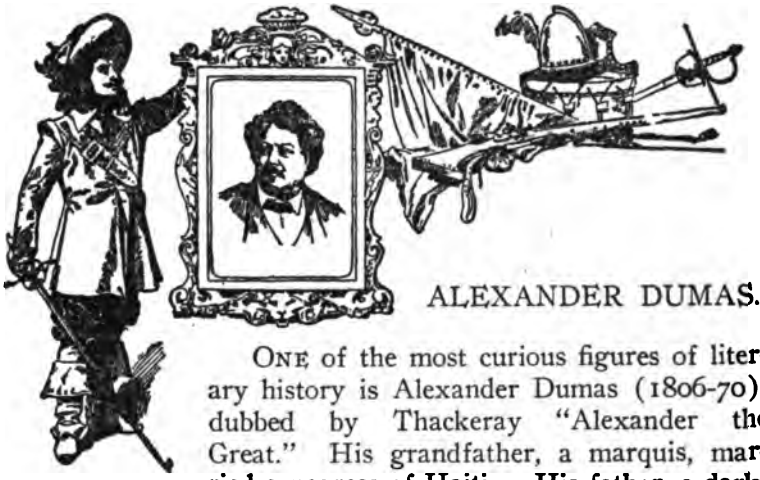
A child six or seven years old, beautiful as an angel, with his shoulders covered, over his blouse, by a lamb-skin, which made him resemble the little Saint John the Baptist of the painters of the Restoration, walked in the furrow parallel to the plough, and touched the flank of the oxen with a long and light stick pointed with a slightly sharpened goad. The proud animals quivered under the small hand of the child, and made their yokes and the thongs bound over their foreheads creak, while they gave violent shocks to the plough handles. When a root stopped the ploughshare, the husbandman shouted with a powerful voice, calling each beast by his name, but rather to calm than excite; for the oxen, irritated by this sudden resistance, leaped, dug up the ground with their broad forked feet, and would have cast themselves out of the track, carrying the plough across the field, if, with his voice and goad, the young man had not restrained the four nearest him, while the child governed the other four. He

also shouted, the poor little fellow, with a voice he wished to make terrible, but which remained as gentle as his angelic face. It was all beautiful in strength or in grace, the landscape, the man, the child, the bulls under the yoke; and in spite of this powerful struggle in which the earth was overcome, there was a feeling of gentleness and deep calm which rested upon all things. When the obstacle was surmounted, and the team had resumed its equal and solemn step, the husbandman, whose feigned violence was only an exercise of vigor, and an expenditure of activity, immediately recovered the serenity of simple souls, and cast a look of paternal satisfaction on his child, who turned to smile on him.

Then the manly voice of this young father of a family struck up the melancholy and solemn strain which the ancient tradition of the country transmits, not to all ploughmen indiscriminately, but to those most consummate in the art of exciting and sustaining the ardor of the oxen at work. This chant, the origin of which was perhaps considered sacred, and to which mysterious influences must formerly have been attributed, is still reputed, at this day, to possess the virtue of keeping up the courage of the animals, of appeasing their dissatisfaction, and of charming the ennui of their long task. It is not enough to know how to drive them well while tracing a perfectly straight furrow, to lighten their labor by raising or depressing the point of the ploughshare opportunely in the soil: no one is a perfect ploughman if he does not know how to sing to the oxen, and this is a science apart, which requires taste and peculiar adaptation. This chant is to say the truth, only a kind of recitative, interrupted and resumed at will. Its irregular form and its false intonations, speaking according to the rules of musical art, render it untranslatable. But it is none the less a beautiful chant, and so appropriate to the nature of the labor which it accompanies, to the gait of the oxen, to the calmness of those rural scenes, to the simplicity of the men who sing it, that no genius, a stranger to the labors of the soil, could have invented it, and no singer other than a "finished ploughman" of that country could repeat it. At those epochs of the year when there is no other labor and no other movement in the country than that of ploughing, this chant, so simple and so powerful, rises like the voice of

a breeze, to which its peculiar toning gives it a kind of resemblance. The final note of each phrase, continued and trilled with an incredible length and power of breath, ascends a quarter of a note with systematic dissonance. This is wild, but the charm of it is invincible, and when you become accustomed to hear it, you cannot conceive how any song could be sung at those hours and in those places without disturbing their harmony.

It was then that, on seeing this beautiful pair, the man and the child, accomplish under such poetical conditions, and with so much gracefulness united with strength, a labor full of grandeur and solemnity, I felt a deep pity mingled with an involuntary respect. "Happy the husbandman!" Yes, doubtless, I should be happy in his place, if my arm, suddenly become strong, and my chest, become powerful, could thus fertilize and sing nature, without my eyes ceasing to see and my brain to comprehend the harmony of colors and of sounds, the fineness of tones, and the gracefulness of outlines—in one word, the mysterious beauty of things! and especially without my heart ceasing to be in relation with the divine feeling which presided over the immortal and sublime creation!



ALEXANDER DUMAS.

ONE of the most curious figures of literary history is Alexander Dumas (1806-70), dubbed by Thackeray "Alexander the Great." His grandfather, a marquis, married a negress of Haiti. His father, a dark-colored, herculean general who fought bravely in Napoleon's army, was wedded to an innkeeper's daughter. The curly hair and mulatto complexion of the famous Dumas expressed the Afric character of his inner self, his tropical luxuriousness of temper, spirit of imagination, the sunny geniality of his genius, and the full-blooded joyousness of his romantic vein. Capricious, prolix, fertile, puissant, he showed his peculiar semi-barbarism in his prodigal habits, his whims, his strange adventures, his very works. The most prolific and best paid author of his day, he squandered his money in a reckless hospitality and was ruined by building for himself a castle of Monte Cristo. Fond of animals, he kept a menagerie. He accompanied Garibaldi on a campaign against the king of Naples, and journeyed to Russia with a charlatan "medium." His son has shown his father as the Count Fernand de la Rivonniere in his aptly named play, "A Prodigal Father." The critic Jules Janin thus summarizes the genius of the elder Dumas: "A mind capable of learning all, forgetting all, comprehending all, neglecting all. Rare mind, rare attention, subtle spirit, gross talent, quick comprehension, execution barely sufficient, and artisan rather than an artist. Skillful to forge, but poor to chisel, and awkward in working with the tools that he knew so well how to make. An inexhaustible mingling of dreams, falsehoods, truths, fancies, impudence, and propriety; of the vagabond and the seigneur, of rich and poor. Sparkling and noisy, the most willful and the

most facile of men; a mixture of the tricky lawyer and of the epic poet; of Achilles and Thersites; swaggering, boastful, vain and—a good fellow."

With this native temperament it is no wonder that Alexandre Dumas proved a born master of romance. His father's military feats, one of which earned for General Dumas from Napoleon himself the title of "the Horatius Cocles of the Republic," must have inspired the son, who after the Empire was to come under the spell of Romanticism and to feed his genius on Scott and Cooper.

Walking on a Paris quay one day, Dumas chanced upon a musty little book which purported to be the "Memoirs of M. D'Artagnan." In these fictitious "Memoirs" Dumas found D'Artagnan whom he has made immortal, and the now famous Three Musketeers—Porthos, Athos and Aramis, as well as the plot of Milady. Here, too, he absorbed the local color of that age of Louis XIII., of Richelieu and Mazarin. In his consequent great trilogy—"The Three Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and "Vicomte de Bragelonne"—he revived the romance of adventure and gallantry. He regalvanized Amadis de Gaul, put him into a French cloak and armed him with a sword. D'Artagnan is a brisk and audacious young Gascon who blunders at first into all manner of mishaps and intrigues from which he extricates himself only by his imperturbable bravery and shrewdness. He provokes a quarrel with the Three Musketeers at the very outset but secures their good graces, and is educated by them into the beau ideal cavalier. These three brother-soldiers are delightfully contrasted—the good-natured giant Porthos, the dignified Athos, and the aristocratic Aramis, who finally enters the church. D'Artagnan, who goes up to Paris to seek his fortune with an old horse and a box of miraculous salve given him by his mother, passes through a series of hairbreadth escapes only to die at last on the field of battle. In these romances Dumas fascinates and thrills his reader. He makes the blood leap. He is prodigal of incident, even if loose of plot, and he is a master of intrigue and action in dialogue. Stirring scenes, indeed, are such as those of the kidnapping of Monk, the death of Porthos in the Grotto of Locmaria, or the scene under the scaffold in "Twenty Years After."

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND CHILDREN.—LE BRUN.

Another masterful trilogy of this weaver of historical romances consists of "Queen Margot," "The Lady of Monsoreau" and "The Forty-Five," which deal with the times and the House of Valois. His other historical novels include "Isabeau of Baviere," dealing with the anarchy and misery of France before Joan d'Arc; "Joan d'Arc," mainly historical; "Joseph Balsamo," a revolutionary romance with Cagliostro as its central figure; "The Queen's Necklace," the great scandal of Marie Antoinette's court; the two "Dianas," for the age of Henry II., and "The Black Tulip," a charming tale of tulipomania and the Dutch William.

It would be useless to attempt to name the whole library of Dumas' novels, written, it has been asserted, by a unique bureau of collaborating assistants, yet dominated by the master's spirit. It is only necessary to mention, besides the above, his "Isaac Laquedem," a tale of the Wandering Jew, his two clever stories,—"Chevalier d'Harmental" and "Olympe de Cleves," and his vastly popular "Count of Monte Cristo." This last may be called the Arabian Nights of modern romance. Extravagant in plot, everybody breathlessly follows the story of Edmond Dantes, who is arrested on the eve of his wedding, is imprisoned in the Chateau d'If, learns of a buried treasure, effects a marvelous escape, and, disguised as Lord Wilmore and as Count Busoni, takes revenge on all his enemies. The count's adventures, if not his riches, are almost too fabulous; but the Chateau d'If portions shows Dumas at his best. The picture of the troubled Napoleonic days is also powerful. Dumas also wrote a number of successful dramas, the most conspicuous being "Henry III," and the melodramatic "Tower of Nesle."

The Defence of Bastion St. Gervais.

(From "The Three Guardsmen.")

When they arrived at the Parpaillot, it was seven in the morning, and the day was just beginning to dawn. The three friends ordered breakfast, and entered a room where the landlord assured them that they would not be disturbed.

The hour was, unfortunately, ill-chosen for a conventicle. The morning drum had just been beaten; every one was busy

shaking off the sleepiness of night, and to drive away the dampness of the morning air, came to take a drop at the tavern. Dragoons, Swiss, guards, musketeers, and light cavalry, succeeded one another with a rapidity very beneficial to the business of mine host, but very unfavorable to the designs of our four friends, who replied but sullenly, to the salutations, toasts, and jests of their companions.

"Come," said Athos, "We shall bring some good quarrel on our hands presently, and we do not want that just now. D'Artagnan, tell us about your night's work: we will tell you ours afterwards."

"In fact," said one of the light-cavalry, who whilst rocking himself, held in his hand a glass of brandy, which he slowly sipped—"in fact you were in the trenches, you gentlemen of the guards, and it seems to me you had a squabble with the Rochellois."

D'Artagnan looked at Athos, to see whether he ought to answer this intruder who thrust himself into the conversation.

"Well," said Athos, "did you not hear M. de Busigny, who did you the honor to address you? Tell us what took place in the night, as these gentlemen seem desirous to hear it."

"Did you not take a bastion?" asked a Swiss, who was drinking rum in a glass of beer.

"Yes, sir," replied d'Artagnan, bowing, "we had that honor. And also, as you have heard, we introduced a barrel of powder under one of the angles, which, on exploding, made a very pretty breach, without reckoning that as the bastion is very old, all the rest of the building is much shaken."

"And what bastion is it?" asked a dragoon, who held, spitted on his sabre, a goose which he had brought to be cooked.

"The bastion Saint Gervais," replied d'Artagnan, "from behind which the Rochellois annoyed our workmen."

"And was it warm work?"

"Yes. We lost five men, and the Rochellois some eight or ten."

"Balzampleu!" said the Swiss, who, in spite of the admirable collection of oaths which the German language possesses, had got a habit of swearing in French.

"But it is probable," said the light-horseman, "that they will send pioneers to repair the bastion this morning."

"Yes, it is probable," said d'Artagnan.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, "a wager."

"Ah! a wager," said the Swiss.

"What is it?" asked the light-horseman.

"Stop," said the dragoon, laying his sabre like a spit on the two great iron dogs which kept up the fire in the chimney. "I am in it! A dripping-pan here, instantly, you noodle of a landlord, that I may not loose one drop of the fat of this estimable bird."

"He is right," said the Swiss, "the fat of a goose is very good with sweetmeats."

"There!" said the dragoon; "and now for the wager. We are listening, M. Athos."

"Well, M. de Busigny," said Athos, "I bet you, that my three comrades, Messieurs Porthos, Aramis, and d'Artagnan, and myself, will go and breakfast in the bastion of St. Gervais, and that we will stay there for one hour by the clock, whatever the enemy may do to dislodge us."

Porthos and Aramis looked at each other, for they began to understand.

"Why," said d'Artagnan, stooping to Athos's ear, "you are going to get us all killed without mercy."

"We shall be more certainly killed if we do not go," replied Athos.

"Ah, faith, gentlemen," said Porthos, throwing himself back in his chair, and twisting his moustache, "that is a fine wager, I hope."

"And I accept it," said M. de Busigny. "Now we must fix the stakes."

"You are four, gentlemen," said Athos, "and we are four: a dinner for eight—will that suit you?"

"Just the thing!" replied M. de Busigny.

"Exactly," said the dragoon.

"That will do!" exclaimed the Swiss. The fourth auditor, who had remained silent throughout the conversation, bowed his head, as a sign that he acquiesced in the proposition.

"The dejeuner of these gentlemen is ready," said the landlord.

"Well, then bring it here," said Athos.

The landlord obeyed. Athos called Grimaud, and showed him a large basket, which was lying in a corner, and made him a sign to wrap up in the napkin all the eatables which had been brought.

Grimaud, comprehending at once that they were going to breakfast on the grass, took the basket, packed up the eatables, put in the bottles, and took the basket up in his arms.

"But where are you going to eat this breakfast?" said the landlord.

"What does it signify to you," replied Athos, "provided you are paid for it?" And he threw two pistoles majestically on the table.

"Must I give you the change, sir?" said mine host.

"No; but add a couple of bottles of champagne, and the difference will pay for the napkins."

The landlord had not made quite such a good thing of it as he at first expected; but he recompensed himself for it by palming off on his four guests two bottles of Anjou wine, instead of the two bottles of champagne.

"M. de Busigny, will you regulate your watch by mine, or permit me to regulate mine by yours?" inquired Athos.

"Whichever you please," said the light-dragoon, drawing from his fob a very beautiful watch encircled with diamonds. "Half-past seven," added he.

"Five-and-thirty minutes after seven," said Athos; "we shall remember that I am five minutes in advance, sir."

Then bowing to the astonished party, the four young men took the road towards the bastion of St. Gervais, followed by Grimaud, who carried the basket, not knowing where he was going, and from the passive obedience that was habitual to him, not thinking even of inquiring.

Whilst they were within the precincts of the camp, the four friends did not exchange a word: they were, besides, followed by the curious, who, having heard of the wager, wished to know how they would extricate themselves from the affair. But when once they had got beyond the lines of circumnavigation and found themselves in the open country, d'Artagnan, who was entirely ignorant of what they were about, thought it high time to demand some explanation.

"And now, my dear Athos," said he, "do me the kindness to tell me where you are going."

"You can see well enough," replied Athos: "we are going to the bastion."

"But what are we going to do there?"

"You know very well—we are going to breakfast there."

"But why do we not breakfast at the Parpaillot?"

"Because we have most important things to tell you, and it was impossible to converse for five minutes in that tavern, with all those troublesome fellows, who come and go, and continually address us. Here, at least," continued Athos, pointing to the bastion, "no one will come to interrupt us."

Having reached the bastion, the four friends looked behind them. More than three hundred soldiers, of every kind, had assembled at the entrance of the camp; and, in a separate group, they saw M. de Busigny, the dragoon, the Swiss, and the fourth wagerer.

Athos took off his hat, raised it on the end of his sword, and waved it in the air. All the spectators returned his salutation, accompanying this act of politeness with a loud hurrah, which reached their ears. After this occurrence they all four disappeared in the bastion, where Grimaud had already preceded them. As Athos had foreseen, the bastion was occupied by about a dozen dead bodies, French and Rochellois.

"Gentlemen," said Athos, who had taken the command of the expedition, "whilst Grimaud prepares the table, let us begin by collecting together the number of muskets and ammunition. We can, moreover, converse whilst we are doing it. These gentlemen," added he, pointing to the dead bodies, "do not hear us."

"But we may, nevertheless, throw them into the ditches," said Porthos, "having first satisfied ourselves that they have nothing in their pockets."

"Yes," replied Athos, "but that is Grimaud's business."

"Well, then," said d'Artagnan, "let Grimaud search them, and throw them over the walls."

"Not upon any account," said Athos; "they may be of use to us."

"These dead be of use to us?" exclaimed Porthos. "Ah, nonsense! you are getting crazy, my dear friend!"

"Do not judge rashly, say both the gospel and the cardinal," replied Arthos. "How many muskets are there, gentlemen?"

"Twelve."

"How much ammunition?"

"A hundred rounds."

"It is quite as many as we need: let us load our muskets."

The four companions set themselves to work; and just as they had loaded the last gun, Grimaud made a sign to them that breakfast was ready.

Athos indicated by a gesture that he was contented with what was done, and then pointed out to Grimaud a sort of sheltered box, where he was to place himself as sentinel. But, to alleviate the annoyance of his guard, Athos allowed him to take with him a loaf, two cutlets and a bottle of wine.

"And now, to breakfast!" said Athos.

The four friends seated themselves upon the ground, with their legs crossed, like Turks or tailors.

"And now," said d'Artagnan, "as you are no longer afraid of being heard, I hope that you are going to let us know your secret."

"I hope that I provide you at the same time both with amusement and glory, gentlemen!" said Athos. "I have induced you to take a charming little excursion: here is a most nutritious breakfast; and below there, are five hundred persons, as you may perceive through the embrasures, who take us for madmen or heroes—two classes of fools who very much resemble each other."

"But this secret?"

"I saw her ladyship last night," said Athos.

D'Artagnan was just carrying his glass to his lips; but at the sound of her ladyship's name, his hand trembled so that he placed his glass on the ground, in order that he might not spill its contents.

"You have seen your wi—"

"Hush, then!" interrupted Athos; "you forget, my dear fellow, that these gentlemen are not, like you, initiated in the privacies of my family affairs. I have seen her ladyship."

"And where happened that?" demanded d'Artagnan.

"About two leagues from hence, at the Red Dove-Cot."

"In that case, I am a lost man," said d'Artagnan.

"Not just yet," replied Athos; "for, by this time, she must have quitted the shores of France."

D'Artagnan breathed again.

"But after all," inquired Porthos, "who is this lady?"

"A charming woman," said Athos, tasting a glass of sparkling wine. "Scamp of a landlord!" exclaimed he, "who gives us Anjou for champagne, and who thinks we shall be deceived by the subterfuge! Yes," continued he, "a charming woman, to whom our friend d'Artagnan has done something unpardonable, for which she is endeavoring to avenge herself—a month ago, by trying to get him shot; a week ago, by sending him some poison; and yesterday, by demanding his head of the cardinal."

"What! demanding my head of the cardinal?" cried d'Artagnan, pale with terror.

"Yes," said Porthos, "it is true as gospel; for I heard her with my own ears."

"And I also," said Aramis.

"Then," said d'Artagnan, letting his arm fall in a desponding manner, "it is useless to struggle longer: I may as well blow out my brains at once, and have done with it."

"That is the last folly to be perpetrated," said Arthos, "seeing it is the only one which will not admit of remedy."

"But with such enemies, I shall never escape," said d'Artagnan. "First, my unknown antagonist of Meung; then, de Wardes, on whom I inflicted four wounds; next, this lady, whose secret I found out; and, lastly, the cardinal, whose revenge I defeated."

"Well!" said Athos, "and all this makes only four, and we are four—one against one. Egad! if we may trust to Grimaud's signs, we are now about to engage with a far greater number of foes. What's the matter, Grimaud? Considering the seriousness of the circumstance, I permit you to speak, my friend; but be laconic, I beseech you. What do you see!"

"A troop."

"How many persons?"

"Twenty men."

"What sort of men?"

"Sixteen pioneers and four soldiers."

"How far are they off?"

"Five hundred paces."

"Good! We have still time to finish our fowl, and to drink a glass of wine. To your health, d'Artagnan."

"Your health," repeated Aramis and Porthos.

"Well, then, to my health; although I do not imagine that your good wishes will be of much benefit to me."

"Bah!" said Athos, "God is great, as the Mahometans say, and the future is in his hands."

Then, having swallowed his wine, and put the glass down, Athos carelessly arose, took the first musket which came to his hand and went towards an embrasure.

The three others did the same. As for Grimaud, he had orders to place himself behind them and to reload their muskets.

An instant afterwards, they saw the troop appearing. It came along a kind of branch trench, which formed a communication between the bastion and the town.

"Zounds!" said Athos, "it is scarcely worth while to disturb ourselves for a score of fellows armed with pick-axes, mattocks and spades!—Grimaud ought to have quietly beckoned to them to go about their business, and I am quite convinced that they would have left us to ourselves."

"I much doubt it," said d'Artagnan, "for they come forward with great resolution. Besides, in addition to the workmen, there are four soldiers and a brigadier, armed with muskets."

"That is because they have not seen us," replied Athos.

"Faith," said Aramis, "I confess that I am reluctant to fire upon these poor devils of citizens."

"He is a bad priest," said Porthos, "who pities heretics."

"Upon my word," said Athos, "Aramis is right. I will give them a caution."

"What the plague are you doing?" cried d'Artagnan; "you will get yourself shot, my dear fellow."

But Athos paid no attention to this warning; and mounting on the breach, his fusee in one hand and his hat in the other:

"Gentlemen," said he, bowing courteously, and addressing himself to the soldiers and pioneers who, astonished by this apparition, halted at about fifty paces from the bastion; "gentle-

men, we are, some of my friends and myself, engaged at breakfast in this bastion. Now you know that nothing is more disagreeable than to be disturbed at breakfast; so we entreat of you, if you really have business here, to wait till we have finished our repast, or to come back in a little while; unless, indeed, you experience the salutary desire of forsaking the ranks of rebellion, and coming to drink with us to the health of the king of France."

"Take care, Athos," said d'Artagnan; "don't you see that they are taking aim at you?"

"Yes, yes," said Athos; "but these are citizens, who are shocking bad marksmen, and will take care not to hit me."

In fact, at that moment four shots were fired, and the bullets whistled around Athos, but without one touching him.

Four shots were instantaneously returned, but with a far better aim than that of the aggressors, three soldiers fell dead and one of the pioneers was wounded.

"Grimaud," said Athos, from the breach, "another musket."

Grimaud obeyed immediately.

The three friends had also reloaded their arms. A second discharge soon followed the first, and the brigadier and two pioneers fell dead. The rest of the troop took to flight.

"Come, gentlemen, a sortie!" said Athos.

The four friends rushed out of the fort; reached the field of battle, picked up the muskets of the soldiers, and the half-pike of the brigadier; and, satisfied that the fugitives would never stop till they reached the town, they returned to the bastion, bearing with them the trophies of their victory.

"Reload the muskets, Grimaud," said Athos; "and let us,

gentlemen, continue our breakfast and conversation. Where were we?"

"I recollect," said d'Artagnan; "you were saying, that, after having demanded my head of the cardinal, her ladyship had left the shores of France. And where is she going?" added d'Artagnan, who was painfully anxious about the itinerary of the lady's journey.

"She is going to England," replied Athos.

"And for what object?"

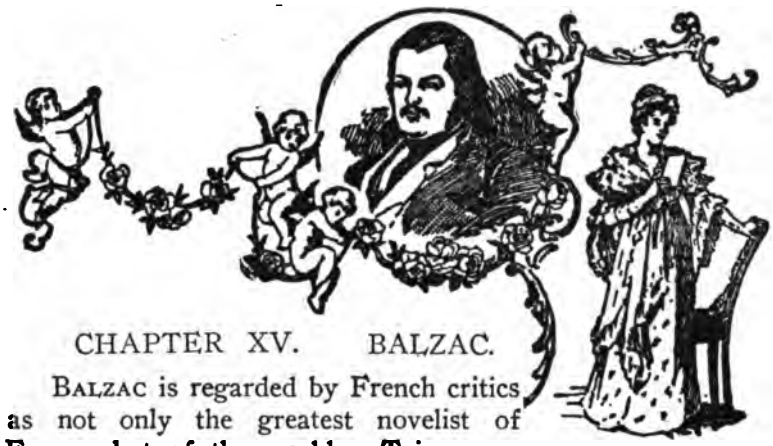
"To assassinate the Duke of Buckingham, or to get him assassinated."

D'Artagnan uttered an exclamation of surprise and indignation.

"It is infamous!" exclaimed he.

"Oh, as to that," said Athos, "I beg you to believe that I concern myself very little about it. Now that you have finished, Grimaud," continued he, "take the half-pike of our brigadier, fasten a napkin to it, and fix it on the end of our bastion, that those rebellious Rochellois may see that they are opposed to brave and loyal subjects of the king."

Grimaud obeyed without reply; and an instant afterwards the white flag floated over the heads of the four friends. A cry of joy, a thunder of applause saluted its appearance. Half the camp was at the barriers.



CHAPTER XV. BALZAC.

BALZAC is regarded by French critics as not only the greatest novelist of France, but of the world. Taine pronounced his works "the greatest storehouse of documents in human nature." But his style has been criticized as "the least simple, probably, that ever was written; it bristles, it cracks, it swells and swaggers;" it was the expression of a fertile, intense and vivid imagination. Owing to his cumbrous style Balzac was obliged to serve a hard apprenticeship, and his early dramas and stories have fallen into neglect. He did not show his real merit until he wrote "The Chouans" in 1830. Finally he conceived the stupendous idea of the "Comédie humaine" (the comedy of human life) and carried it into marvelous execution, though not completion.

Honoré de Balzac was born in Touraine in 1799, and was thus three years older than Victor Hugo. His family wished him to study law and tried to starve him out of his literary ambition, but his sister Laura sustained his courage by her faith in his genius. He was always fond of speculation, and when his novels began to attract attention, he entered into a grand scheme of printing and publishing, which so loaded him with debt that his task of novel-writing became like the notorious one of Sir Walter Scott's declining years. But in that decade, 1830-40, Balzac, spurred on by necessity, produced most of his best works. His years of terrible toil were lightened by the hope of marriage with a Polish Countess Hanska. But the widow, out of deference to the proprieties, delayed their wedding fully sixteen years. At last the worn-out novelist, then fifty-one, was married in March, 1850, and lived only until August, without realizing that "sweetest of all autumns" to which he had looked forward.

It has been declared that "the great general protagonist of the 'Comédie humaine' is the 20-franc piece." Money certainly resounds through all of Balzac's Inferno as gold does through Dante's third circle. The miser's passion was that which Balzac was most moved to depict; there are numerous portraitures—Eugenie Grandet, Silvie Rogron, the heirs of Doctor Mirouet, Maitre Cornelius, Raphael, the wife of Marquis d'Espard, and Gobseck, the Parisian usurer. Balzac's street-wanderings and Parisian experiences during his early years of profitless romance-writing and play-making were by no means without fruit. In one of the rare autobiographic bits of his "Comedy" he pictures the young man roaming the streets of Paris and following other pedestrians to overhear their conversation. "In listening to these people," he makes his character remark, "I could espouse their life. I felt their rags upon my back; walked with my feet in their broken shoes; their desires, their wants—everything passed into my soul, and my soul passed into theirs; it was the dream of a waking man." And truly Balzac achieved this supreme transference in his great romance-scheme. Scarcely ever do we get a peep of the author himself in his "Comedy;" like Shakespeare, he refuses to be autobiographic.

The idea of the vast fabric of the "Comedy" was not announced by Balzac until 1842, when he had for twelve years been busy in composing his master-pieces. Then suddenly he issued a manifesto, which should be a preface to his works. He declared his intention of doing for mankind what Buffon and Saint-Hilaire had done for the animal kingdom. He undertook to analyze and classify man and life. He called himself the historian of manners, the secretary of society. His "Comedy" does form a wonderful picture of the mass of French civilization of his time. The imaginary world which he revealed is a reflex of the real French world. He claimed to have created at least two thousand original characters. Open "Le Père Goriot" and consider the peculiar relations of the strange inhabitants of the Maison Vauquer, and you find that you have stepped into a new world. That shabby boarding-house is a stage of vast dramas. The same multitudinous effect is felt in the guests that assemble at Madame Bargeton's party, and in many other places. Severe critics

declare that much of Balzac's philosophy about his "Comedy" is charlatanry by which he was himself duped; that his scheme falls far short of being comprehensive, that his limited experience and his plebeian origin (despite his fictitious "de," adopted late in life) prevented him from properly describing the Faubourg St. Germaine and fashionable life; that he had no sense of morality, and that his virtuous women are at the best abstractions, not realities; that he hated the bourgeois too much to do them justice; and that he always looked at provincial life with the eyes of a Parisian boulevardier. These charges are, in the main, true. The scheme of the "Comedy" is by no means scientifically exact, and the divisions are arbitrary and fantastic. He was thoroughly sensual, and transferred his libertinism to the children of his fancy. He paid too much attention to the vulgar, the vicious and the vile. He himself wrote to George Sand: "Vulgar natures interest me more than they do you. I magnify them, idealize them inversely in their ugliness or folly, giving them terrible or grotesque proportions."

The "Comédie humaine" was divided by Balzac into three main sections—Studies of Manners, Philosophical Studies, Analytic Studies. The Studies of Manners he subdivided into "Scenes of Private Life" (24 stories), "Scenes of Provincial Life" (10 stories), "Scenes of Country Life" (3 stories), "Scenes of Parisian Life," his most brilliant section (20 stories), and "Scenes Political and Military" (7 stories). His Philosophical Studies comprise 20 stories, and his Analytical Studies only two. His only truly political work is the "Deputé of Arcis" (left incomplete); his actual military tales are his early "Chouans," "Le Colonel Chabert" (in which there is a description of the battle of Eylau and the French retreat), and "L'Adieu" with its battle scene. The "Passion in a Desert," which relates a panther's love for a soldier, would now be called a decadent tale. In "The Country Doctor" Balzac has expressed the French peasantry's worship of Napoleon.

Among Balzac's masterpieces are "Le Père Goriot," in which old Goriot, like King Lear, makes terrible sacrifice for his two heartless daughters; "Eugénie Grandet," in which a mother and a noble daughter are sacrificed to a sordid miser;

"Poor Relations" in which Cousin Pons, an old musician and bric-a-brac collector is left to the mercy of rogues; "Cousine Bette," which describes the ruin of Baron Hulot by that queen of the demimonde, Valérie Marneffe; "Lost Illusions" and "The Splendors and Miseries of Courtesans," in which Vautrin, the king of convicts, uses the artist, Lucien de Rubempré as a cat's-paw to prey on society; "Ursule Mirouet," in which heirs quarrel for a fortune; "La Duchesse de Langeais," a study of fashionable life, containing a celebrated Spanish convent scene; "The Grandeur and Decline of Cesar Birotteau," in which a pack of scoundrels prey upon a rich perfumer; "The Magic Skin," in which Raphael's talisman is a wild ass's hide, that shrinks with every desire granted and thus shortens his life; "The Search of the Infinite," in which Claës, an alchemist and monomaniac, melts up his family's fortune; and "Louis Lambert," a mystical romance. Among his short tales the most notable are "The Passion in a Desert;" "La Grande Bretecke," in which a husband walls up his wife's lover; "Gobseck," the Parisian usurer; "An Episode under the Terror," which tells the absolution of the executioner of Louis Capet; and "The Anonymous Masterpiece," in which a painter realizes a splendid illusion.

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

The doctor's house, on the side facing the garden, consists of a ground floor and a single story, with a row of five windows in each; dormer windows also project from the tiled mansard-roof. The green-painted shutters are in startling contrast with the grey tones of the walls. A vine wanders along the whole side of the house, a pleasant strip of green like a frieze, between the two stories. A few struggling Bengal roses make shift to live as best they may, half drowned at times by the drippings from the gutterless eves.

As you enter the vestibule, the salon lies to your right; it contains four windows, two of which look into your yard, and two into the garden. Ceiling and wainscot are panelled, and the walls are hung with seventeenth century tapestry—pathetic evidence that the room had been the object of the late owner's aspiration, and that he had lavished all that he

could spare upon it. The great roomy arm-chairs, covered with brocaded damask; the old-fashioned, gilded candle-sconces above the chimney-piece, and the window curtains with their heavy tassels, showed that the curé had been a wealthy man. Benassis had made some additions to this furniture, which was not without a character of its own. He had placed two smaller tables, decorated with carved wooden garlands, between the windows on opposite sides of the room, and had put a clock, in a case of tortoise shell, inlaid with copper, upon the mantel-shelf. The doctor seldom occupied the salon; its atmosphere was damp and close, like that of a room that is always kept shut. Memories of the dead curé still lingered about it; the peculiar scent of his tobacco seemed to pervade the corner by the hearth where he had been wont to sit. The two great easy-chairs were symmetrically arranged on either side of the fire, which had not been lighted since the time of M. Gravier's visit; the bright flames from the pine logs lighted the room.

'The evenings are chilly even now,' said Benassis, 'it is pleasant to see a fire.'

Genestas was meditating. He was beginning to understand the doctor's indifference to his everyday surroundings.

'It is surprising to me, sir, that you, who possess real public spirit, should have made no effort to enlighten the Government, after accomplishing so much.'

Benassis began to laugh, but without bitterness; he said, rather sadly:

'You mean that I should draw up some sort of memorial on various ways of civilizing France? You are not the first to suggest it, sir; M. Gravier has forestalled you. Unluckily, Governments cannot be enlightened, and a Government which regards itself as a diffuser of light is the least open to enlightenment. What we have done for our canton, every mayor ought, of course, to do for his; the magistrate should work for his town, the sub-prefect for his district, the prefect for his department, and the minister for France, each acting in his own sphere of interest. For the few miles of country road that I persuaded our people to make, another would succeed in constructing a canal or highway; and for my encouragement of the peasants' trade in hats, a minister would

emancipate France from the industrial yoke of the foreigner by encouraging the manufacture of clocks in different places, by helping to bring to perfection our iron and steel, our tools and appliances, or by bringing silk or dyer's wood into cultivation.

'In commerce, "encouragement" does not mean protection. A really wise policy should aim at making a country independent of foreign supply, but this should be effected without resorting to the pitiful shifts of customs duties and prohibitions. Industries must work out their own salvation, competition is the life of trade. A protected industry goes to sleep, and monopoly, like the protective tariff, kills it outright. The country upon which all others depend for their supplies will be the land which will promulgate free trade, for it will be conscious of its power to produce its manufactures at prices lower than those of any of its competitors. France is in a better position to attain this end than England, for France alone possesses an amount of territory sufficiently extensive to maintain a supply of agricultural produce at prices that will enable the worker to live on low wages; the Administration should keep this end in view, for therein lies the whole modern question. I have not devoted my life to this study, dear sir; I found my work by accident, and late in the day. Such simple things as these are too slight, moreover, to build into a system; there is nothing wonderful about them, they do not lend themselves to theories; it is their misfortune to be merely practically useful. And then work cannot be done quickly. The man who means to succeed in these ways must daily look within himself to find the stock of courage needed for the day, a courage in reality of the rarest kind, though it does not seem hard to practice, and meets with little recognition—the courage of the schoolmaster, who must say the same things over and over again. We all honour the man who has shed his blood on the battlefield, as you have done; but we ridicule this other whose life-fire is slowly consumed in repeating the same words to children of the same age. There is no attraction for any of us in obscure well-doing. We know nothing of the civic virtue that led the great men of ancient times to serve their country in the lowest rank whenever they did not command. Our age

is afflicted with a disease that makes each of us seek to rise above his fellows, and there are more saints than shrines among us.

'This is how it has come to pass. The monarchy fell, and we lost Honour, Christian Virtue faded with the religion of our forefathers, and our own ineffectual attempts at government have destroyed Patriotism. Ideas can never utterly perish, so these beliefs linger on in our midst, but they do not influence the great mass of the people, and Society has no support but Egoism. Every individual believes in himself. For us the future means egoism; further than that we cannot see. The great man who shall save us from the shipwreck which is imminent will no doubt avail himself of this individualism when he makes a nation of us once more; but until this regeneration comes, we bide our time in a materialistic and utilitarian age. Utilitarianism—to this conclusion have we come. We are all rated, not at our just worth, but according to our social importance. People will scarcely look on an energetic man if he is in shirt-sleeves. The Government itself is pervaded by this idea. A minister sends a paltry medal to a sailor who has saved a dozen lives at the risk of his own, while the deputy who sells his vote to those in power receives the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

'Woe to a people made up of such men as these! For nations, like men, owe all their strength and vitality that is in them to noble thoughts and aspirations, and men's feelings shape their faith. But when self-interest has taken the place of faith, and each of us thinks only of himself, and believes in himself alone, how can you expect to find among us much of that civil courage whose very essence consists in self-renunciation? The same principle underlies both military and civil courage, although you soldiers are called upon to yield your lives up once and for all, while ours are given slowly drop by drop, and the battle is the same for both, although it takes different forms.

'The man who would fain civilize the lowliest spot on earth needs something besides wealth for the task. Knowledge is still more necessary; and knowledge, and patriotism, and integrity are worthless unless they are accompanied by a firm determination on his part to set his own personal in-

terests completely aside, and to devote himself to a social idea. France, no doubt, possesses more than one well-educated man and more than one patriot in every commune; but I am fully persuaded that not every canton can produce a man who to these valuable qualifications unites the unflagging will and pertinacity with which a blacksmith hammers out iron. . . .

'Luckily I found a *tabula rasa* in this district. They have followed my advice, and the land is well cultivated; but there had been no previous errors in agriculture, and the soil was good to begin with, so that it has been easy to introduce the five-ply shift, artificial grasses, and potatoes. My methods did not clash with people's prejudices. The faultily constructed ploughshares in use in some parts of France were unknown here, the hoe sufficed for the little field work that they did. Our wheelwright extolled my wheeled ploughs because he wished to increase his own business, so I secured an ally in him; but in this matter, as in all others, I sought to make the good of one conduce to the good of all.

. . . 'On the other side of the mountain at the foot of which our deserted village lies, they find it impossible to use wheeled ploughs, because the soil is not deep enough. Now if the mayor of the commune were to take it into his head to follow in our footsteps, he would be the ruin of his neighbourhood. I advised him to plant vineyards; they had a capital vintage last year in the little district, and their wine is exchanged for our corn.

'Then, lastly, it must be remembered that my words carried a certain weight with the people to whom I preached, and that we were continually brought into close contact. I cured my peasants' complaints; an easy task, for a nourishing diet is, as a rule, all that is needed to restore them to health and strength. Either through thrift, or through sheer poverty, the country people starve themselves; any illness among them is caused in this way, and as a rule they enjoy very fair health.

'When I first decided to devote myself to this life of obscure renunciation, I was in doubt for a long while whether to become a curé, a country doctor, or a justice of the peace. It is not without reason that people speak collectively of the

priest, the lawyer, and the doctor as "men of the black robe"—so the saying goes. The first heals the wounds of the soul, the second those of the purse, and the third those of the body. They represent the three principal elements necessary to the existence of society—conscience, property, and health. At one time the first, and at a later period the second was all-important in the State. Our predecessors on this earth thought, perhaps not without reason, that the priest, who prescribed what men should think, ought to be paramount; so the priest was king, pontiff, and judge in one, for in those days belief and faith were everything. All this has been changed in our day; and we must even take our epoch as we find it. But I, for one, believe that the progress of civilization and the welfare of the people depend on these three men. They are the three powers who bring home to the people's minds the ways in which facts, interests, and principles affect them. They themselves are the three great results produced in the midst of the nation by the operation of events, by the ownership of property, and by the growth of ideas. Time goes on and brings changes to pass, property increases or diminishes in men's hands, all the various readjustments have to be duly regulated, and in this way principles of social order are established. If civilization is to spread itself, and production is to be increased, the people must be made to understand the way in which the interests of the individual harmonize with national interests which resolve themselves into facts, interests and principles. As these three professions are bound to deal with these issues of human life, it seemed to me that they must be the most powerful civilizing agencies of our time. They alone afford to a man of wealth the opportunity of mitigating the fate of the poor, with whom they daily bring him in contact.

'The peasant is always more willing to listen to the man who lays down rules for saving him from bodily ills than to the priest who exhorts him to save his soul. The first speaker can talk of this earth, the scene of the peasant's labours, while the priest is bound to talk to him of heaven, with which, unfortunately, the peasant nowadays concerns himself very little indeed. I say unfortunately, because the doctrine of a future life is not only a consolation but a means by which

men may be governed. Is not religion the one power that sanctions social laws? We have but lately vindicated the existence of God. In the absence of a religion, the Government was driven to invent the Terror, in order to carry its laws into effect; but the terror was the fear of man, and it has passed away.

'When a peasant is ill, when he is forced to lie on his pallet, and while he is recovering, he cannot help himself, he is forced to listen to logical reasoning, which he can understand quite well if it is clearly put before him. This thought made a doctor of me. My calculations for the peasants were made along with them. I never gave advice unless I was quite sure of the results, and in this way compelled them to admit the wisdom of my views. The people require infallibility. Infallibility was the making of Napoleon; he would have been a god if he had not filled the world with the sound of his fall at Waterloo. If Mahomet founded a permanent religion after conquering the third part of the globe, it was by dint of concealing his deathbed from the crowd. The same rules hold good for the great conquerer and for the provincial mayor, and a nation or a commune is much the same sort of crowd; indeed, the great multitude of mankind is the same everywhere.

'I have been exceedingly firm with those whom I have helped with money; if I had not been inflexible on this point, they would all have laughed at me. Peasants, no less than worldlings, end by despising the man that they can deceive. He has been cheated? Clearly, then, he must have been weak; and it is might alone that governs the world. I have never charged a penny for my professional advice, except to those who were evidently rich people; but I have not allowed the value of my services to be overlooked at all, and I always make them pay for medicine unless the patient is exceedingly poor. If my peasants do not pay me in money, they are quite aware that they are in my debt; sometimes they satisfy their consciences by bringing oats for my horses, or corn, when it is cheap. But if the miller were to send me some eels as a return for my advice, I should tell him that he is too generous for such a small matter. My politeness bears fruit. In the winter I shall have some sacks of flour for the poor. Ah,

TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

sir, they have kind hearts, these people, if one does not slight them, and today I think more good and less evil of them than I did formerly.'

'What a deal of trouble you have taken!' said Genestas.

'Not at all,' answered Benassis. 'It was no more trouble to say something useful than to chatter about trifles; and whether I chatted or joked, the talk always turned on them and their concerns wherever I went. They would not listen to me at first. I had to overcome their dislikes; I belonged to the middle classes—that is to say, I was a natural enemy. I found the struggle amusing. An easy or an uneasy conscience—that is all the difference that lies between doing well or ill; the trouble is the same in either case. If scoundrels would but behave themselves properly, they might be millionaires instead of being hanged. That is all.'

'The dinner is growing cold, sir!' cried Jacquotte, in the doorway. BALZAC.

EMILE ZOLA.

PROMINENT as Zola has been for years in contemporary French literature, it is not yet time for a proper estimate of his work to be formed. He was born in 1840, and died in 1902. His origin was obscure; his mother was French, his father Italian; his youth was embarrassed by poverty, and it was not until after his thirtieth year that he conceived the plan of the Rougon-Macquart Series of novels, in which he attempts to apply the theory of heredity as a sufficient explanation of the events of human life. His ambition was to emulate, or supplement, Balzac's great "Human Comedy;" but his work is vitiated by the bigotry of its underlying theory, and there results a monotony which is not relieved by the beauties and compensations of art. Zola's little code of dogmas fails adequately to measure the dimensions of mankind. Nevertheless, he was a writer of force and power; he could draw character and weave an absorbing web of circumstances.

As Zola was the first writer of fiction deliberately to undertake the analysis of human nature on scientific principles, his books soon attracted attention, and presently won a fame, or

a notoriety, which is altogether in excess of their true value. The foul indecency of many of them augmented their commercial worth, and as leader of a new Naturalistic School, Zola appeared as one of the foremost literary men of France, if not of his age. But sober criticism is compelled to see in him a mind deeply tainted with unwholesome predispositions; he takes the gloomy and repulsive side even of his own dismal theory; and he fails, in the end, to convince us that he has discovered truth. There is in the contents of his series enough good writing and just observation to warrant a sound literary reputation; and we may conjecture that, had he been endowed with a healthier temperament, or had he avoided the pitfalls of a shallow and inconclusive science, he might have been known as an honored member of the literary guild; yet it should be borne in mind that his success, such as it is, may be due to that same mental perversity which renders that success transitory and unsound. The frequent and violent denunciations of Zola have not injured him; but he has been made ridiculous, and his vogue shortened, by the many absurd eulogies and analyses of his reproductions, put forth by hysteric critics who hastened to accept him at his own solemn and extravagant valuation. It has been said that the value of each one of his novels is enhanced by the fact that it is one of the series—a part of an organic whole. But the opposite of this is more probably the truth; we could accept and perhaps admire many single productions of his genius, were we not compelled to regard each but as a facet of his entire achievement. We could forgive him for a dreary, morbid and repulsive book, but not for forcing us to regard it as a step in the development of a materialistic and unconfirmed hypothesis of mortal existence.

The underlying structural idea of the series is that of two branches of a family, one legitimate, one illegitimate, gradually ramifying throughout the various grades and phases of society, and exemplifying the characteristic types of modern life. There is insanity at the root of the genealogical tree of the race, and it flowers in all manner of sordid, vicious and monstrous ways. The author aims, in imitation of Flaubert, to be coldly dispassionate in his treatment, and to concede nothing to sentiment and art; he professes to seek the truth

only, and to be sublimely indifferent to consequences. But this is a mere pose, which, if it deceives Zola himself, deceives no one else. It would be easy to point to inconsistencies in his execution, as well as to fallacies in his method; his stories are not natural in the sense he pretends; they bear the marks of the personal equation of their composer as plainly as do those of other writers. Indeed, one of the few things which his books go near to demonstrate is, that to reproduce nature in novels is impossible. We must select, emphasize and arrange; we must begin, culminate and conclude. Zola, no more than another man, is of a stature to see the bend of the infinite arc of human destiny; and the petty arcs he traces on his paper are ridiculous, not so much in themselves, as in their pretensions.

Zola's most widely-known books are "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "La Terre" and "Le Debacle." They are also in many respects his most revolting productions. In "La Rêve" he attempts to show that he can write a pure story; but it is one of his most labored and least interesting efforts. It may be said, paradoxically, that Zola is at his best when at his worst. But he has been diligent, painstaking, and—in his own way—conscientious; and the profession of literature may confess a debt to him. It will never again be possible for a successful writer to be a careless one, or to neglect the study of life, as a preliminary to depicting it. Zola overdid the note-book, or misused it; but he showed the value of strict observation; and the literature of the future, if it remain true to art, may thank him for the hint that reality cannot safely be ignored.

When his Rougon-Macquart Series was brought to a conclusion, Zola projected another literary scheme, to illustrate the religious movement of the age in three works—"Lourdes," "Rome" and "Paris," corresponding somewhat remotely to Faith, Hope and Charity. A priest who has become perplexed with doubts goes on a pilgrimage to Lourdes to restore his faith, but rather has his disbelief increased by what he sees there; he goes to Rome, but is disappointed; he returns to Paris and there finds science and truth in closest conflict with ignorance and misery, and accepts beneficence to one's neighbors as the chief duty and proper aim of life.

Hardly had Zola finished these romances of religion when he startled the world by interfering in political affairs, accusing the heads of the army of the grossest injustice in the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus and demanding a new trial for the victim. The result was his own trial, condemnation, appeal and withdrawal from France. Meantime unexpected revelations seem to prove that he was in the right, and French public opinion, which had been excited against him for attacking the army administration, turned in his favor.

A Fight with Flails.

(From "La Terre.")

When the relatives, invited to a baptism and supper, had gone to look over the farm, Buteau, dissatisfied at losing the afternoon, took off his jacket and began to thresh, in the paved corner of the court-yard; for he needed a sack of wheat. But he soon wearied of threshing alone, he wanted, to warm him up, the double cadence of the flails, tapping in measure; and he called Françoise, who often aided him in his work, her arms as hard as those of a lad:—"Eh! Françoise, will you come?"

His wife, who was preparing a ragoût of veal with carrots, and who had charged her sister to watch a roast of pork on the spit, wished to prevent the latter from obeying. But Buteau persisted, and Françoise, who had already put on an old dress, was forced to follow him. She took a flail, her own. With both hands she made it whirl above her head, bringing it down upon the wheat, which it struck with a sharp blow. Buteau, opposite her, did the same, and soon nothing was seen but the bits of flying wood. The grain leaped, fell like hail, beneath the panting toc-toc of the two threshers.

At a quarter to seven o'clock, as the night was coming on, Fouan and the Delhommes presented themselves.

"We must finish," Buteau cried to them, without stopping. "Fire away, Françoise!"

She did not pause, tapped harder, in the excitement of the work and the noise. And it was thus that Jean, who arrived in his turn, with the permission to dine out, found them. Françoise, on seeing him, stopped short, troubled. Buteau,

having wheeled about, stood for an instant motionless with surprise and anger. "What are you doing here?"

But Lise cried out, with her gay air: "Eh! true, I have not told you. I saw him this morning, and asked him to come."

The inflamed face of her husband became so terrible, that she added, wishing to excuse herself: "I have an idea, Père Fouan, that he has a request to make of you."

"What request?" said the old man.

Jean colored, and stammered, greatly vexed that the matter should be broached in this way, so quickly, before everybody. But Buteau interrupted him violently, the smiling glance that his wife had cast upon Françoise had sufficed to enlighten him: "Are you making game of us? She is not for you, you scoundrel!"

This brutal reception restored Jean his courage. He turned his back, and addressed the old man: "This is the story, Père Fouan, it's very simple. As you are Françoise's guardian, it is necessary for me to address myself to you to get her, is it not? If she will take me, I will take her. It is marriage that I ask."

Françoise, who was still holding her flail, dropped it, trembling with fright. She ought, however, to have expected this; but never could she have thought that Jean would dare to demand her thus, immediately. Why had he not talked with her about it first? She was overwhelmed, she could not have said if she trembled with hope or with fear. And, all of a quiver, she stood between the two men.

Buteau did not give Fouan time to answer. He resumed, with a growing fury:—"Eh? you have gall! An old fellow of thirty-three marry a girl of eighteen! Only fifteen years difference! Is it not laughable?"

Jean commenced to get angry. "What difference does it make to you, if I want her and she wants me?" And he turned towards Françoise, that she might give her decision. But she remained frightened, stiffened, and seeming not to understand the case. She could not say No; she did not say Yes, however. Buteau, besides, was looking at her as if he would kill her, to force back the Yes in her throat. If she married, he would lose her land. The sudden thought of this result put the climax to his rage.

"See here, father, see here, Delhomme, it's not right to give this girl to that old villain, who is not even of the district, who comes from nobody knows where, after having dragged his ugly mug in all directions! A failure of a joiner who has turned farmer, because, very sure, he has some dirty business to hide!"

"And afterwards? If I want her and she wants me!" repeated Jean, who had controlled himself. "Come, Françoise, speak."

"But it's true!" cried Lise, carried away by the desire of marrying off her sister, in order to disembarrass herself of her, "what have you to say, if they come to an understanding? She has no need of your consent; it's very considerate in her not to send you about your business with a flea in your ear. You exhaust our patience!"

Then Buteau saw that the marriage would be decided upon, if the young girl spoke. At that instant La Grande (the old aunt) entered the court-yard, followed by the Charleses, who had returned with Eloide. And he summoned them with a gesture, without knowing yet what he would say. Then his face puffed out, he bawled, shaking his fist at his wife and sister-in-law:

"Name of God! I'll break the heads of both of them, the jades!"

The Charleses caught his words, open-mouthed, with consternation. Madam Charles threw herself forward, as if to cover with her body Eloide, who was listening; then, pushing her towards the kitchen garden, she herself cried out, very loudly: "Go look at the salads; go look at the cabbages! Oh! the fine cabbages!"

Buteau continued, violently abusing the two women, upon whom he heaped all sorts of epithets. Lise, astonished at this sudden fit, contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, repeating: "He is crazy! he is crazy!"

"Tell him it's none of his business!" cried Jean to Françoise.

"Very sure it's none of his business!" said the young girl, with a tranquil air.

"Ah! it's none of my business, eh?" resumed Buteau.

"Well, I'm going to make you both march, jades that you are!"

This mad audacity paralyzed, bewildered Jean. The others, the Delhommes, Fouan, La Grande, held aloof. They did not seem surprised; they thought, evidently, that Buteau had a right to do as he pleased in his own house. Then Buteau felt himself victorious in his undisputed strength of possession. He turned towards Jean. "And now for you, scoundrel, who came here to turn my house upside down! Get out of here on the instant! Eh! you refuse. Wait, wait!"

He picked up his flail, he whirled it about his head, and Jean had only the time to seize the other flail, Françoise's, to defend himself. Cries burst forth, they strove to throw themselves between them; but the two men were so terrible that they drew back. The long handles of the flails carried the blows for several yards; they swept the court-yard. The two adversaries stood alone, in the centre, at a distance from each other, enlarging the circle of their flails. They uttered not a word, their teeth set. Only the sharp blows of the pieces of wood were heard at each stroke.

Buteau had launched forth the first blow, and Jean, yet stooping, would have had his head broken, if he had not leaped backwards. Instantly, with a sudden stiffening of the muscles, he arose, he raised, he brought down the flail, like a thresher beating the grain. But already the other was striking also, the two flail ends met, bent back upon their leather straps, in the mad flight of wounded birds. Three times the same clash was reproduced. They saw only those bits of wood whirl and hiss in the air at the extremity of the handles, always ready to fall and split the skulls which they menaced.

Delhomme and Fouan, however had rushed forward, when the women cried out. Jean had just rolled in the straw, treacherously stricken by Buteau, who, with a blow like a whip stroke, along the ground, fortunately deadened, had hit him on the legs. He sprang to his feet, he brandished his flail in a rage that the pain increased. The end described a large circle, fell to the right, when the other expected it to the left. A few lines nearer, and the brains would have been beaten out. Only the ear was grazed. The blow, passing obliquely, fell with all its force upon the arm, which was

broken clean. The bone cracked with the sound of breaking glass.

"Ah! the murderer!" howled Buteau, "he has killed me!"

Jean, haggard, his eyes red with blood, dropped his weapon. Then, for a moment, he stared at them all, as if stupefied by what had happened there, so rapidly; and he went away, limping, with a gesture of furious despair.

When he had turned the corner of the house, towards the plain, he saw La Trouille, who had witnessed the fight, over the garden hedge. She was still laughing at it, having come there to skulk around the baptismal repast, to which neither her father nor herself had been invited. Mahomet would split his sides with merriment over the little family fête, over his brother's broken arm! She squirmed as if she had been tickled, almost ready to fall over, so much was she amused at it all.

"Ah! Caporal, what a hit!" cried she. "The bone went crack! It wasn't the least bit funny!"

He did not answer, slackening his step with an overwhelmed air. And she followed him, whistling to her geese, which she had brought to have a pretext for stationing herself and listening behind the walls. Jean, mechanically, returned towards the threshing machine, which was yet at work amid the fading light. He thought that it was all over, that he could never see the Buteaus again, that they would never give him Françoise. How stupid it was! Ten minutes had sufficed; a quarrel which he had not sought, a blow so unfortunate, just at the moment when matters were progressing favorably! And now there was an end to it all! The roaring of the machine, in the depths of the twilight, prolonged itself like a great cry of distress.

CHAPTER XVI.

POLISH FICTION.

POLAND holds a unique place in the history of the world. The country long formed the borderland of Christendom, and the brave people from the time of their conversion to Catholicism were engaged in constant wars with the Pagan Lithuanians, the Mongols and Russians. The nobles filled with military enthusiasm showed a proud independence. They rejected hereditary monarchy and insisted on electing their sovereign. Early in the sixteenth century they established the "liberum veto," by which a single noble could nullify the choice of the diet. This absurd custom sapped the strength of the nation and at times led to practical anarchy. The neighboring nations, pretending to fear for the safety of their own institutions, invaded the ill-fated land and twice divided its territory among them.

Yet not until that lamented overthrow did Polish literature become known to the rest of the world. Down to the sixteenth century Latin was the only medium used by the Poles for literary purposes. When the Reformation movement reached the land, there were some signs of the rise of a native literature. But the Jesuits secured control of the schools and enabled Latin to preserve its supremacy. France and Poland, animated with a common jealousy of Germany, had much friendly intercourse, and before the eighteenth century the Polish nobility, apt in imitating foreign fashions, had made French their favorite speech. Some books were written in Polish, but the style of the more pretentious was interlarded with Latin and French phrases. After the partition of Poland the wave of Romanti-

cism swept over Europe. History had been the chief form of literature, and now Polish writers were roused to tell again in verse and romance the exploits of their ancestors. The intense national feeling found vent in unaffected language. The hope that Napoleon would prove the saviour of their down-trodden country inspired poets, such as Julian Ursin Niemcewicz (1757-1841), whose earliest work was "Historical Lyrics," celebrating the national heroes. He died an exile in Paris. The chief representative of Romanticism was Adam Mickiewicz (1798-1855), who lived for a time in St. Petersburg, afterwards visited Italy, and in 1832 settled in Paris, where he taught Slavonic in the College of France. He never ceased his poetic battle for his native land. He was a disciple of Byron, but his poems resounded with Polish lore and legends. His "Pan Tadeusz" is a stirring picture of Lithuania on the eve of Napoleon's invasion of Russia.

Julius Slowacki (1809-49) belonged to the Romantic school and for a time followed Byron and Victor Hugo, taking corsairs and adventurers for his heroes. But the revolution of 1830 stirred his national feeling, as was seen in his noble "Ode to Freedom" and the martial "Song of the Lithuanian Legion." The poet was exiled, and while in Geneva composed dramas vividly illustrating Polish history and character. His lyrical masterpiece is "In Switzerland," a lamentation for his country and his lost love. Later he became a mystic, sometimes depicting in weird allegories the woes of his nation and sometimes dreaming of her impossible resurrection.

Still greater as a poet and more in harmony with the Polish spirit was Count Sigismund Krasinski (1812-59), who was born and died in Paris. On account of his father's unpopularity, he wrote anonymously and was called "The Unknown Poet." In the drama "Iridion" he presented the struggle between Christianity and Paganism in Rome under the Cæsars. In "The Undivine Comedy" he represented the sufferings of Poland allegorically. His lyric poems treat the same theme with powerful imagination, but are melancholy and dirge-like.

Prose fiction has flourished in Poland in the nineteenth century as throughout Europe. The most prolific author in this department was Josef Ignacy Kraszewski (1812-87), who wrote about 250 novels, and altogether more than 500 works.

Though this rapidity of production may have lessened their merit, they are still widely read by his countrymen. He treated the whole history of Poland in a series of novels, after the style of Sir Walter Scott. Other novelists have acquired local and temporary fame, but no Polish writer obtained recognition in English until the works of Henryk Sienkiewics began to be translated by Jeremiah Curtain. His novels of Polish history were welcomed by discerning critics, but later his great romance, "Quo Vadis," treating of the introduction of Christianity into Imperial Rome, captivated readers of all classes. Sienkiewics practically represents Polish literature to readers of English.

HENRY SIENKIEWICZ.

THE civilized world has never been more suddenly captivated by literary genius than in the case of Sienkiewicz. In spite of native critics who sought to smother his attempts, he won the affectionate regard of his countrymen and almost at the same time the admiration of all nations. This brilliant novelist was born at Wola Okrejska, in Lithuania, in 1846, of an old noble family. He was thirty-five years of age before he entered upon the work that has made him famous. After a student's career at the University of Warsaw, he edited a journal there, and in 1872 published his first work, a humorous tale. Then he set out on almost aimless wanderings, and for some years led a kind of gipsy life. He was a Bohemian in Paris; and in 1876 he joined the Polish fraternity of expatriated artists and musicians, gathered around Madame Modjeska to form at Los Angeles, in California, a Polish commonwealth of denationalized genius. Sienkiewicz wrote letters of travel and story-sketches some of which treated American scenes. Before returning to Warsaw, he visited Africa. In 1880 he issued his first large work, "Tartar Slavery," but he soon applied himself to his great proseepic of Poland in the seventeenth century. To this period he was obliged to revert in order to exhibit the true greatness of his country and race. In that age Poland was still a powerful nation. Sienkiewicz in his wanderings had explored nearly every corner of his country. He now produced a trilogy, thoroughly Polish in sentiment and patriotism. In the background there is a deep feeling for nature, and a sadness which

seems inseparable from the Lithuanian temperament. "With Fire and Sword," the first novel of the series (published in 1884) describes the Cossack invasion of Poland in 1647-51, and ends with the siege of Zharaj. "The Deluge" (1886) opens in the year 1655, deals mainly with the Swedish invasion, and ends with the expulsion of the Swedes in 1657. "Pan Michael" (1887) the last of the series, treats of the Turkish invasion, while the epilogue narrates subsequent events down to the final triumph of Poland under John Sobieski. In all of these novels figures a unique personage, Zagloba, who has been said to combine "a great deal of Falstaff, a touch of Thersites, and a gleam of Ulysses." Sienkiewicz is said to have found the original model in the Polish settlement in California. Taken as a whole, these novels rank among the foremost historical romances of the world.

To an entirely different class belongs Sienkiewicz's next work, "Without Dogma" (1890). This is a psychological novel, and therefore appeals to a limited class. But his wider fame was not long to be deferred. "Quo Vadis" appeared in 1895, and gave a brilliant view of Nero's reign and the first struggle of Christianity in Rome. It is founded on Tacitus and other Roman historians, on the "Satiricon" of Petronius Arbiter, and the early Christian traditions. The hero, a nephew of Petronius, is converted from Paganism through his love for the pure Christian maiden Lygia, and finally suffers martyrdom in the arena with her. On the other hand the courtly Petronius, who sought, after Nero's burning of Rome, to prevent the persecution of the innocent Christians, loses favor with his imperial master and is driven to suicide. Readers of English are indebted to the learned linquist, Jeremiah Curtin, for admirable translations of the works of Sienkiewicz.

THE BULL-FIGHT.

A REMINISCENCE OF SPAIN.

It is Sunday! Great posters, affixed for a number of days to the corners of Puerta del Sol, Calle Alcala, and all streets on which there was considerable movement, announce to the city that today, "Si el tiempo lo permite" (if the weather

permits), will take place bull-fight XVI., in which Cara-Ancha Lagartijo and the renowned Frascuello are to appear as "espadas" (swords).

Well, the weather permits. There was rain in the morning; but about ten o'clock the wind broke the clouds, gathered them in heaps, and drove them away off somewhere in the direction of the Escurial. Now the wind itself has ceased; the sky as far as the eye can reach is blue, and over the Puerta del Pol a bright sun is shining—such a Madrid sun, which not only warms, not only burns, but almost bites.

Movement in the city is increasing, and on people's faces satisfaction is evident.

Two o'clock.

The square of the Puerta del Sol is emptying gradually, but crowds of people are advancing through the Calle Alcala toward the Prado. In the middle is flowing a river of carriages and vehicles. All that line of equipages is moving very slowly, for on the sidewalks there is not enough room for pedestrians, many of whom are walking along the sides of the street and close to the carriages. The police, on white horses and in showy uniforms and three-cornered hats, preserve order.

It is Sunday, that is evident, and an afternoon hour; the toilets are carefully made, the attire is holiday. It is evident also that the crowds are going to some curious spectacle. Unfortunately the throng is not at all many-colored; no national costumes are visable—neither the short coats, yellow kerchiefs *á la contrabandista,* with one end dropping down to the shoulder, nor the round Biscay hats, nor girdles, nor the Catalan knives behind the girdles.

Those things may be seen yet in the neighbourhood of Granada, Seville, and Cordova; but in Madrid, especially on holidays, the cosmopolitan frock is predominant. Only at times do you see a black mantilla pinned to a high comb, and under the mantilla eyes blacker still.

In general, faces are dark, glances quick, speech loud. Gesticulation is not so passionate as in Italy, where when a man laughs he squirms like a snake, and when he is angry he gnaws off the top of his hat; still, it is energetic and lively. Faces have well-defined features and a resolute look. It is

easy to understand that even in amusement these people retain their special and definite character.

However, they are a people who on week-days are full of sedateness, bordering on sloth, sparing of words, and collected. Sunday enlivens them, as does also the hope of seeing a bloody spectacle.

Let us cut across the Prado and enter an alley leading to the circus.

The crowd is becoming still denser. Here and there shouts are rising, the people applauding single members of the company, who are going each by himself to the circus. . . .

In the carriages are sitting the flower of Madrid society. The dresses are black, there is very black lace on the parasols, on the fans, and on the heads of ladies; black hair trimmed in forelocks, from under which are glancing eyes, as it were, of the lava of Vesuvius. Mourning colors, importance, and powder are the main traits of that society.

The faces of old and of young ladies too are covered with powder, all of them are equally frigid and pale. A great pity! Were it not for such a vile custom, their complexion would have that magnificent warm tone given by southern blood and a southern sun, and which may be admired in faces painted by Fortuni.

In the front seats of the carriages are men dressed with an elegance somewhat exaggerated; they have a constrained and too holiday air—in other words, they cannot wear fine garments with that free inattention which characterizes the higher society of France.

But the walls of the circus are outlined before us with growing distinctness. There is nothing especial in the building: an enormous pile reared expressly to give seats to some tens of thousands of people—that is the whole plan of it.

Most curious is the movement near the walls. Round about, it is black from carriages, equipages, and heads of people. Towering above this dark mass, here and there, is a horseman, a policeman, or a picador in colors as brilliant as a poppy full blown.

The throng sways, opens, closes, raises its voice; coachmen shout; still louder shout boys selling handbills. These boys squeeze themselves in at all points among footmen and horse-

men; they are on the steps of carriages and between the wheels; some climb up on the buttresses of the circus; some are on the stone columns which mark the way for the carriages. Their curly hair, their gleaming eyes, their expressive features, dark faces, and torn shirts open in the bosom, remind me of our gypsies, and of boys in Murillo's pictures. Besides programmes some of them sell whistles. Farther on, among the crowds, are fruit-venders; water-sellers with bronze kegs on their shoulders; in one place are flower dealers; in another is heard the sound of a guitar played by an old blind woman led by a little girl.

Movement, uproar, laughter; fans are fluttering everywhere as if they were wings of thousands of birds; the sun pours down white light in torrents from a spotless sky of dense blue.

Suddenly, and from all sides are heard cries of "mira, mira!" (look, look!) After a while these cries are turned into a roar of applause, which like real thunder flies from one extreme to another; now it is quiet, now it rises and extends around the whole circus.

What has happened? Surely the queen is approaching, and with her the court?

No! Near by is heard "eviva Frascuello." That is the most famous espada, who is coming for laurels and applause.

All eyes turn to him, and the whole throng of women push toward his carriage. The air is gleaming with flowers thrown by their hands to the feet of that favorite, that hero of every dream and imagining, that "pearl of Spain." They greet him the more warmly because he has just returned from a trip to Barcelona, where during the exhibition he astonished all barbarous Europe with thrusts of his sword; now he appears again in his beloved Madrid, more glorious, greater—a genuine new Cid el Campeador.

Let us push through the crowd to look at the hero. First, what a carriage, what horses! More beautiful there are not in the whole of Castile. On white satin cushions sits, or reclines, we should say, a man whose age it is difficult to determine, for his face is shaven most carefully. He is dressed in a coat of pale lily-colored satin, and knee-breeches of similar material trimmed with lace. His coat and the side seams

of his breeches are glittering and sparkling from splendid embroidery, from spangles of gold and silver shining like diamonds in the sun. The most delicate laces adorn his breast. His legs, clothed in rose-colored stockings, he holds carelessly crossed on the front seat—the very first athlete in the hippodrome at Paris might envy him those calves.

Madrid is vain of those calves—and in truth she has reason.

The great man leans with one hand on the red hilt of his Catalan blade; with the other he greets his admirers of both sexes kindly. His black hair, combed to his poll, is tied behind in a small roll, from beneath which creeps forth a short tress. That style of hair-dressing and the shaven face makes him somewhat like a woman, and he reminds one besides of some actor from one of the provinces; taken generally, his face is not distinguished by intelligence, a quality which in his career would not be a hindrance, though not needed in any way.

The crowds enter the circus, and we enter with them.

Now we are in the interior. It differs from other interiors of circuses only in size and in this—that the seats are of stone. Highest in the circle are the boxes; of these one in gold fringe and in velvet is the royal box. If no one from the court is present at the spectacle this box is occupied by the prefect of the city. Around are seated the aristocracy and high officials; opposite the royal box, on the other side of the circus, is the orchestra. Half-way up in the circus is a row of arm-chairs; stone steps form the rest of the seats. Below, around the arena, stretches a wooden paling the height of a man's shoulder. Between this paling and the first row of seats, which is raised considerably higher for the safety of the spectators, is a narrow corridor, in which the combatants take refuge, in case the bull threatens them too greatly.

One-half of the circus is buried in shadow, the other is deluged with sunlight. On every ticket, near the number of the seat, is printed "sombra" (shadow) or "sol" (sun). Evidently the tickets "sombra" cost considerably more. It is difficult to imagine how those who have "sol" tickets can endure to sit in such an atmosphere a number of hours and on those heated stone steps, with such a sun above their heads.

The places are all filled, however. Clearly the love of a bloody spectacle surpasses the fear of being roasted alive.

In northern countries the contrast between light and shadow is not so great as in Spain; in the north we find always a kind of half shade, half light, certain transition tones; here the boundary is cut off in black with a firm line without any transitions. In the illuminated half the sand seems to burn; people's faces and dresses are blazing; eyes are blinking under the excess of glare; it is simply an abyss of light, full of heat, in which everything is sparkling and gleaming excessively, every color is intensified tenfold. On the other hand, the shaded half seems cut off by some transparent curtain, woven from the darkness of night. Every man who passes from the light to the shade, makes on us the impression of a candle put out on a sudden.

At the moment when we enter, the arena is crowded with people. Before the spectacle the inhabitants of Madrid, male and female, must tread that sand on which the bloody drama is soon to be enacted. It seems to them that thus they take direct part, as it were, in the struggle. Numerous groups of men are standing, lighting their cigarettes and discoursing vivaciously concerning the merits of bulls from this herd or that one. . . .

Suddenly the shrill, and at the same time the mournful, sound of a trumpet is heard in the orchestra; the door of the stable opens with a crash, and the bull bursts into the arena, like a thunderbolt.

That is a lordly beast, with a powerful and splendid neck, a head comparatively short, horns enormous and turned forward. Our heavy breeder gives a poor idea of him; for though the Spanish bull is not the equal of ours in bulk of body, he surpasses him in strength, and, above all, in activity. At the first cast of the eye you recognize a beast reared wild in the midst of great spaces; consequently with all his strength he can move almost as swiftly as a deer. It is just this which makes him dangerous in an unheard-of degree. His forelegs are a little higher than his hind ones; this is usual with cattle of a mountain origin. In fact, the bulls of the circus are recruited especially from the herds in the Sierra Morena. Their color is for the greater part black, rarely reddish or pied. The

hair is short, and glossy as satin; only the neck is covered somewhat with longer and curly hair.

After he has burst into the arena, the bull slackens his pace toward the center, looks with bloodshot eyes to the right, to the left, but this lasts barely two seconds; he sees a group of capeadors; he lowers his head to the ground, and hurls himself on them at random.

The capeadors scatter, like a flock of sparrows at which some man has fired small-shot. Holding behind them red capes, they circle now in the arena, with a swiftness that makes the head dizzy; they are everywhere; they glitter to the right, to the left; they are in the middle of the arena, at the paling, before the eyes of the bull, in front, behind. The red capes flutter in the air, like banners torn by the wind.

The bull scatters the capeadors in every direction. With lightning-like movements he chases one—another thrusts a red cape under his very eyes. The bull leaves the first victim to run after a second, but before he can turn, some third man steps up. The bull rushes at that one! Distance between them decreases, the horns of the bull seem to touch the shoulder of the capeador; another twinkle of an eye and he will be nailed to the paling—but meanwhile the man touches the top of the paling with his hand, and vanishes as if he had dropped through the earth.

What has happened? The capeador has sprung into the passage extending between the paling and the first row of seats.

The bull chooses another man; but before he has moved from his tracks the first capeador thrusts out his head from behind the paling, like a red Indian stealing to the farm of some settler, and springs into the arena again. The bull pursues more and more stubbornly those unattainable enemies, who vanish before his very horns. At last he knows where they are hidden. He collects all his strength, anger gives him speed, and he springs like a hunting-horse over the paling, certain that he will crush his foes this time like worms.

But at that very moment they hurl themselves back to the arena with the agility of chimpanzees, and the bull runs along the empty passage, seeing no one before him.

The entire first row of spectators incline through the bar-

rier, then strike from above at the bull with canes, fans, and parasols. The public are growing excited. A bull that springs over the paling recommends himself favorably. When people in the first row applaud him with all their might, those in the upper rows clap their hands, crying, "Bravo el toro! muy bien! Bravo el toro!" (Brave the bull! Very well! Brave the bull!)

Meanwhile he comes to an open door and runs out again to the arena. On the opposite side of it two capeadors are sitting on a step extending around the foot of the paling, and are conversing without the slightest anxiety. The bull rushes on them at once. He is in the middle of the arena—and they sit on without stopping their talk; he is ten steps away—they continue sitting as if they had not seen him; he is five steps away—they are still talking. Cries of alarm are heard here and there in the circus. Before his very horns the two daring fellows spring, one to the right, the other to the left. The bull's horns strike the paling with a heavy blow. A storm of hand-clapping breaks out in the circus, and at that very moment these and other capeadors surround the bull again and provoke him with red capes.

His madness now passes into fury. He hurls himself forward, rushes, turns on his tracks; every moment his horns give a thrust, every moment it seems that no human power can wrest this or that man from death. Still the horns cut nothing but air, and the red capes are glittering on all sides; at times one of them falls to the ground, and that second the bull in his rage drives almost all of it into the sand. But that is not enough for him—he must search out some victim and reach him at all costs.

Hence, with a deep bellow and with bloodshot eyes, he starts to run forward at random, but halts on a sudden; a new sight strikes his eye—that is, a picador on horseback.

The picadors had stood hitherto on their lean horses, like statues, their lances pointing upward. The bull, occupied solely with the hated capes, had not seen them, or if he had seen them he passed them.

Almost never does it happen that the bull begins a fight with horsemen. The capes absorb his attention and rouse all his rage. It may be, moreover, that the picadors are like

his half-wild herdsmen in the Sierra Morena, whom he saw at times from a distance, and before whom he was accustomed to flee with the whole herd.

But now he has had capes enough. His fury seeks eagerly some body to pierce and on which to sate his vengeance.

For spectators who are not accustomed to this kind of play, a terrible moment is coming. Every one understands that blood must be shed soon.

The bull lowers his head and withdraws a number of paces, as if to gather impetus; the picador turns the horse a little, with his right side to the attacker, so that the horse, having his right eye bound with a cloth, shall not push back at the moment of attack. The lance with a short point is lowered in the direction of the bull; he withdraws still more. It seems to you that he will retreat altogether, and your oppressed bosom begins to breathe with more ease.

Suddenly the bull rushes forward like a rock rolling down from a mountain. In the twinkle of an eye you see the lance bent like a bow; the sharp end of it is stuck in the shoulder of the bull—and then is enacted a thing simply dreadful: the powerful head and neck of the furious beast is lost under the belly of the horse, his horns sink their whole length in the horse's intestines; and sometimes the bull lifts horse and rider, sometimes you see only the up-raised hind part of the horse, struggling convulsively in the air. The rider falls to the ground, the horse tumbles on him, and you hear the creaking of the saddle; horse, rider and saddle form one shapeless mass, which the raging bull tramples and bores with his horns.

Faces accustomed to the spectacle grow pale. In Barcelona and Madrid I have seen Englishwomen whose faces had become as pale as linen. Every one in the circus, for the first time, has the impression of a catastrophe. When the rider is seen rolled into a lump, pressed down by the weight of the saddle and the horse, and the raging beast is thrusting his horns with fury into that mass of flesh, it seems that for the man there is no salvation, and that the attendants will raise a mere bloody corpse from the sand.

But that is illusion. All that is done is in the programme of the spectacle.

Under the white leather and tinsel the rider has armor

which saves him from being crushed. He fell purposely under the horse, so that the beast should protect his body from the horns. In fact, the bull, seeing before him the fleshy mass of the horse's belly, expends on it mainly his rage. Let me add that the duration of the catastrophe is counted by seconds. The capeadors have attacked the bull from every side, and he, wishing to free himself from them, must leave his victims. He does leave them; he chases again after the capeadors. His steaming horns, stained with blood, seem again to be just touching the capeadors' shoulders. They, in escaping, lead him to the opposite side of the arena. Other men meanwhile draw from beneath the horse the picador, who is barely able to move under the weight of his armor, and throw him over the paling.

On the arena comes out the "matador" himself—that is, the espada. He is dressed like the other participants in the play, only more elaborately and richly. His coat is all gold and tinsel; costly laces adorn his breast. He may be distinguished by this too—that he comes out bareheaded always. His black hair, combed back carefully, ends on his shoulders in a small tail. In his left hand he holds a red cloth flag, in his right a long Toledo sword. The capeadors surround him as soldiers their chief, ready at all times to save him in a moment of danger, and he approaches the bull, collected, cool, but terrible and triumphant.

In all the spectators the hearts are throbbing violently, and a moment of silence sets in.

In Barcelona and Madrid I saw the four most eminent espadas in Spain, and in truth I admit that, besides their cool blood, dexterity, and training, they have a certain hypnotic power, which acts on the animal and fills him with mysterious fear. The bull simply bears himself differently before the espada from what he did before the previous participants in the play. It is not that he withdraws before him; on the contrary, he attacks him with greater insistence perhaps. But in former attacks, in addition to rage, there was evident a certain desire. He hunted, he scattered, he killed; he was as if convinced that the whole spectacle was for him, and that the question was only in this, that he should kill. Now, at sight of that cold, awful man with a sword in his hand, he

convinces himself that death is there before him, that he must perish, that on that bloody sand the ghastly deed will be accomplished in some moments. . . .

But do not imagine that the spectacle is ended with one bull. After the first comes a second, after the second a third, and so on. In Madrid six bulls perish at a representation. In Barcelona, at the time of the fair, eight were killed.

Do not think either that the public are wearied by the monotony of the fight. To begin with, the fight itself is varied with personal episodes caused by temperament, the greater or less rage of the bull, the greater or less skill of the men in their work. Secondly, the public is never annoyed at the sight of blood and death.

The "toreadors" (though in Spain no participant in the fight is called a toreador), thanks to their dexterity, rarely perish; but if that happens, the spectacle is considered as the more splendid, and the bull receives as much applause as the espada. Since, however, accidents happen to people sometimes, there is present a priest with the sacrament. That spiritual person is not among the audience, of course, but he waits in a special room, to which the wounded are borne in case of accident.

Whether in time, under the influence of civilization, bull-fights will be abandoned in Spain, it is difficult to say. The love of those fights is very deep in the nature of the Spanish people. The higher and intelligent ranks of society take part in them gladly. The defenders of these spectacles say that in substance they are nothing more than hazardous hunting, which answers to the knightly character of the nation. But hunting is an amusement, not a career; in hunting there is no audience—only actors; there are no throngs of women, half fainting from delight at the spectacle of torment and death. Finally, in hunting no one exposes his life for hire.

Were I asked if the spectacle is beautiful, I should say yes; beautiful especially in its surroundings—that sun, those shades, those thousands of fans at sight of which it seems as though a swarm of butterflies had settled on the seats of the circus; those eyes, those red moist lips. Beautiful is that incalculable quantity of warm and strong tones, that mass of colors, gold, tinsel, that inflamed sand, from which heat is

exhaling. Finally, those proofs of bold daring, and that terror hanging over the play. . . .

Of the Spaniards it may be said, that in the whole course of their history they have shown a tendency to extremes. Few people have been so merciless in warfare; none have turned a religion of love into such a gloomy and bloody worship. Finally, no other nation amuses itself by playing with death.

CHAPTER XVII.

RUSSIAN FICTION.

IN the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the Russian novelists, Turgenieff, Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, and others of the modern school, by their powerful and painful portrayal of the status of the serf, the doctrines of the nihilists, and the obscure strivings of the new Russian spirit won the sympathy and interest of the world. Hitherto Europe had listened carelessly, if at all, to the entertaining romances of Gogol and the odes of Pushkin. Russian Literature, as commonly understood, was hardly full-born before the middle of the eighteenth century, and emerged from its infancy only in the "Fables" of Kriloff (1809) and the "History of Russia" by Karamzin, who died in 1826, leaving his work unfinished.

The cause of this late literary development is found in the barbarous condition of Muscovy, as Russia was called till the reign of Peter the Great. He was the first ruler to appreciate Western civilization, and in person he learned its rudiments. By founding St. Petersburg, he gave Russia "a window through which to look at Europe." Up to the battle of Pultowa, in 1709, the Russians had been subjected to humiliations on all sides; the conception of a great Autocrat of All the Russias had not been formed; and the Byzantine Church held the people in bonds. It is not under such conditions that a national literature can flourish.

The lives of Russian and Pole, upon the Dnieper and Vistula, were originally alike. But the Poles, stimulated by

Western culture and Christianized from Rome, long preceded the Russians in literature. The latter had fallen under the influence of the Varangians (Scandinavians) in 862, and had got their religion and alphabet from Greek sources. The Greek Church long supplied Russia with saints and martyrologies and ecclesiastical chronicles. The monk Nestor, in his chronicle, makes us realize how small the original Russia was; it was comprised within the rivers Dwina, Upper Dnieper, Ilmen, and Dniester. Not till after many years' fighting could the two-headed Eagle spread its wings over all the Russias. Yermak, the Cossack robber, in return for an imperial pardon from Ivan the Terrible, laid at his feet his vast conquest of Siberia.

As the Empire expanded, so did the ideas of its people. The early folk-songs, tales and legends (*bilim*) had told of the old gods of their nature-worship; but now was begun the celebration, in mythic, romantic, or semi-historic form, of the great events and heroes of Russia's twilight history. Round the first Christian chieftain, Vladimir, the King Arthur of Russia, was built up the Kievian legend-cycle. He was Grand Prince for thirty-five years, till his death in 1015. The awakening national spirit was embodied in the peasant-hero of this cycle, Ilia of Murom, the chief of the bogatyrs (knights). He is a sort of Hercules. And as the warlike Kiev had its Iliad, so the commercial city of Novgorod had its Odyssey, the Ulysses of which was Sadko, the rich merchant who passed through a wonderful series of maritime adventures. Russia's great agricultural class also had its hero in Mikoula Selianinovich, a sort of Slav Triptolemus, "the divine personification of the race's passionate love of agriculture, striking with the iron share of his plough the stones of the furrow, with a noise that is heard three days' journey off." Moscow, also, had a popular hero, of the style of the English Robin Hood, in Stenka Razia, the bold robber of the Volga.

Besides these bilini, chanted in irregular metres and depending on accent for their effect, the olden Russians had a rich folk-lore and folk-song. There were the festival songs (*stikhi*) sung by the blind *kalieki,* or wandering psalmists, the

fête and bridal songs (*Obradnia Piesni*), the Christmas songs (*Koliadki*) and the dance songs (*khorovods*). Later there grew up a type of prose bilini, so to speak, of which the most notable relic is the "Story of the Expedition of Prince Igor," a bardic celebration of the expedition of the year 1185 against the Tartar tribe of Polovtzes. Another, "Zadonstchina," recites the victory of Dmitri Donskoi over the Tartars at the battle of Koulikoro ("Field of Woodcocks"). Drakoula, a cruel prince of Moldavia, supplied the theme in the fifteenth century. In the folk-lore of these old days first appeared the lieshie (wood-demons), vodiani (water-sprites), rousalki (naiads) and domovoi (house-spirits). There were, furthermore, the usual lives of the saints (these, however, were Byzantine productions), and even some of the mediæval legends common to all Europe.

But strictly Russian literature may be said to have begun with Nestor, the monk of Kiev (*circa* 1056–1114), who was undoubtedly inspired by the rich associations of that sacred city to write his country's history. Among the bones of the saints in the monastery of the catacombs at Kiev lie the remains of the old chronicler. Ilarion, Metropolitan of Kiev, had even before Nestor interpolated a panegyric on Prince Vladimir in the middle of a "Discourse on the Old and New Testaments." Nestor was acquainted with the Byzantine historians and with the native bilini, many of which he undoubtedly incorporated bodily into his works. He had the credulity of a Livy. But in style his history bears more resemblance to the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle and he mixes up all manner of records.

The reigns of Vsevolod and Sviatopolk only (1078–1112) are described by Nestor as an eye-witness. He gathered much of his information from the lips of two of the oldest inhabitants of the region. He inspired a host of chroniclers, and thousands of annalists in the different Russian towns continued his records down to Alexis Mikhailovich, father of Peter the Great.

Besides these annals we have glimpses of old Russia in a few curious works, such as the famous Domostroi, or Book of Household Management, portraying the antique barbarism

from kitchen to royal chamber, bare of the romantic adornment afterwards applied by Karamzin. We gain a painful notion of the humiliation of the Russian woman of that ancient empire. In his so-called "Chronograph," Sergius Koubasor, son of a boyar of Tobol, draws the portrait of the tall, ugly and lean Ivan the Terrible himself.

Even when Russia under Peter the Great (1682–1725) was just having her eyes opened to European civilization, and when under the Tzarinas Elizabeth and Catherine II. it was falsely imitating the French and the prevalent classical styles, there was no want of national themes. Lomonosoff told of the taking of Khotin, and Queen Catherine herself (in her lyric drama, "Oleg") narrated the first march of the Russians on Constantinople. Catherine also satirized Gustavus III. in her "Gore Bogatyr" ("unfortunate knight"), just as Pushkin later revealed the treachery of the hetman, Mazeppa, in his "Poltava" (Pultowa). But the genuine national note was not to be struck until Karamsin, in his eloquent History, drew attention to the rich material of Russia's past.

Peter the Great's European tour and his founding of St. Petersburg led to a reign of French fashion in literature as well as art and manners. Elizabeth (1741–1762) was influenced by her favorite, Count Ivan Schuvaloff. The Russian Ambassador to Paris, Prince Antiochus Kantemir, a friend of Montesquieu, wrote satires, and Mikhail Lomonosoff became Russia's Malherbe. He labored to free the modern Russian language from the Cyrillic alphabet and the Slavonic of the Church. His "Odes" and his panegyrics of Peter and Elizabeth were his masterpieces. The Russian theatre had begun to exist, and Soumarokof wrote many comedies, a play concerning "Demetrius the Pretender," and even translated some of Shakespeare's dramas. This French, or pseudo-classical, era was intensified in the reign of the notorious Catherine II. (1762–1796), the "Semiramis of the North." She corresponded with Voltaire and D'Alembert, patronized Diderot, and jestingly begged her physician to bleed her of her last drop of German blood. Under her royal favor all the Russian court imitated the French classicists of the seventeenth century and the *philosophes* of the eighteenth. Catherine herself

wrote many plays and stories, after the French fashion, as well as her interesting memoirs as a Grand Duchess. She founded a Russian Academy in imitation of the French Academy. She encouraged Denis Von Visin, the "Russian Molière" and Kniajnine, who besides his comedies attempted an historical drama in "Vadim of Novgorod." Kheraskof composed a national epic, "The Russiad," and Gabriel Derzhavin—the successor to Lomonosoff—sang the glories of Catherine and of Russian arms. His "Ode to God" hung in the palace, written in letters of gold on white satin. Ivan Chemnitzler translated the fables of Gellert and foreshadowed Kriloff.

Imitation of French models was the basis of Russian literature until the excesses of the opening of the French Revolution startled the Czarina Catherine II. Then she prohibited the publication of French books in her dominions. But even aside from politics, the French artificial style had begun to pall on the Russians. Von Visin in his comedy, "The Brigadier," had derided those whose only reading was French romances; and Kropotof, in his "Funeral Oration of Balabas, My Dog," congratulated that animal on never having read Voltaire! With the Napoleonic invasion the national spirit burst forth in the most bitter and violent odes and writings of a "patriot war." In tragedy, Ozerof wrote "Dmitri Donskoi," recalling the struggles of Russia against the Tartars. Krioukovski wrote the tragedy of "Pojarski," the hero of 1612. The poet Zhukovski sang the exploits of the Russians against Napoleon and stirred all anti-Napoleonic Europe with his "Bard in the Camp of the Russian Warriors." Even the childlike Kriloff satirized the French fashions of the Russian court in "The School for Young Ladies" and "The Milliner's Shop."

The great literary event of the reign (1801-25) of Alexander I. was, however, the "History of Russia" by Nikolai Mikhailovitch Karamsin. Before Karamsin there was no inspiring picture of Russia's past. Nestor had brought his crude annals down to Alexis Mikhailovitch, father of Peter the Great. Patistcheff, his successor, was rough in style. Faithful

MADAM LE BRUN AND DAUGHTER.

pictures of the old barbaric Russia had been given in the "Russkaia Pravda" (code) of Yaroslaff—the Russia of Ivan the Terrible, after the lifting of the Mongolian yoke (1238-1462); in Monk Sylvester's "Domostroi" (Household Instruction), before the Mongols; and in Vladimir Monomakh's "Pouchenie" (Instruction), a quaint picture of the daily life of an ancient Slavonic prince. But these bald records of barbarism were not attractive. It needed the pen of Karamsin to cast a halo about the old Slav warriors. He admired Ivan the Terrible. After the fashion of Scott he put a romantic gloss over the real coarseness. He stirred the imagination and the patriotism of his countrymen. Kollar sounded the slogan of Panslavism. Pushkin became the laureate of Nicholas and Russia's greatest poet; Gogol mirrored in his Cossack tales the life of Little Russia; and Ivan Turgenieff revealed the misery and despair of the serf, and caught the rising mutterings of Nihilism. Ivan Kriloff, the Russian Lafontaine, supplied his countrymen with distinctively national fables abounding in vigorous pictures of Russian life.

Pushkin was succeeded by Mikhail Yurevitch Lermontoff, known as the poet of the Caucasus, and by Nicholas Nekrasoff. Lermontoff's first noteworthy ode was an appeal to Russia to avenge the killing of Pushkin in a duel, lest she receive no more poets. His lyrics are wild and varied and beautiful as the scenery of the Caucasus and Georgia. Nekrasoff's realistic poems present the melancholy feature of Russian life. It would not be right to forget Taras Shevchenko, the national poet of Little Russia, whose grave near Kanioff on the Dnieper has been marked with a cairn and cross and has become a patriotic shrine for all the Ukraine. Shevchenko, born a serf, but brought and set free by the poet Zhukovski, not only sang the old days of the Ukraine, but became the voice of the Haidamaks in their national struggle against the Tsar. Gogol probably had Shevchenko in mind in naming his great Cossack hero Taras Bulba, for Taras is just such a hero as Little Russia's poet loved to celebrate in song. Shevchenko died in 1861.

The novel, now regarded as the chief form of Russian literature, was first cultivated by Zagoskin and Lazhechnikoff under the Scott-like influence of Karamsin. It has since

reached its height of unforgiving and terrible realism in the minutely psycholigical and morbid stories of Dostoisvski, whose "Crime and Punishment" is his masterpiece, and Count Lyof Tolstoi, whose greatest works are "War and Peace," a tale of the Napoleonic War, and "Anna Karénina," an impressive picture of erring womanhood. His "Kreutzer Sonata" was a sensational attack on marriage. In other works he has advocated a return to primitive Christianity and an extreme literal observance of the precepts of Jesus. Nihilism has had its most famous novelist in Stepniak, who lived in exile in England until his death in 1896. Two young Russian women, Marie Bashkirtseff and Sonya Kovalevsky, have attracted attention by their startling revelations of an inner soul life which mirors the extreme yearnings and woes of modern womanhood.

NIKOLAI GOGOL.

Modern Russian realism is traced to Nikolai Vasilievitch Gogol (1809-1852). Born in the government of Poltava, his grandfather had been one of those Zaparog-Cossacks whose heroic exploits Gogol was to celebrate in his great epopee of "Taras Bulba." His childhood was fed on the legends of the Malo-Russians, and in later life he ransacked the memories of all his relatives and friends for these old traditions. Naturally his initial apprenticeship to the romantic phase of Pushkin lasted but a brief time and was quickly cured by the ridicule which greeted his weak German idyll, Hans Knechel Garten. In 1830 appeared the first story of his Cossack series, "Evenings at the Farm," purporting to be narrated by Rudui Panko (Sandy the little nobleman). This work has been well described as being "at once modern and archaic, learned and enthusiastic, mystic and refined—in a word, Russian." The tales are divided into two parts named respectively after the two towns of Didanka and Mirgorod. The former contains the story of "The Fair at Sorotchinsui," of which the devil is hero. Another is a witch tale. The latter included "Old-Time Proprietors" (a delightful provincial picture which somewhat foreshadowed Turgenieff's "Virgin Soil"), and "Taras Bulba," the germ soon after expanded into a wonderful romance. "When Gogol sat the colossal Taras on his

feet," declared Turgenieff, "he revealed genius." The expanded tale is a grand masterpiece of Cossack color, spirit and lore. It deals with the Atamán Taras Bulba and his two sons, whom he takes to the Setch camp of the Zaporozhtsui on an island in the Dnieper to make them warriors. Andre deserts to the Poles through love of a Polish sweetheart, meets his father face to face in battle, and is executed by the stern parent. The rigor of these primitive times is stirringly reproduced. The success of this masterpiece led Gogol to plan a History of Little Russia, but he was to be inspired to a greater work. From a comedy, "The Revizor" (Inspector-General), in which he satirized official cupidity, arrogance and corruption, he rose to a powerful satire on all Russia in his weirdly-named romance, "Dead Souls." The hero, Tchitchikof, is an impecunious adventurer who buys the dead and runaway slaves since the last Russian census, intending to raise a large loan by mortgaging these imaginary human chattels. He journeys from estate to estate in his leather-flapped britchka, accompanied by his stupid lackey Petrushka and his talkative coachman Selifan. Every small proprietor is described in a vivid portrait. The strokes are cruel, but just. There are such psychological and picturesque types as Plushkin, the miser, which stamp themselves indelibly on the memory. Not only are the repellent traits of the owners of serfs portrayed, but the cruelty of the subaltern burmistrs and the corruption of the Russian Tchinoviks. Terrible was the picture Gogol drew of the Russia of his day. He looked to Tzar Nicholas, who had issued a ukaze abolishing serfdom and then had cancelled it under pressure from the nobility, to remedy this grievous situation. But Gogol failed to paint the woes of the serf himself and his innate human nature. Emancipation waited, therefore, for the pen of revelation of Ivan Turgenieff. As for poor Gogol, who had passed from fantasy and imagination to satire and then to mysticism, his brain finally broke down, and, after burning many pages of his "Dead Souls," he died insane in Italy in 1852. His earlier tales are full of the beauty of the great Russian steppes and the Ukraine nights. There is an appreciable element of savagery in Gogol, relishable to the Russian. His characters are the half-barbarous peasants and Cossack lads of the hamlets bordering on the infinite steppes.

THE COSSACK MOTHER.

From "Taras Bulba"

BULBA was soon snoring, and all in the courtyard followed his example. All who were lying stretched in its different corners began to slumber and snore. The first to fall asleep was the watchman, for he had drunk more than the rest in honor of his master's arrival. The poor mother alone could not sleep. She hung over the pillow of her dear sons, who were lying side by side. She gently smoothed their young disheveled locks and moistened them with her tears. She watched them long and eagerly, gazing on them with all her soul, yet, though her whole being was absorbed in sight, she could not gaze enough. With her own breast she had nourished them; she had lovingly tended them and watched their youth; and now she has them near her, but only for a moment. "Sons, my dear sons, what fate is in store for you? If I could have you with me but for a little week." And tears fell down on the wrinkles that disfigured her once handsome face. . . . In truth, she was to be pitied, as was every woman in those early times. She would see her husband for two or three days in a year, and then for years together would see and hear nothing of him. And when they did meet, and when they did live together, what kind of life was it that she led? Then she had to endure insults and even blows; no kindness, save a few formal caresses, did she receive; she had, as it were, no home, and was out of her place in the rough camp of unwedded warriors. She had seen her youth glide by without enjoyment, and her fresh cheeks grew wrinkled before their time. All her love, all her desire, all that is tender and passionate in woman, all was now concentrated in one feeling, that of a mother. And like a bird of the steppe, she feverishly, passionately, tearfully hovered over her children. Her sons, her darling sons, are to be taken away from her, and it may be she will never see them again. Who can tell, but that in the first battle some Tartar may cut off their heads, and she not even know where to find their corpses, and those dear bodies, for each morsel of which, for each drop of whose blood she would gladly give the world in exchange, be cast away for wild ra-

venous birds to tear in pieces? Sobbingly she looked on them, while heavy sleep began to weigh down their eyes, and she thought, "Ah, perchance, Bulba, when he awakes, will delay his departure for a day or so, and it may be that it was only in his drink he thought to set out so quickly."

The moon had risen in the heavens, shining down on the yard covered with sleeping Cossacks, on the thick sallows, and on the high grass which had overgrown the palisade that surrounded the court. But the mother still sat beside her dear sons, not once taking her eyes off them, never thinking of sleep. Already the horses, scenting the dawn, had lain down on the grass and ceased to feed; the upper leaves of the sallow began to wave gently, and the wind's murmuring breath softly touched the branches beneath. But the mother still sat watching till dawn; she felt no weariness; she only prayed that the night might not come to an end. The shrill neighing of steeds was to be heard from the steppe, and the red streaks of the rising sun brightly illumined the sky.

Bulba was the first to awake and spring to his feet. He well remembered all that he had ordered the evening before. "Now, lads, no more sleep: it is time to get up and feed the horses. Where is the old woman? Quick, old woman, get us something to eat, but quick, for we have a long march before us." Three saddled horses stood before the door of the hut. The Cossacks leaped on their steeds, but when the mother saw that her sons had also mounted, she rushed to the younger, whose traits wore a somewhat tenderer expression, caught his stirrup, clung to his saddle, and with despair in her every feature, refused to free him from her clasp. Two strong Cossacks gently loosened her hold, and carried her into the hut. But when they had passed under the gateway, in spite of her age, she flew across the yard swifter than a wild goat, and with the incredible strength of madness stopped the horse, and clasped her son with a wild rapturous embrace. And once more they carried her into the tent.

The Cossack Father.

Andre saw before him nothing, nothing but the terrible figure of his father. "Well, what are we to do now?" said Taras, looking him full in the face. But Andre could find

nothing to answer, and remained silent, his eyes cast down to the ground. "To betray thy faith, to betray thy brothers. Dismount from thy horse, traitor." Obedient as a child, he dismounted, and unconscious of what he did remained standing before Taras. "Stand, do not move," cried Taras: "I gave thee life; I slay thee." And falling back a step, he took his gun from his shoulder. Andre was deadly pale; his lips moved slowly as he muttered some name; but it was not the name of his mother, his country, or kin; it was the name of the beautiful Polish girl. Taras fired. The young man drooped his head, and fell heavily to the ground without uttering a word. The slayer of his son stood and gazed long upon the breathless corpse. His manly face, but now full of power and a fascination no woman could resist, still retained its marvellous beauty; and his black eyebrows seemed to heighten the pallor of his features. "What a Cossack he might have been," murmured Taras: "so tall his stature, so black his eyebrows, with the countenance of a noble, and an arm strong in battle."

Not long after Taras had thus sternly vindicated the honor of his race, he and Ostap are waylaid and surrounded by a body of Poles. Long and desperately they fight, stubbornly they dispute each inch of ground, to the last they refuse to yield; but what can two effect against a score? Taras is struck senseless to the earth, and Ostap is taken prisoner and carried off. The bereaved father awakes only to discover his heavy and irreparable loss; the days henceforth pass wearily, and he no longer finds pleasure in battle or in warlike sports.

He went into the fields and across the steppes as if to hunt, but his gun hung idly on his shoulder, or with a sorrowful heart he laid it down and sat by the seashore. There with his head sunk low he would remain for hours, moaning all the while, "Oh, my son, Ostap. Oh, Ostap, my son." Bright and wide rolled the Black Sea at his feet, the gulls shrieked in the distant reeds, his white hairs glistened like silver, and the large round tears rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

But this agony of uncertainty is too great to bear; at all cost he will seek out his son, weep for him if dead, embrace

him if living. With the assistance of a Jewish spy, named Yankel, he makes his way in disguise to Warsaw, where they arrive only to learn that on the evening of the same day his brave boy is to suffer an ignominious death. He proceeds to the place of execution, takes up his stand in the midst of the crowd, and watches in silence the hideous formalities by which the sharpness of death is made more bitter.

Ostap looked wearily around him. Gracious God, not one kindly look on the upturned faces of that heaving crowd. Had there been but one of his kin there to encourage him. No weak mother with her wailings and lamentations; no sobbing wife, beating her bosom and tearing her hair; but a brave man, whose wise word might give him fresh strength and solace. And as he thus thought, his courage failed him, and he cried out, "Father, where art thou? Dost thou not hear me? " "I hear, my son," resounded through the dead silence, and all the thousands of people shuddered at that voice. A party of calvary rode hurriedly about, searching among the crowd that surrounded the scaffold. Yankel turned pale as death, and when the soldiers had riden past, looked furtively to where Taras had been standing, but Taras was no longer there; no trace of him was left.

Apostrophe to Russia.

Russia, Russia! My thoughts turn to thee from my wondrous beautiful foreign home, and I seem to see thee once more. Nature has not been lavish in her gifts to thee. No grand views to cheer the eye or inspire the soul with awe; no glorious work of art, no many-windowed cities, with their lofty palaces, no castles planted on some precipice, embowered in groves and ivy that clings to the walls, amidst the eternal roar and foam of waterfalls. No traveler turns back to gaze on high masses of mountain granite, that tower in endless succession above and around him. No distant, far-stretching lines of lofty hills ranging upwards to the bright blue heavens, and of which we catch faint glimpses through dim arches entwined with vine branches, ivy, and myriads of wild roses. All with thee is level, open and monotonous. Thy low-built cities are like tiny dots that indistinctly mark the centre of

some vast plain, nor is there aught to win and delight the eye. And yet, what is this inconceivable force that attracts me to thee? Why do I seem to hear again, and why are my ears filled with the sounds of thy sad songs, as they are wafted along thy valleys and huge plains, and are carried hither from sea to sea? What is there in that song, which, as it calls and wails, seizes on the heart? What are those melancholy notes that lull but pierce the heart and enslave the soul? Russia, what is it thou wouldst with me? What mysterious bond draws me towards thee? Why gazest thou thus, and why does all that is of thee turn those wistful eyes to me? And all the while I stand in doubt, and above me is cast a shadow of a laboring cloud, all heavy with thunder and rain, and I feel my thoughts benumbed and mute in presence of thy vast expanse. What does that indefinable, unbounded expanse foretell? Are not schemes to be born as boundless as thyself, who are without limit? Are not deeds of heroism to be achieved, where all is ready, open to receive the hero? And threateningly the mighty expanse surrounds me, reflecting its terrible strength within my soul of souls, and illumining sight with unearthly power. What a bright, marvellous, weird expanse!

IVAN S. TURGENIEFF.

In that region of Russian fiction which Gogol opened, Ivan Sergeyevitch Turgenieff achieved a marvellous success, which resulted in a social revolution. He was born near Orel, November 9, 1818, only nine years after the birth of Gogol. He not only took up the new type of fiction, but achieved the preliminary work for the emancipation of the serf in which Gogol had only half succeeded. While Gogol stopped short with his terribly realistic revelation of what the owners of the serfs were, Turgenieff forced the gaze of all Russia to the wretched and cruelly oppressed serfs themselves. His "Annals of a Sportsman," which appeared in 1846, may be regarded as having been the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of Russia. It undoubtedly contributed much to Alexander II.'s decree (1861), abolishing serfdom.

This curse of serfdom dated from the sixteenth century, and had become consecrated as a legal institution in 1609.

Denis von Visin had in "Nedorosl" (The Minor) touched upon the ill-treatment of the serfs; but the condition of the French peasant in his day was even more terrible. It was by a strange decree of fate that Turgenieff came into such appreciative contact with the Russians of the yoke. His grandmother was just such a choleric *baruina* of the old school as he afterwards painted in his story, "Punin and Baburin." Her cruel treatment of her serfs was extreme. As might be expected of such an old-style Russian lady, she forbade her grandson the study of the native Russian tongue. It was only spoken by her servants. The young Ivan was not to be hindered, however, in his childish thirst, and he learned not only the old Russian legends, but the Russian speech from one of his grandam's serfs. In later years his memory returned to one of these unfortunates when he drew the character of the dumb giant porter, Mumu. Turgenieff's grandmother never forgave him for adopting the degrading vocation of literature—he, a son of an heiress of the Litvinoffs! Perhaps it was the contrast of the innate human virtues of the serfs with this cruel nature of his ancestress that quickened Turgenieff's appreciation of the real humanity of these chattels of the Russian estates.

He conceived a profound affection for the *muzhik*, or peasant. As he afterward declared, he "swore a Hannibal's oath" never to compromise with the barbarous system of serfdom, but to fight it even to the death. And he accomplished his lofty purpose by opening the eyes of the Russian court, as his own eyes had early been unveiled, to the true inherent worth of the despised serf. In 1846 the first story of his "Annals of a Sportsman" appeared, under the title of "Khor and Kalinuitch." These characters represented two types of serf: Khor, the cautious and practical creature, Kalinuitch, the dreamy enthusiast; but in both he revealed the essential human nature. These and the succeeding pictures of Russia's wretched serfs really effected a revolution in the aristocratic mind, and hastened the ukase of enfranchised Russia. When Turgenieff himself sought for a term of praise for Alexander II., the highest he could find was to call him "the Emperor of Muzhiks."

But while Turgenieff was thus striking the blow that was to shatter the shackles on the wrists of millions of his enslaved

brother men, he was not so absorbed in the serf that he did not behold the dawning of a new Russia. In the character of "Dmitri Rudin," in "On the Eve," he drew a youth of 1840, such an epoch as Pisemsky has pictured in his "People of the Forties." This youth was cast in a generous but passive mold. His defect was revealed by the restless Lavretsky, of "The Nest of Nobles" (1859), whose propaganda to the youth of Russia was "You must act." Lavretsky was the herald: the apostle came in Bazarof, the hero of "Fathers and Sons" (1862), and his new gospel proved to be "Nihilism." In a famous passage Turgenieff coined this new word which has traveled over the world. Turgenieff has characterized Bazarof as " that quick spirit, that harbinger type." His creed was not based on any of the old wornout ones: it was to tear down, to clear the ground, to build an entirely new social fabric. The vague feeling, the still nebulous faith of the new generation, was crystallized at last around a definite nucleus. The new era of Russian socialism found its voice in the word, "Nihilism." The government and the agitators against the government both accepted the term. Fathers and sons began to be divided, in truth. Despite his half wolfish, half pessimistic spirit, the young medical student Bazarof typified the Russian soul with its aspiration towards progress. However Turgenieff may have felt towards the radically developed Nihilism of a later day, he certainly put his whole heart into Bazarof. Nevertheless he was destined to be soon disillusionized of many of his dreams of a better Russia. His intercourse with boastful Russians at Baden Baden soon led him to discover that many of the new ideals were mere chimeras. His disappointment found expression (in 1867) in the romance "Smoke." His faith in Russia's future was not crushed, but he idealized in Litvinof her gloomy and painful destiny, since amply fulfilled.

For ten years Turgenieff then held his peace while bitterly assailed by Liberals, and Nihilists alike as a renegade. But in 1877, on the eve of the great Nihilist suit against the One Hundred and Ninety-Three, he broke his silence with his grand masterpiece, "Virgin Soil." In this novel the theoretical Nihilism of his "Fathers and Sons" and "Smoke" is beheld in action. Neshdanof, the hero, represents the new type of Nihilistic propagandist. So true was the portrait that, while it was

attacked at the outset, Turgenieff was soon accused of having been paid 50,000 rubles by the Russian government thus to popularize its case. In Neshdanof the Nihilist is still the dreamer, unable to interest the masses or to achieve his revolution. Still it cannot be said that Turgenieff does not, after all, sympathize with Neshdanof. His character possesses an inalienable nobility. Nihilists have ground to claim, as they continue to do, that Turgenieff's heart was really with them to the last. An exile from Russia through troubles with the censorship (due to an article on Gogol), his declining years were embittered by the attacks on him from all sides. This bitterness is revealed in his farewell poems, "Senilia." He died in Paris on September 3, 1883, still true to the Russian people, even if warning them against Slavophilism and advising them to profit by European civilization.

Hor and Kalinatch.

Anyone who has chanced to pass from the Bolhovsky district into the Zhizdrinsky district, must have been impressed by the striking difference between the race of people in the province of Orel and the population of Kaluga. The peasant of Orel is not tall, is bent in figure, sullen and suspicious in his looks; he lives in wretched little hovels of aspen-wood, labors as a serf in the fields, and engages in no kind of trading, is miserably fed, and wears slippers of bast: the rent-paying peasant of Kaluga lives in roomy cottages of pine-wood; he is tall, bold, and cheerful in his looks, neat and clean of countenance; he carries on a trade in butter and tar, and on holidays he wears boots. The village of the Orel province (we are speaking now of the eastern part of the province) is usually situated in the midst of ploughed fields, near a water-course which has been converted into a filthy pool. Except for a few of the ever-accommodating willows, and two or three gaunt birch-trees, you do not see a tree for a mile round; hut is huddled up against hut, their roofs covered with rotting thatch. . . . The villages of Kaluga, on the contrary, are generally surrounded by forest; the huts stand more freely, are more upright, and have boarded roofs; the gates fasten closely, the hedge is not broken down nor

trailing about; there are no gaps to invite the visits of the passing pig. . . . And things are much better in the Qaluga province for the sportsman. In the Orel province the last of the woods and copses will have disappeared five years hence, and there is no trace of moorland left; in Kaluga, on the contrary, the moors extend over tens, the forest over hundreds of miles, and a splendid bird, the grouse, is still extant there; there are abundance of the friendly larger snipe, and the loud-clapping partridge cheers and startles the sportsman and his dog by its abrupt flight.

On a visit in the Zhizdrinsky district in search of sport, I met in the fields a petty proprietor of the Kaluga province called Polutikin, and made his acquaintance. He was an enthusiastic sportsman; it follows, therefore, that he was an excellent fellow. He was liable, indeed, to a few weaknesses; he used, for instance, to pay his addresses to every unmarried heiress in the province, and when he had been refused her hand and house, broken-hearted he confided his sorrows to all his friends and acquaintances, and continued to shower offerings of sour peaches and other raw produce from his garden upon the young lady's relatives; he was fond of repeating one and the same anecdote, which, in spite of Mr. Polutikin's appreciation of its merits, had certainly never amused anyone; he admired the works of Akim Nahimov and the nevel *Pinna*; he stammered; he called his dog Astronomer; instead of 'however' said 'howsomever'; and had established in his household a French system of cookery, the secret of which consisted, according to his cook's interpretation, in a complete transformation of the natural taste of each dish; in this *artiste's* hands meat assumed the flavor of fish, fish of mushrooms, macaroni of gunpowder; to make up for this, not a single carrot went into the soup without taking the shape of a rhombus or a trapeze. But, with the exception of these few and insignificant failings, Mr. Polutikin was, as has been already said, an excellent fellow.

On the first day of my acquaintance with Mr. Polutikin, he invited me to stay the night at his house.

"It will be five miles farther to my house," he added, "it's a long way to walk; let us first go to Hor's." (The reader must excuse my omitting his stammer.)

"Who is Hor?"

"A peasant of mine. He is quite close by here."

We went in that direction. In a well-cultivated clearing in the middle of the forest rose Hor's solitary homestead. It consisted of several pine-wood buildings, enclosed by plank fences; a porch ran along the front of the principal building, supported on slender posts. We went in. We were met by a young lad of twenty, tall and good-looking.

"Ah, Feyda! is Hor at home?" Mr. Polutikin asked him.

"No, Hor had gone into town," answered the lad, smiling and showing a row of snow-white teeth. "You would like the little cart brought out?"

"Yes, my boy, the little cart. And bring us some kvas."

We went into the cottage. Not a single cheap glaring print was pasted up on the clean boards of the walls; in the corner, before the heavy, holy picture in its silver setting, a lamp was burning; the table of linden-wood had been lately planed and scrubbed; between the joists and in the cracks of the window-frames there were no lively Prussian beetles running about, nor gloomy cockroaches in hiding. The young lad soon reappeared with a great white pitcher filled with excellent kvas, a huge hunch of wheaten bread, and a dozen salted cucumbers in a wooden bowl. He put all these provisions on the table, and then, leaning with his back to the door, began to gaze with a smiling face at us. We had not had time to finish eating our lunch when the cart was already rattling before the doorstep. We went out. A curly-headed, rosy-cheeked boy of fifteen was sitting in the cart as driver, and with difficulty holding in the well-fed piebald horse. Round the cart stood six young giants, very like one another, and Fedya.

"All of these Hor's sons!" said Polutikin.

"These are all Horhies' (*i. e.*, wild cats), put in Fedya, who had come after us on to the step; "but that's not all of them: Potap is in the wood, and Sidor has gone with old Hor to the town. Look out, Vasya," he went on, turning to the coachman; "drive like the wind; you are driving the master. Only mind what you're about over the ruts, and easy a little; don't tip the cart over, and upset the master's stomach!"

The other Horhies smiled at Fedya's sally. "Lift As-

tronomer in!" Mr. Polutikin called majestically. Fedya, not without amusement, lifted the dog, who wore a forced smile, into the air, and laid her at the bottom of the cart. Vasya let the horse go. We rolled away. "And here is my counting-house," said Mr. Polutikin suddenly to me, pointing to a little low-pitched house. "Shall we go in?" "By all means." "It is no longer used," he observed, going in; "still, it is worth looking at." The counting-house consisted of two empty rooms. The caretaker, a one-eyed old man, ran out of the yard. "Good day, Minyaitch," said Mr. Polutikin; "bring us some water." The one-eyed old man disappeared, and at once returned with a bottle of water and two glasses. "Taste it," said Polutikin to me; "it is splendid spring water." We drank off a glass each, while the old man bowed low. "Come, now, I think we can go on," said my new friend. "In that counting-house I sold the merchant Alliluev four acres of forest-land for a good price." We took our seats in the cart, and in half-an-hour we had reached the court of the manor-house.

"Tell me, please," I asked Polutikin at supper; "why does Hor live apart from your other peasants?"

"Well, this is why; he is a clever peasant. Twenty-five years ago his cottage was burnt down; so he came up to my late father and said: "Allow me, Nikolai Kouzmitch," says he, "to settle in your forest, on the bog. I will pay you a good rent." "But what do you want to settle on the bog for?" "Oh, I want to; only, your honor, Nikolai Kouzmitch, be so good as not to claim any labor from me, but fix a rent as you think best." "Fifty roubles a year!" "Very well." "But I'll have no arrears, mind!" "Of course, no arrears;" and so he settled on the bog. Since then they have called him Hor" (*i. e.* wild cat).

"Well, and has he grown rich?" I inquired.

"Yes, he has grown rich. Now he pays me a round hundred for rent, and I shall raise it again, I dare say. I have said to him more than once, "Buy your freedom, Hor; come, buy your freedom . . ." But he declares, the rogue, that he can't; has no money, he says. . . . As though that were likely. . . ."

The next day, directly after our morning tea, we started out hunting again. As we were driving through the village,

Mr. Polutikin ordered the coachman to stop at a low-pitched cottage and called loudly, "Kalinitch!" "Coming, your honor, coming," sounded a voice from the yard; "I am tying on my shoes." We went on at a walk; outside the village a man of about forty overtook us. He was tall and thin, with a small and erect head. It was Kalinitch. His good-humored swarthy face, somewhat pitted with small-pox, pleased me from the first glance. Kalinitch (as I learnt afterwards) went hunting every day with his master, carried his bag, and sometimes also his gun, noted where game was to be found, fetched water, built shanties, and gathered strawberries, and ran behind the droshky; Mr. Polutikin could not stir a step without him. Kalinitch was a man of the merriest and gentlest disposition; he was constantly singing to himself in a low voice, and looking carelessly about him. He spoke a little through his nose, with a laughing twinkle in his light blue eyes, and he had a habit of plucking at his scanty, wedge-shaped beard with his hand. He walked not rapidly, but with long strides, leaning lightly on a long thin staff. He addressed me more than once during the day, and he waited on me without obsequiousness, but he looked after his master as if he were a child. When the unbearable heat drove us at mid-day to seek shelter, he took us to his bee-house in the very heart of the forest. There Kalinitch opened the little hut for us, which was hung round with bunches of dry scented herbs. He made us comfortable on some dry hay, and then put a kind of bag of network over his head, took a knife, a little pot, and a smouldering stick, and went to the hive to cut us some honey-comb. We had a draught of spring water after the warm transparent honey, and then dropped asleep to the sound of the monotonous humming of the bees and the rustling chatter of the leaves. A slight gust of wind awakened me. . . . I opened my eyes and saw Kalinitch; he was sitting on the threshold of the half-opened door, carving a spoon with his knife. I gazed a long time admiring his face, as sweet and clear as an evening sky. Mr. Polutikin, too, woke up. He did not get up at once. After our long walk and our deep sleep it was pleasant to lie without moving in the hay; we felt weary and languid in body, our faces were in a slight glow of warmth, our eyes were closed in delicious

laziness. At last we got up, and set off on our wanderings again till evening. At supper I began to talk of Hor and Kalinitch. "Kalinitch is a good peasant," Mr. Polutikin told me; "he is a willing and useful peasant; he can't farm his land properly; I am always taking him away from it. He goes out hunting every day with me. . . . You can judge for yourself how his farming must fare."

I agreed with him, and we went to bed.

The next day Mr. Polutikin was obliged to go to town about some business with his neighbor Pitchukoff. This Pitchukoff had ploughed over some land of Polutikin's, and had flogged a peasant woman of his on this same piece of land. I went out hunting alone, and before evening I turned into Hor's house. On the threshold of the cottage I was met by an old man—bald, short, broad-shouldered, and stout—Hor himself. I looked with curiosity at the man. The cut of his face recalled Socrates; there was the same high, knobby forehead, the same little eyes, the same snub nose. We went into the cottage together. The same Feyda brought me some milk and black bread. Hor sat down on a bench, and, quietly stroking his curly beard, entered into conversation with me. He seemed to know his own value; he spoke and moved slowly; from time to time a chuckle came from between his long moustaches.

We discussed the sowing, the crops, the peasant's life. . . . He always semed to agree with me; only afterwards I had a sense of awkwardness and felt that I was talking foolishly. . . . In this way our conversation was rather curious. Hor, doubtless through caution, expressed himself very obscurely at times. . . Here is a specimen of our talk.

"Tell me, Hor," I said to him, "why don't you buy your freedom from your master?"

"And what would I buy my freedom for? Now I know my master, and I know my rent. . . . We have a good master."

"It's always better to be free," I remarked. Hor gave me a dubious look.

"Surely," he said.

"Well, then, why don't you buy your freedom?" Hor shook his head.

"What would you have me buy it with, your honor?"

"Oh, come, now, old man!"

"If Hor were thrown among free men," he continued in an undertone, as though to himself, "everyone without a beard would be a better man than Hor."

"Then shave your beard."

"What is a beard? A beard is grass: one can cut it."

"Well, then?"

"But Hor will be a merchant straight away; and merchants have a fine life, and they have beards.

"Why, do you do a little trading, too?" I asked him.

"We trade a little in butter and a little tar. . . . Would your honor like the cart put to?"

"You're a close man and keep a tight rein on your tongue," I thought to myself. "No," I said aloud. "I don't want the cart; I shall want to be near your homestead tomorrow, and if you will let me, I will stay the night in your hay-barn."

"You are very welcome. But will you be comfortable in the barn? I will tell the women to lay a sheet and put you a pillow. . . . Hey, girls!" he cried, getting up from his place; "here, girls! . . . And you, Fedya, go with them. Women, you know, are foolish folk."

A quarter of an hour later Feyda conducted me with a lantern to the barn. I threw myself down on the fragrant hay; my dog curled himself up at my feet; Feyda wished me good-night; the door creaked and slammed to. For rather a long time I could not get to sleep. A cow came up to the door, and breathed heavily twice; the dog growled at her with dignity; a pig passed by, grunting pensively; a horse somewhere near began to munch the hay and snort. . . . At last I fell asleep.

. At sunrise Feyda awakened me. This brisk, lively young man pleased me; and, from what I could see, he was old Hor's favorite, too. They used to banter one another in a very friendly way. The old man came to meet me. Whether because I had spent the night under his roof, or for some other reason, Hor certainly treated me far more cordially than the day before.

"The samovar is ready," he told me with a smile; "let us come and have tea."

We took our seats at the table. A robust-looking peasant woman, one of his daughters-in-law, brought in a jug of milk. All his sons came in one after another into the cottage.

"What a fine set of fellows you have!" I remarked to the old man.

"Yes," he said, breaking off a tiny piece of sugar with his teeth; "me and my old woman have nothing to complain of, seemingly."

"And do they all live with you?"

"Yes; they choose to, themselves, and so they live here."

"And are they all married?"

"Here's one not married, the scamp!" he answered, pointing to Feyda, who was leaning as before against the door. Vaska, he's still too young; he can wait."

"And why should I get married?" retorted Feyda; "I'm very well off as I am. What do I want a wife for? To squabble with, eh?"

"Now then, you . . . ah, I know you! You wear a silver ring. . . . You'd always be after the girls up at the manor house. . . . Have done, do, for shame!" the old man went on, mimicking the servant girls. "Ah, I know you, you white-handed rascal!"

"But what's the good of a peasant woman?"

"A peasant woman—is a laborer," said Hor seriously; "she is the peasant's servant.

"And what do I want of a laborer?"

"I dare say; you'd like to play with the fire and let others burn their fingers: we know the sort of chap you are."

"Well, marry me, then. Well, why don't you answer?"

"There, that's enough, that's enough, giddy pate! You see we're disturbing the gentleman. I'll marry you, depend on it. . . . And you, your honor, don't be vexed with him; you see, he's only a baby; he's not had time to get much sense."

Feyda shook his head.

"Is Hor at home?" sounded a well-known voice; and Kalinitch came into the cottage with a bunch of wild strawberries in his hands, which he had gathered for his friend, Hor. The old man gave him a warm welcome. I looked with surprise at Kalinitch. I confess I had not expected such a delicate attention on the part of a peasant.

That day I started out to hunt four hours later than usual, and the following three days I spent at Hor's. My new friends interested me. I don't know how I gained their confidence, but they began to talk to me without constraint. The two friends were not at all alike. Hor was a positive, practical man, with a head for management, a rationalist; Kalinitch, on the other hand, belonged to the order of idealists and dreamers, of romantic and enthusiastic spirits. . . . But Hor was not always the narrator. He questioned me, too, about many things. He learned that I had been in foreign parts, and his curiosity was aroused. . . . Kalinitch was not behind him in curiosity; but he was more attracted by descriptions of nature, of mountains and waterfalls, extraordinary buildings and great towns; Hor was interested in questions of government and administration. He went through everything in order. "Well, is that with them as it is with us, or different? . . . Come, tell us, your honor, how is it?" "Ah, Lord, thy will be done!" Kalinitch would exclaim while I told my story; Hor did not speak, but frowned with his bushy eyebrows, only observing at times, "That wouldn't do for us; still, it's a good thing—it's right." All his enquiries I cannot recount, and it is unnecessary; but from our conversations I carried away one conviction, which my readers will certainly not anticipate . . . the conviction that Peter the Great was pre-eminently a Russian—Russian, above all, in his reforms. The Russian is so convinced of his own strength and powers that he is not afraid of putting himself to severe strain; he takes little interest in his past, and looks boldly forward. What is good he likes, what is sensible he will have, and where it comes from he does not care. His vigorous sense is fond of ridiculing the thin theorising of the German; but, in Hor's words, "The Germans are curious folk," and he was ready to learn from them a little. Thanks to his exceptional position, his practical independence, Hor told me a great deal which you could not screw or—as the peasants say—grind with a grindstone, out of any other man. He did, in fact, understand his position. Talking with Hor, I for the first time listened to the simple, wise discourse of the Russian peasant. His acquirements were, in his own opinion, wide enough; but he could not read, though Kalinitch could.

"That ne'er-do-well has school-learning," observed Hor, "and his bees never die in the winter." "But haven't you had your children taught to read?" Hor was silent a minute. "Feyda can read." "And the others?" "The others can't." "And why?" The old man made no answer and changed the subject. However, sensible as he was, he had many prejudices and crotchets. He despised women, for instance, from the depths of his soul, and in his merry moments he amused himself by jesting at their expense. His wife was a cross old woman who lay all day long on the stove, incessantly grumbling and scolding; her sons paid no attention to her, but she kept her daughters-in-law in the fear of God. Very significantly the mother-in-law sings in the Russian ballad: "What a son art thou to me! what a head of a household! Thou dost not beat thy wife; thou dost not beat thy young wife!" . . . I once attempted to intercede for the daughters-in-law, and tried to rouse Hor's sympathy; but he met me with the tranquil rejoinder, "Why did I trouble about such . . . trifles; let the women fight it out . . . If anything separates them, it only makes it worse . . . and it's not worth dirtying one's hands over." Sometimes the spiteful old woman got down from the stove and called the yard dog out of the hay, crying, "Here, here, doggie"; and then beat it on its thin back with the poker, or she would stand in the porch and "snarl" as Hor expressed it, at everyone that passed. She stood in awe of her husband though, and would return, at his command, to her place on the stove. It was specially curious to hear Hor and Kalinitch dispute whenever Mr. Polutikin was touched upon.

"There, Hor, do let him alone," Kalinitch would say. "But why doesn't he order some boots for you?" Hor retorted. "Eh? boots! . . . what do I want with boots? I am a peasant." "Well, so am I a peasant, but look!" And Hor lifted up his leg and showed Kalinitch a boot which looked as if it had been cut out of a mammoth's hide. "As if you were like one of us!" replied Kalinitch. "Well, at least he might pay for your bast shoes; you go out hunting with him; you must use a pair a day." "He does give me something for bast shoes." "Yes, he gave you two coppers last year."

Kalinitch turned away in vexation, but Hor went off in a chuckle, during which his little eyes completely disappeared.

Kalinitch sang rather sweetly and played a little on the balalaëca. Hor was never weary of listening to him: all at once he would let his head drop on one side and began to chime in, in a lugubrious voice. He was particularly fond of the song, "Ah, my fate, my fate!" Feyda never lost an opportunity of making fun of his father, saying, "What are you so mournful about, old man?" But Hor leaned his cheek on his hand, covered his eyes, and continued to mourn over his fate. . . . Yet at other times there could not be a more active man; he was always busy over something—mending the cart, patching up the fence, looking after the harness. He did not insist on a very high degree of cleanliness, however; and, in answer to some remark of mine, said once, "A cottage ought to smell as if it were lived in."

"Look," I answered, "how clean it is in Kalinitch's bee-house."

"The bees would not live there else, your honor," he said with a sigh.

"Tell me," he asked another time, "have you an estate of your own?" "Yes." "Far from here?" "A hundred miles." "Do you live on your land, your honor?" "Yes."

"But you like your gun best, I dare say?"

"Yes, I must confess I do." "And you do well, your honor; shoot grouse to your heart's content, and change your baliff pretty often."

On the fourth day Mr. Polutikin sent for me in the evening. I was sorry to part from the old man. I took my seat with Kalinitch in the trap. "Well, good-bye,—good luck to you," I said; "good-bye, Feyda."

"Good-bye, your honor, good-bye; don't forget us." We started; there was the first red glow of sunset. "It will be a fine day tomorrow," I remarked, looking at the clear sky. "No, it will rain," Kalinitch replied; "the ducks yonder are splashing, and the scent of the grass is strong." We drove into the copse. Kalinitch began singing in an undertone as he was jolted up and down on the driver's seat, and he kept gazing at the sunset.

The next day I left the hospitable roof of Mr. Polutikin.

FEODOR M. DOSTOIEVSKY.

YOUNGER than Turgenieff by three years, Feodor Mikhailovitch Dostoievsky died three years before that great novelist. He was born at Moscow in 1821 and died February 9, 1881. He did not accept exile, as did Turgenieff, but remained in Russia, became implicated in the Petrashevsky Society conspiracy, and tasted the bitterness of Siberia. His life seems, indeed, to have been destined to gloom from the start. The child of a hospital surgeon, he first opened his eyes in a charity hospital. Throughout his life he was a victim of hallucinations. No wonder he was moved to become the psychological analyst of morbid and diseased characters. At first, however, he was drawn by pity to write a heart-stirring revelation of the miseries of the poor of St. Petersburg. His "Poor People," published while he was only twenty-three years old, won for him the title of "the new Gogol." Extreme wretchedness was shown in the catastrophe of the love idyl of the poor clerk Drevushkin, who loses the solace of his poverty in the marriage of his poor girl companion to a rich merchant. But the story-teller himself was to experience an even more cruel fate. Implicated indirectly in the plot against Emperor Nicholas, he was cast into prison, and condemned to death. On the morning of the day of doom he made his toilet, donned the white shirt, kissed the cross, and had the sabre broken over his head. At the last moment, however, a messenger arrived from the Czar. Dostoievsky was transported to Siberia. Being a sub-lieutenant of St. Petersburg School of Military Engineering, he was put to work in the mines. Religion alone upheld him during these terrible four years (1849-54). His memories of that burial alive were soon after given to the world in his vivid "Recollections of a Dead House," which moved all Russia. But his morbid tendencies gained the upper hand in his later novels. "Heavens!" exclaimed Turgenieff, after reading one story by this doctor's son, "what a sour smell! What a vile hospital odor! What idle scandal! What a psychological mole-hole!" The pathological phase of his romances renders them truly unwholesome, although in "Crime and Punishment" he has made an overwhelmingly impressive study of a brain diseased. Raskolnikoff, the weak hero, plans a deliberate mur-

der and robbery through merely accidental suggestion. Ultimately he breaks through the moral fog enshrouding him, and by the sympathetic self-sacrifice of the fallen Sonia, the heroine, starts for Siberia to spend the rest of his life in repentance. Other novels by Dostoievsky are "Idiots" and "Devils," two social satires, and "The Degraded."

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION TO SONIA.

(From "Crime and Punishment.")

RASKOLNIKOFF wished to smile, but, do what he would, his countenance retained its sorrow-stricken look. He lowered his head, covering his face with his hands. All at once, he fancied that he was beginning to hate Sonia. Surprised, frightened even, at so strange a discovery, he suddenly raised his head and attentively considered the girl, who, in her turn, fixed on him a look of anxious love. Hatred fled from Raskolnikoff's heart. It was not that; he had only mistaken the nature of the sentiment he experienced. It signified that the fatal moment had come. Once more he hid his face in his hands and bowed his head. Suddenly he grew pale, rose, and, after looking at Sonia, he mechanically went and sat on her bed, without uttering a single word. Raskolnikoff's impression was the very same he had experienced when standing behind the old woman—he had loosened the hatchet from the loop, and said to himself: "There is not a moment to be lost!"

"What is the matter?" asked Sonia, in bewilderment.

No reply. Raskolnikoff had relied on making explanations under quite different conditions, and did not himself understand what was now at work within him. She gently approached him, sat on the bed by his side, and waited, without taking her eyes from his face. Her heart beat as if it would break. The situation was becoming unbearable; he turned towards the girl his lividly-pale face, his lips twitched with an effort to speak. Fear had seized upon Sonia.

"What is the matter with you?" she repeated, moving slightly away from him.

"Nothing, Sonia; don't be afraid. It is not worth while; it is all nonsense!" he murmured, like a man absent in mind. "Only, why can I have come to torment you?" added he all

at once, looking at his interlocutress. "Yes, why? I keep on asking myself this question, Sonia."

Perhaps he had done so a quarter of an hour before, but at this moment his weakness was such that he scarcely retained consciousness; a continued trembling shook his whole frame.

"Oh! how you suffer!" said she, in a voice full of emotion, whilst looking at him.

"It is nothing! But this is the matter in question Sonia." (For a moment or so, a pale smile hovered on his lips.) "You remember what I wished to tell you yesterday?" Sonia waited anxiously. "I told you, on parting, that I was, perhaps, bidding you farewell for ever, but that if I should come to-day, I would tell you who it was that killed Elizabeth." She began to tremble in every limb. "Well, then, that is why I have come."

"I know you told me that yesterday," she went on in a shaky voice. "How do you know that?" she added vivaciously. Sonia breathed with an effort. Her face grew more and more pale.

"I know it."

"Has *he* been discovered?" she asked, timidly, after a moment's silence.

"No, *he* has not been discovered."

For another moment she remained silent. "Then how do you know it?" she at length asked, in an almost unintelligible voice.

He turned towards the girl, and looked at her with a singular rigidity, whilst a feeble smile fluttered on his lips. "Guess!" he said.

Sonia felt on the point of being seized with convulsions. "But you—why frighten me like this?" she asked, with a childlike smile.

"I know it, because I am very intimate with *him!*" went on Raskolnikoff, whose look remained fixed on her, as if he had not strength to turn his eyes aside. "Elizabeth—he had no wish to murder her—he killed her without premeditation. He only intended to kill the old woman, when he should find her alone. He went to her house—but at the very moment Elizabeth came in—he was there—and he killed her."

A painful silence followed upon those words. For a mo-

ment both continued to look at one another. "And so you can't guess?" he asked abruptly, feeling like a man on the point of throwing himself from the top of a steeple.

"No," stammered Sonia, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Try again."

At the moment he pronounced these words, Raskolnikoff experienced afresh, in his heart-of hearts, that feeling of chilliness he knew so well. He looked at Sonia, and suddenly read on her face the same expression as on that of Elizabeth, when the wretched woman recoiled from the murderer advancing towards her, hatchet in hand. In that supreme moment Elizabeth had raised her arm, as children do when they begin to be afraid, and ready to weep, fix a glaring immovable glance on the object which frightens them. In the same way Sonia's face expressed indescribable fear. She also raised her arm, and gently pushed Raskolnikoff aside, whilst touching his breast with her hand, and then gradually drew back without ceasing to look hard at him. Her fear affected the young man, who, for his part, began to gaze on her with a scared expression.

"Have you guessed?" he murmured at last.

"My God!" exclaimed Sonia.

Then she sank exhausted on the bed, and buried her face in the pillows; a moment after, however, she rose with a rapid movement, approached him, and, seizing him by both hands, which her slender fingers clutched like nippers, she fixed on him a long look. Had he made a mistake? She hoped so, but she had no sooner cast a look on Roskolnikoff's face than the suspicion which had flashed on her mind became certainty.

"Enough, Sonia! enough! Spare me!" he implored in a plaintiff voice. The event upset all his calculations, for it certainly was not *thus* that he had intended to confess his crime.

Sonia seemed beside herself; she jumped from her bed, went to the middle of the room wringing her hands, she then quickly returned in the same way, sat once more by the young man's side, almost touching him with her shoulder. Suddenly she shivered, uttered a cry, and, without knowing why, fell on her knees before Raskolnikoff. "You are lost!" she exclaimed, with an accent of despair. And, rising suddenly, she threw herself on his neck, and kissed him, whilst lavishing on him tokens of tenderness.

Raskolnikoff broke away, and, with a sad smile, looked at the girl: "I do not understand you, Sonia. You kiss me after I told you *that*—. You cannot be conscious of what you are doing."

She did not hear the remark. "No, at this moment there cannot be a more wretched man on earth than you are!" she exclaimed with a transport of passion, whilst bursting into sobs.

Raskolnikoff felt his heart grow soft under the influence of a sentiment which for some time past he had not felt. He did not try to fight against the feeling; two tears spurted from his eyes and remained on the lashes. "Then you will not forsake me, Sonia?" said he with an almost suppliant look.

"No, no; never, nowhere!" she cried, "I shall follow you, shall follow you everywhere! Heaven! Wretch that I am! And why have I not known you sooner? Why did you not come before? Heaven!"

"You see I have come."

"Now? What is to be done now? Together, together," she went on, with a kind of exaltation, and once more she kissed the young man. "Yes, I will go with you to the galleys!"

These words caused Raskolnikoff a painful feeling; a bitter and almost haughty smile appeared on his lips. "Perhaps I may not yet wish to go to the galleys, Sonia," said he.

The girl rapidly turned her eyes on him. She had up to the present experienced no more than immense pity for an unhappy man. This statement, and the tone of voice in which it was pronounced, suddenly recalled to the girl that the wretched man was an assassin. She cast on him an astonished look. As yet, she did not know how nor why he had become a criminal. At this moment, these questions suggested themselves to her, and, once more doubting, she asked herself: "He, he a murderer! Is such a thing possible? But no, it cannot be true! Where am I?" she asked herself, as if she could have believed herself the sport of a dream. "How is it possible that you, being what you are, can have thought of such a thing? Oh! why?"

"To steal, if you wish to know. Cease, Sonia!" he replied in wearied and rather vexed accents.

Sonia remained stupefied; suddenly a cry escaped her:

"Were you hungry? Did you do so to help your mother? Speak?"

"No, Sonia! no!" he stammered, drooping his head. "I was not so poor as all that. It is true I wanted to help my mother, but that was not the real reason.—Do not torment me, Sonia!"

The girl beat her hands together. "Is it possible that such a thing can be real? Heaven! is it possible? How can I believe such a thing? You say you killed to rob; you, who deprived yourself of all for the sake of others! Ah!" she cried suddenly. "That money you gave to Catherine Ivanovna!—that money! Heavens! can it be that?"

"No, Sonia!" he interrupted somewhat sharply. "This money comes from another source, I assure you. It was my mother who sent it to me during my sickness, through the intervention of a merchant, and I had just received it when I gave it. Razoumikin saw it himself, he even went so far as to receive it for me. The money was really my own property." Sonia listened in perplexity, and strove to understand. "As for the old woman's money, to tell the truth, I really do not know whether there was any money at all," he went on hesitatingly. "I took from her neck a well-filled chamois-leather purse. But I never examined the contents, probably because I had no time to do so. I took different things, sleeve-links, watch-chains. These things I hid, in the same way as the purse, on the following day, under a large stone in a yard which looks out on the V—— Prospect. Everything is still there."

Sonia listened with avidity. "But why did you take nothing, since, as you tell me, you committed murder to steal?" she went on, clinging to a last and very vague hope.

"I don't know—as yet I am undecided whether to take this money or not," replied Raskolnikoff in the same hesitating voice; then he smiled. "What silly tale have I been telling you?"

"Can he be mad?" Sonia asked herself, but she soon dispelled such an idea; no, it was something else, which she most certainly did not understand.

"Do you know what I am going to tell you, Sonia?" he went on in a convincing tone: "If nothing but need had urged

me to commit a murder," laying stress on ever word, and his look, although frank, was more or less puzzling, "I should now be *happy!* Let me tell you that! And what can the motive be to you, since I told you just now that I had acted badly?" he cried despairingly, a moment afterwards. "What was the good of this foolish triumph over myself? Ah! Sonia, was it for that I came to you?" She once more wished to speak, but remained silent. "Yesterday, I made a proposal to you that we should both of us depart together, because you are all that is left to me."

"Why did you wish me to accompany you?" asked the girl timidly.

"Not to rob or to kill, I assure you," answered Raskolnikoff, with a caustic smile. "We are not of the same way of thinking. And—do you know, Sonia?—it is only late that I have known why I asked you yesterday to accompany me. When I asked you to do so, I did not as yet know what it would lead to. I see it now. I have but one wish—it is that you should not leave me. You will not do so, will you, Sonia?" She clasped his hand. "And why have I told her this? Why make such a confession?" he exclaimed, a moment afterwards. He looked at her with infinite compassion, whilst his voice expressed the most profound despair. "I see, Sonia, that you are waiting for some kind of explanation, but what am I to say? You understand nothing about the matter, and I should only be causing you additional pain. I see you are once more commencing to weep and to embrace me. Why do so at all? Because, failing in courage to bear my own burden, I have imposed it on another—because I seek in the anguish of others some mitigation for my own. And you can love a coward like that?"

"But you are likewise suffering!" exclaimed Sonia.

For a moment he experienced a new feeling of tenderness. "Sonia, my disposition is a bad one, and that can explain much. I have come because I am bad. Some would not have done so. But I am an infamous coward. Why, once more, have I come? I shall never forgive myself for that!"

"No, no!—on the contrary, you have done well to come," cried Sonia; "it is better, much better, I should know all!"

Raskolnikoff looked at her with sorrowful eye. "I was

ambitious to become another Napoleon; that was why I committed a murder. Can you understand it now?"

"No," answered Sonia, naïvely and in timid voice. "But speak! speak!—I shall understand all!"

"You will, say you? Good! we shall see!" For some time Raskolnikoff collected his ideas. "The fact is that, one day, I asked myself the following question: 'Supposing Napoleon to have been in my place, supposing that to commence his career he had neither had Toulon, nor Egypt, nor the crossing of Mont Blanc, but, in lieu of all these brilliant exploits, he was on the point of committing a murder with a view to secure his future, would he have recoiled at the idea of killing an old woman, and of robbing her of three thousand roubles? Would he have agreed that such a deed was too much wanting in prestige and much too—criminal a one?" For a long time I have split my head on that question, and could not help experiencing a feeling of shame when I finally came to the conclusion that he not only would not have hesitated, but that he would not have understood the possibility of such a thing. Every other expedient being out of his reach, he would not have flinched, he would have done so without the smallest scruple. Hence, I ought not to hesitate—being justified on the authority of Napoleon!"

COUNT L. N. TOLSTOI.

THE greatest Russian figure in the world of thought at the beginning of the twentieth century has been Count Lyof Nikolaivitch Tolstoi, in many respects the most remarkable literary product of the vast empire of the Czars. He had long been one of the oracles of the modern civilized world. When he spoke all Europe, and even the New World, turned to listen. He became the prophet of a new religion, rather than a new literature; indeed, he denounced all fiction as licentious; and yet his development has been steadily mirrored in his literary work, and he was, after all, a great literary influence rather than a great social factor. What he has done for Russian literature may be epitomized in a brief sentence: he has painted her aristocratic classes, as Gogor painted her small-property classes, and as Turgenieff painted her peasants and Nihilists. For Europe Tolstoi has pictured the horrors of war, not simply its dangers and bloodshed, but its saddening effects on the lives and characters of the soldiers, the monotony of the siege, the curious spirit of patriotism behind the moving armies. For the world he has preached a powerful, even if strange, sermon on the unhappiness of marriages, the real social sin behind the sins of adultery, the divine necessity for forgiveness, the crime of divorce. His doctrines have led him to a variously interpreted mysticism, but he has written at least one great Russian work, "The Cossacks," and two great world-books, "War and Peace" and "Anna Karenina."

Born on August 28, 1828, at Yasnaya Polyana, near Tula, a descendant of Peter the Great's honored Count Piota Tolstoi, young Lyof (Leo) had the training of a noble. The university could not hold his attention, however; he broke from his studies against the earnest exhortations of his professors, and retired to the paternal estate. In those days he was sowing his wild oats. He nearly came to disgrace through an inordinate passion for gambling: the character of the ruined gamester in

his "Recollections of a Scorer" being partly autobiographic. At that time, too, Tolstoi's ideal was force. He admired all the manifestations of individual force, such as ambition, cupidity, lust, pride, wrath and vengeance. "In reality," he has confessed, "I loved only force, and when I found it without alloy of folly, I took it for truth." It was only natural, therefore, that one day he should have started for the Caucusus, where his elder brother, Nikolai, was serving as captain. Lyof Tolstoi took part in guerrilla warfare in Circassia and was shut up in Sebastopol. At the age of twenty-six he left the army, but published a record of his impressions and recollections in his "Military Sketches" (collected in 1856), which describe the siege rather than the battles of the English and French invasion. The realism of these sketches at once attracted attention. In St. Petersburg he became interested in the "mission of the men of thought." He wrote "Childhood and Youth," a study of Russian family life. He became an educationalist, and, to quote his own words, "got upon stilts to satisfy his desire for teaching."

But sickened by the immorality of the educated class, Tolstoi's mind reverted to the more natural, even if animal-like, life of the steppe. "I went forth," he has declared, "among the *bashkirs* to breathe the pure air, to drink kumis, and to lead an animal life." A similar flight from the wickedness of the city life that he makes Olenin, the hero of "The Cossacks" (1856) take at the start of that romance. Turgenieff has praised this work as "an incomparable picture of men and things in the Caucasus." The wild, almost lawless state of nature among the children of the Caucasus is not only revealed in the turbulent Marianka, with whom Olenin falls in love, and in her wooer, the daring and handsome Lukashka, but also in old Yeroshka, the giant huntsman, a regular savage who has the indelible odor of vodka, powder, and dried blood. Lukashka is killed by a vengeful foe, but Marianka cannot understand Olenin's nature and he departs without his wild Cossack bride. Not only his Caucasan memories were thus utilized, but in "War and Peace" (1860) he drew upon his recollections as an ensign and aide on Prince Gortchakof's staff in the Crimea. He chose for his canvas, however, the Napoleonic invasion of 1812. This romance is full of wonderful realistic scenes of camp life, of battle, of

military art and strategy, of great warriors from the German officers to the life-like and untheatrical Napoleon. Upon this lurid background Tolstoi placed a sociological tragedy.

Pierre Bezukhof, the typical Russian, marries the sensual beauty, Elen Kuragina, against his own reason and through mere animal lust. She proves unfaithful. He slays her lover and separates from her. Then he saves Natasha Rostof from betrayal by a rake. She learns to love him, but he does not seek a divorce. His wife's death permits a new and happier marriage. Thus Tolstoi emphasizes his doctrine that divorce is wrong. And yet in this story Bedukhof had not forgiven his wife, nor had she sought a divorce to free herself.

"Anna Karenina" (1876) became an even more tragic tale of adultery. Anna marries Aleksei Karenin, a husband utterly unfitted to her. As a result of this mismated union, she proves untrue. A flagrant liaison ensues with the dashing young Baron Vronsky. Aleksei is an upright man. At first full of the most bitter hate, he is at last moved to forgive her through her sufferings, her remorse, and her devoted maternal love of their little boy. Vronsky, with all his nobler traits aside from his passion for Anna, perceives in Aleksei, although he cannot understand, a greater nature than his own. But Aleksei, who had at the outset urged divorce in vain, at last refuses to consent to it. He considers that it would be a sin. Anna and Vronsky grow unhappy together; they part; and a suicide, foreshadowed on the first page, ends her sinning and misery. Despite their crime Anna and Vronsky retain a certain hold on our sympathy, but the disagreeable Aleksei really rises to the noblest level. And yet we feel that he is partly responsible for his wife's sin. This point Tolstoi sought again to emphasize in the sensational and overwrought "Kreutzer Sonata," in which the viciousness of the husband is made the cause of crime, but in which the institution of marriage itself is almost deplored, owing to its abuse. Tolstoi has been misunderstood by those who claim that he has wished to end the human race through universal celibacy. He simply preaches a purer youth and a holier marriage than is now the rule. In the wooing and honeymoon of Konstantin Levin and Katia, in "Anna Karenina," he has given an idyl of a happy marriage. In that novel Tolstoi has also emphasized his opposition to war, and has treated the social and

agricultural problems of serf-liberated Russia. His experiment of a Slavic commune, afterward to be tried on his own estate, was hinted at. His extreme doctrines of "non-resistance to evil and force," and of a socialism based on the Gospels have been revealed in "My Confession" and "My Religion."

CHILDHOOD.

On the 12th of August, 18—, the third day after my birthday, when I had attained the age of ten, and had received such wonderful presents, Karl Ivanitch woke me at seven o'clock in the morning by striking at a fly directly above my head, with a flapper made of sugar-paper and fastened to a stick. He did it so awkwardly that he entangled the image of my angel, which hung upon the oaken headboard of the bed; and the dead fly fell straight upon my head. I thrust my nose out from under the coverlet, stopped the image, which was still rocking, with my hand, flung the dead fly on the floor, and regarded Karl Ivanitch with angry although sleepy eyes. But attired in his motley wadded dressing-gown, girded with a belt of the same material, a red knitted skullcap with a tassel, and soft goatskin shoes, he pursued his course along the walls, taking aim and flapping away.

"Suppose I am little," I thought, "why should he worry me? Why doesn't he kill the flies around Volodya's bed? There are quantities of them there. No; Volodya is older than I; I am the youngest of all, and that is why he torments me. He thinks of nothing else in life," I whispered, "except how he may do unpleasant things to me. He knows well enough that he has waked me up and frightened me; but he pretends not to see it,—the hateful man! And his dressing-gown, and his cap, and his tassel—how disgusting!"

As I was thus mentally expressing my vexation with Karl Ivanitch, he approached his own bed, glanced at the watch which hung above it in a slipper embroidered with glass beads, hung his flapper on a nail, and turned toward us, evidently in the most agreeable frame of mind.

"Get up, children, get up. It's time! Your mother is already in the hall!" he cried in his kindly German voice; and then he came over to me, sat down at my feet, and pulled his

snuff-box from his pocket. I pretended to be asleep. First Karl Ivanitch took a pinch of snuff, wiped his nose, cracked his fingers, and then turned his attention to me. He began to tickle my heels, laughing the while. "Come, come, lazy-bones," he said.

Much as I dreaded tickling, I neither sprang out of bed nor made any reply, but buried my head deeper under the pillow, kicked with all my might, and used every effort to keep from laughing.

"How good he is, and how he loves us, and yet I could think so badly of him!"

I was vexed at myself and at Karl Ivanitch; I wanted to laugh and to cry; my nerves were upset.

"Oh, let me alone, Karl Ivanitch!" I cried, with tears in my eyes, thrusting my head out from beneath the pillows. Karl Ivanitch was surprised; he left my soles in peace, and began anxiously to inquire what was the matter with me: had I had a bad dream? His kind German face, the sympathy with which he storve to divine the cause of my tears, caused them to flow more abundantly. I was ashamed; and I could not understand how, a moment before, I had been unable to love Karl Ivanitch, and had thought his dressing-gown, cap, and tassel disgusting; now, on the contrary, they all seemed to me extremely pleasing, and even the tassel appeared a plain proof of his goodness. I told him I was crying because I had had a bad dream,—I thought mamma was dead, and they were carrying her away to bury her. I invented all this, for I really did not know what I had been dreaming that night; but when Karl Ivanitch, touched by my tale, began to comfort and soothe me, it seemed to me that I actually had seen that dreadful vision, and my tears flowed from another cause.

When Karl Ivanitch left me, and, sitting up in bed, I began to draw my stockings upon my little legs, my tears ceased in some measure; but gloomy thoughts of the fictitious dream did not leave me. Dyadka[1] Nikolai came in,—a small, neat little man, who was always serious, precise, and respectful, and a great friend of Karl Ivanitch. He brought our clothes and shoes; Volodya had boots, but I still had those intolerable slippers with ribbons. I was ashamed to cry

[1] Children's Valet.

before him; besides, the morning sun was shining cheerfully in at the window, and Volodya was imitating Marya Ivanovna (my sister's governess), and laughing so loudly and merrily as he stood over the wash-basin, that even grave Nikolai, with towel on shoulder, the soap in one hand and the hand-basin in the other, smiled and said:

"Enough, Vladmir Petrovitch, please wash yourself." I became quite cheerful.

"Are you nearly ready?" called Karl Ivanitch's voice from the school-room.

His voice was stern, and had no longer that kindly accent which had moved me to tears. In the school-room Karl Ivanitch was another man; he was the tutor. I dressed quickly, washed, and, with brush in hand, still smoothing my wet hair, I appeared at his call.

Karl Ivanitch, with spectacles on nose, and a book in his hand, was sitting in his usual place, between the door and the window. To the left of the door were two shelves of books: one was ours—the children's; the other was Karl Ivanitch's particular property. On ours were all sorts of books,—school-books and others; some stood upright, others were lying down. Only two big volumes of "Historie des Voyages," in red bindings, leaned in a stately way against the wall: then came long, thick, big and little books,—covers without books, and books without covers. All were piled up and pushed in when we were ordered to put the library, as Karl Ivanitch loudly called this shelf, in order before our play-hour. If the collection of books on his private shelf was not as large as ours, it was even more miscellaneous. I remember three of them,—a German pamphlet on the manuring of cabbage-gardens, without a cover; one volume of the history of the "Seven Years' War," in parchment, burned on one corner; and a complete course of Hydrostatics. Karl Ivanitch passed the greater part of his time in reading, and even injured his eyesight thereby; but he never read anything except these books and "The Northern Bee."

Among the articles which lay on Karl Ivanitch's shelf was one which recalls him to me more than all the rest. It was a circle of cardboard fixed on a wooden foot, upon which it revolved by means of pegs. Upon this circle was pasted a

picture representing caricatures of some lady and a wig-maker. Karl Ivanitch pasted very well, and had himself invented and manufactured this circle in order to protect his weak eyes from the bright light.

I seem now to see before me his long figure, in its wadded dressing-gown, and the red cap beneath which his thin gray hair is visible. He sits beside a little table, upon which stands the circle with the wig-maker, casting its shadow upon his face; in one hand he holds a book, the other rests on the arm of the chair; beside him lies his watch, with the huntsman painted on the face, his checked handkerchief, his round black snuff-box, his green spectacle-case, and the snuffers on the tray. All those lie with so much dignity and precision, each in its proper place, that one might conclude from this orderliness alone that Karl has a pure conscience and a restful spirit.

If you stole upstairs on tiptoe to the school-room, after running about downstairs in the hall as much as you pleased, behold—Karl Ivanitch was sitting alone in his arm-chair, reading some of his beloved books, with a proud, calm expression of countenance. Sometimes I found him at such times when he was not reading; his spectacles had dropped down on his big aquiline nose; his blue, half-shut eyes had a certain peculiar expression, and his lips smiled sadly. All was quiet in the room; his even breathing, and the ticking of the hunter-adorned watch, alone were audible.

He did not perceive me; and I used to stand in the door, and think: "Poor, poor old man! There are many of us; we play, we are merry; but he—he is all alone, and no one treats him kindly. He tells the truth when he says he is an orphan. And the history of his life is terrible! I remember that he related it to Nikolai; it is dreadful to be in his situation!" And it made one so sorry, that one wanted to go to him, take his hand, and say, "Dear Karl Ivanitch!" He liked to have me say that; he always petted me, and it was plain that he was touched.

On the other wall hung maps, nearly all of them torn, but skillfully repaired by the hand of Karl Ivanitch. On the third wall, in the middle of which was the door leading downstairs, hung two rulers; one was all hacked up—that was ours;

the other—a new one—was his own private ruler, and employed more for encouraging us than for ruling proper. On the other side of the door was a blackboard, upon which our grand misdeeds were designated by circles, and our small ones by crosses. To the left of the board was the corner where we put on our knees.

How well I remember that corner! I remember the grated stove-door, and the slide in it, and the noise this made when it was turned. You would kneel and kneel in that corner until your knees and back ached, and you would think, "Karl Ivanitch has forgotten me; he must be sitting quietly in his soft arm-chair, and reading his hydrostatics: and how is it with me?" And then you would begin to hint of your existence, to softly open and shut the heat-damper, or pick the plaster from the wall; but if too big a piece suddenly fell noisily to the floor, the fright alone was worse than the whole punishment. You would peep around at Karl Ivanitch; and there he sat, book in hand, as though he had not noticed anything.

In the middle of the room stood a table, covered with a ragged black oilcloth, beneath which the edge, hacked in places with penknives, was visible in many places. Around the table stood several unpainted stools, polished with long use. The last wall was occupied by three windows. This was the view which was had from them: Directly in front of the windows ran the road, every hollow, pebble and rut of which had long been familiar and dear to me; beyond the road was a close-trimmed linden alley, behind which the wattled fence was visible here and there. A field could be seen through the alley; on one side of this was a threshing-floor, on the other a forest; the guard's little cottage was visible far away in the forest. To the right, a part of the terrace could be seen, upon which the grown-up people generally sat before dinner. If you looked in that direction while Karl Ivanitch was correcting your page of dictation, you could see mamma's black hair, and some one's back, and hear faint sounds of conversation and laughter; and you would grow vexed that you could not be there, and think, "When I grow up, shall I stop learning lessons, and sit, not over conversation forever, but always with those I love?" Vexation changes to sorrow; and God

knows why and what you dream, until you hear Karl Ivanitch raging over your mistakes.

Karl Ivanitch took off his dressing-gown, put on his blue swallow-tailed coat with humps and folds upon the shoulders, arranged his necktie before the glass, and led us downstairs to say good-morning to mamma.

BOYHOOD.

Katenka was sitting beside me in the britchka, and, with her pretty head bent, was thoughtfully watching the dusty road as it flew past beneath the wheels. I gazed at her in silence, and wondered at the sad, unchildish expression which I encountered for the first time on her rosy little face.

"We shall soon be in Moscow now," said I. "What do you think it is like?"

"I do not know," she answered unwillingly.

"But what do you think? Is it bigger than Serpukhoff, or not?"

"What?"

"Oh, nothing."

But through that instinct by means of which one person divines the thoughts of another, and which serves as a guiding thread in conversation, Katenka understood that her indifference pained me; she raised her head, and turned toward me.

"Your papa has told you that we are to live with grandmamma?"

"Yes, grandmamma insists on our living with her."

"And are we all to live there?"

"Of course; we shall live upstairs in one half of the house; you will live in the other half, and papa will live in the wing; but we shall all dine together downstairs with grandmamma."

"Mamma says that your grandmother is so majestic—and cross."

"No-o! She only seems so at first. She is majestic, but not at all cross; on the contrary, she is very kind and cheerful. If you had only seen what a ball we had on her name-day!"

"Nevertheless, I am afraid of her; and besides, God knows if we shall——"

Katenka stopped suddenly, and again fell into thought.

"What is it?" I asked uneasily.

"Nothing."

"Yes, but you said, 'God knows——' "

"And you said, 'What a ball we had at grandmamma's.' "

"Yes, it's a pity that you were not there; there were ever so many guests,—forty people, music, generals, and I danced. Katenka!" I said all at once, pausing in the middle of my description, "you are not listening."

"Yes, I am; you said that you danced."

"Why are you so sad?"

"One can't be gay all the time."

"No; you have changed greatly since we returned from Moscow. Tell me truly," I added, with a look of determination, as I turned toward her, "why have you grown so strange?"

"Am I strange?" replied Katenka, with an animation which showed that my remark interested her. "I am not at all strange."

"You are not as you were formerly," I went on. "It used to be evident that we were one in everything, that you regarded us as relatives, and loved us, just as we did you, and now you have become so serious, you keep apart from us——"

"Not at all!"

"No, let me finish," I interrupted, already beginning to be conscious of a slight tickling in my nose, which preceded the tears that were always rising to my eyes, when I gave utterance to a long-repressed tender thought. "You withdraw from us; you talk only with Mimi, as if you did not want to have anything to do with us."

"Well, it's impossible to remain the same always; one must change sometime," replied Katenka, who had a habit of explaining everything by a kind of fatalistic necessity, when she did not know what to say.

I remember that once, after quarreling with Liubotchka, who had called her a *stupid little girl,* she answered, "Everybody cannot be wise; some people must be stupid." But this reply that a change was necessary sometime did not satisfy me, and I pursued my inquiries:

"Why is it necessary?"

"Why, we can't live together always," answered Katenka, reddening slightly, and staring steadily at Philip's neck. "My

mamma could live with your dead mamma, because she was her friend; but God knows whether she will get along with the countess, who is said to be so cross. Besides, we must part some day, in any case. You are rich, you have Petrovskoe; but we are poor, my mamma has nothing."

You are rich; we are poor! These words, and the ideas connected with them, seemed very strange to me. According to my notions at that period, only beggars and peasants could be poor, and this idea of poverty I could never reconcile in my imagination with pretty, graceful Katenka. It seemed to me that, since Mimi and Katenka had once lived with us, they would always do so, and share everything equally. It could not be otherwise. But now a thousand new, undefined thoughts, touching their equality of position, dawned on my brain; and I was so ashamed that we were rich that I blushed, and positively could not look Katenka in the face.

"What does it mean?" I thought, "that we are rich and they are poor? And how does that entail the necessity of a separation? Why cannot we share what we have equally?" But I understood that it was not fitting that I should speak to Katenka about this; and some practical instinct, which ran contrary to these logical deductions, already told me that she was right, and that it would be out of place to explain this idea to her.

"Are you actually going to leave us?" I said. "How shall we live apart?"

"What is to be done? It pains me, too; but if this takes place, I know what I shall do."

"You will become an actress! What nonsense!" I broke in, knowing that it had always been one of her cherished dreams to be an actress.

"No; I said that when I was very small."

"What will you do, then?"

"I will go into a convent, and live there, and go about in a black gown and a velvet hood."

Katenka began to cry.

Has it ever happened to you, reader, to perceive, all at once, at a certain period of your life, that your view of things has entirely changed, as though all the objects which you had seen hitherto had suddenly turned another, unknown side to

you? This species of moral change took place in me for the first time during our journey, from which epoch I date the beginning of my boyhood.

For the first time a distinct idea entered my head that not we, that is to say, our family, alone inhabited this world; that all interests did not revolve about us; and that there exists another life of people who have nothing in common with us, who have no idea of our existence even. No doubt, I had known all this before; but I had not known it as I knew it now. I did not acknowledge it or feel it.

A thought often passes into conviction by one familiar path, which is often entirely unexpected and apart from the paths which other souls traverse to arrive at the same conclusion. The conversation with Katenka, which affected me powerfully, and caused me to reflect upon her future position, constituted that path for me. When I looked at the villages and towns which we traversed, in every house of which lived at least one family such as ours; at the women and children who gazed after our carriages with momentary curiosity, and vanished forever from sight; at the shopkeepers and the peasants, who not only did not salute us as I was accustomed to see them do in Petrovskoe, but did not deign so much as a glance,—the question entered my mind for the first time: What could occupy them if they cared nothing for us? And from this question others arose: How and by what means do they live? how do they bring up their children? do they instruct them, or let them play? how do they punish them? and so forth.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS
IN PART IX

ALLEGORY OF SPRING—BOTTICELLI.

Botticelli has been restored to favor in recent years. This picture is something of an enigma. As Flora advances, flowers spring up at her feet. Zephyrus puts Boreas to flight, and the Graces dance around—emblems of perpetual youth. See Part IX for further consideration. The painting signifies various meanings to different beholders.

THE LAST SUPPER—LEONARDO.

Leonardo's Last Supper will always remain *the* Last Supper in art. Unfortunately the picture has suffered greatly by time and man, and had not a copy been made of it long ago, it would be difficult for one today to gain a just conception of the painting. The masterpiece is described in Part IX. However, it is interesting to identify the disciples as they are gathered around the table, and to note the particular expression given each by the great artist. Beginning at the left as one looks at the picture, Bartholomew has risen in consternation when he heard the words; "One of you shall betray me;" James reaches his arm over to Peter; Andrew throws up his hands in utter incredulity; Peter leans over to the beloved John, while in front of him Judas clutches the bag of silver. John waits in perfect confidence. The head of Christ is a wonderful study of simplicity and meekness. To the right, James has spread out his hands in dismay, while behind him, Thomas shows a disposition to be aggressive. Philip has risen in troubled doubt, while the young Matthew turns to the two near him in wonder. Thaddeus is struck with horror, and Simon is stern and forbidding.

HOLY NIGHT—CORREGGIO.

The beautiful story of the birth of Christ has never found fuller expression on canvas than in this well-loved painting. The mother pillows the babe's head upon her arm, as it lies in the soft hay. The light which emanates from the babe blinds the shepherds who stand by; behind the mother, one watches his feeding beast, and out beyond the stable, light breaks over the hills. The well-known hymn, "Light on thy hills, Jerusalem! the Prince of peace is born," seems to ring from the wonderful scene.

SISTINE CHAPEL—THE VATICAN.

The chapel of the Vatican is known by the name of its founder—Pope Sixtus IV. In point of architecture it is simple, but it has been glorified by the master workmanship of Michael Angelo and other Renaissance artists, until it is one of the treasure-houses of art. As will be seen in the picture, the side walls fall into three divisions: the lowest is covered with painted tapestries; above these are paintings by Rosselli, Botticelli

and others depicting incidents in the lives of Moses and of Christ. Finally, portraits of the popes adorn the walls. Over the altar is Angelo's Last Judgment, done in the latter years of his life. Most marvellous of all is the ceiling, the result of Michael Angelo's stupendous effort. It has a general theme: the world's preparation for the coming of Christ. Nearly 350 figures are included in this wonderful story. The nine central spaces are devoted to man—his creation, fall, etc. On either side are the prophets and the ancients who foretold the coming of Christ. When in 1508 Pope Julian II. commanded Angelo to undertake this great work, he remonstrated that he was a sculptor—not an artist; but the iron will of the warrior pope would brook no refusal. As a result the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel remains unsurpassed.

Prince Charles—Velazquez

Velazquez is one of the world's great artists. His portraits are fairly alive with expression and feeling. However, he was handicapped in that he could paint only what he could see and study. Notice in this picture that the young prince is animated and life-like. His apparel and the horse's harness are accurately portrayed. However, one cannot keep a horse in a position such as this to study in detail its figure; hence we see the Prince Charles mounted and galloping away on a wholly impossible horse, although in all else we see perfection.

The Artist—Dürer.

Dürer, greatest of German artists, was particularly skillful in painting hair, being able to make separate hairs and ringlets stand apart from others. In his painting of his own portrait, here shown, this gift is plainly shown—not only in the abundant locks that lie on his shoulders, but also in the fur that trims his coat.

Jolly Toper—Franz Hals.

Hals was a great genius. Few painters have ever been able to transfer to canvas the scenes familiar to them with such a masterly touch, such fidelity to the spirit as well as the form. It was generally understood that he loved the ale-house as well as his art, and many of his most remarkable pictures give indication of this indulgence.

Portrait of His Mother—Rembrandt.

This is one of the finest pictures in existence, for the reason that it immortalizes the idea of *mother*, and from this standpoint appeals to all. This portrait and Whistler's Mother are most famous of their kind. From his mother Rembrandt inherited many of his sterling qualities, and in its sweetness and repose this face looks out to one with touching beauty.

A Man Hoeing—Millet.

So much criticism and comment has been excited by this picture that it seems best to devote rather more attention to it than to others. It should be remembered that Millet was a peasant who painted the life he saw around him. Just to read over the titles of his pictures will enable one to understand how closely they held to the laborer and the soil. "The Goose-girl," "Shepherdess Knitting," "The Wood-cutters," "The Gleaners," When critics exclaimed that Millet was a socialist who plotted an

entire social revolution, he immediately replied that this was untrue—that he was a peasant who painted life as he saw it.

In recent times Markham, our American poet, gazed upon the painting "A Man Hoeing," and wrote his poem "The Man with a Hoe." This struck home to the hearts of a responsive people. The searching question "Who made him what he is?" forced some at least to sorrowfully admit their guilt. From one extreme the pendulum swung to the other, and in current literature much appeared deploring the lot of those who toil. Lest the ennobling effects of honest toil should be quite overlooked, a society which had the welfare of the toiler at heart offered a prize for the poem which should best set forth the dignity of labor. One thousand poems were submitted. The following was awarded the prize:

A Song of Hope.

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
What are ye weaving—labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again. Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles, prepared by the Master.
Life's at the loom;
Room for it, room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor and sweeten the sorrow.
Now, while the shuttles fly, faster and faster,
Up and be at it, at work *with* the Master!
He stands at your loom.
Room for Him, room!

Children of yesterday, heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric of labor and sorrow;
Seamy and dark with despair and disaster—
Turn it, and lo! the design of the Master.
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him, room!

Helen Fourment and Son—Rubens.

Rubens married Helen Fourment—his second wife—when she was but sixteen. He was proud of her beauty and her fair face appears frequently in his pictures. He was also fond of painting his son, very much like the mother in appearance. In pictures where both children are shown, the boy's superiority is made to contrast strongly with the little girl's humility.

Retreat from Russia.

Descriptions have always failed to convey an adequate idea of the suffering experienced by Napoleon's army in the retreat from Russia. The Russians had learned not to risk battle with a general who was never outdone, and instead, they continued to advance farther and farther into the heart of their country, laying waste the land as they went. Napoleon failed to understand the climatic conditions of the north and delayed so long that when he finally began his retreat, the severity of a Russian winter was upon him. The artist has tried to tell the story with his brush.

Battle of Austerlitz.

The battle of Austerlitz was fought on December 2, 1805. England had done her utmost to rouse the nations against France. Learning that

the armies of Austria and Russia were under motion, Napoleon quickly broke up camp, captured an Austrian army, marched through Vienna to Austerlitz beyond and there defeated the forces allied against him to the number of 80,000 men. Never has Austria suffered a more humiliating defeat.

Coronation of Josephine—David.

David painted many pictures of the great Napoleon. This one, having for its subject the Coronation of Josephine, hangs today in the Museum of Versailles. Napoleon was then at the height of his power. After all, it must be conceded that few hours of exultation ever fell to the lot of him who planned the conquest of the world.

Marie Antoinette and Children—Le Brun.

The unfortunate Marie Antoinette was frequently painted by Madame Le Brun. Here she is shown with the Princess Elizabeth, the Dauphin, and the royal baby. At this time troubles had not begun to weigh heavily upon the head of the young Queen. Born and reared at the court of Austria, she little understood the conditions which were growing more serious year by year in France.

The Tomb of Napoleon.

Napoleon died May 5, 1821, and was buried with military honors. In 1840 his remains were brought to Paris and interred in the crypt of the Hôtel des Invalides, in a magnificent sarcophagus. The Hôtel des Invalides is a kind of a Soldiers' Home, where French veterans are cared for at public expense.

Madame Le Brun and Daughter.

Madame Le Brun's life was shadowed by an unhappy marriage. Nevertheless, her genius and lovable disposition brought her a host of friends who formed a congenial circle for years in Paris. This picture of mother and daughter is particularly winsome, and we are sorry to learn that in later life her only daughter failed to return the affection which her mother continued to shower upon her.